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Midsummer Holiday Number

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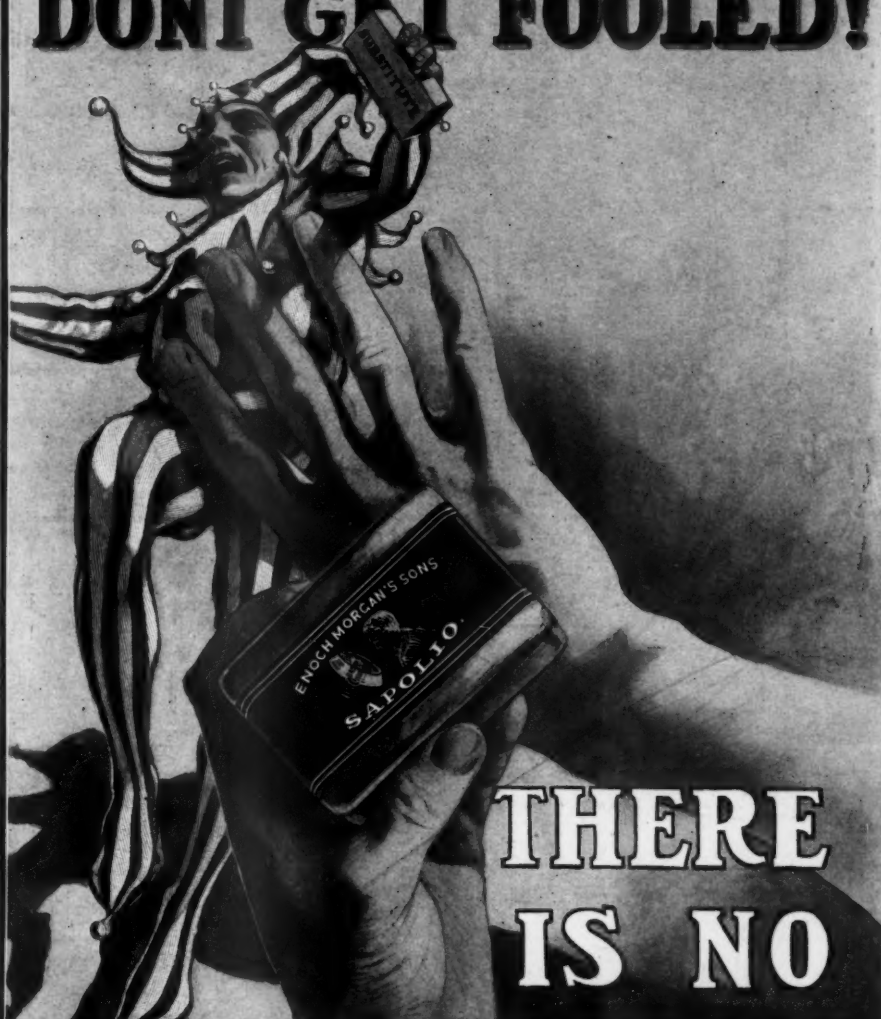
THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED • MONTHLY • MAGAZINE



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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. FROM THE PAINTING
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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")



MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXII.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 4.



A ROOF RESTAURANT. DRAWN BY JAY HAMBLIDGE.

MIDSUMMER IN NEW YORK

By
Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

THE seasons run at their own gait in New York, little regarding traditional time-tables. Winter often refuses to begin until after Christmas, and then lingers so long that spring must compress itself into five or six weeks—for summer is always over-prompt. A fortnight too soon (according to the calendar) it is introduced by Decoration Day. And it proves its presence in two contrasting ways: while “up-town” puts on languid airs, and its crowds thin out, its theaters close their doors, and its house-fronts shutter and bar themselves, movement and gaiety increase in the ever-lively neighborhoods of the poor. There the small parks and the recreation-piers fill with mothers and babies and idling, slouching men; their band-stands tune up, and their refreshment-

stalls and barrows are spread with varied and enigmatical cates. The wandering ice-cream peddler appears. The soda-water man, fixed to his street-corner, polishes his nickel fountain. The free baths along the river-fronts open, and everywhere among the tenements grown folk and little ones spend all their unoccupied and many of their busy moments out under the narrow streaks of warm blue sky.

But in this early stage of summer up-town is not yet deserted. Fifth Avenue still keeps a companionable, and Broadway a busy, aspect. Cabs and automobiles still fly about as though they had ends in view. In every part of the town, on many big, important-looking buildings, flags are flying which mean that the city is still teaching its children.

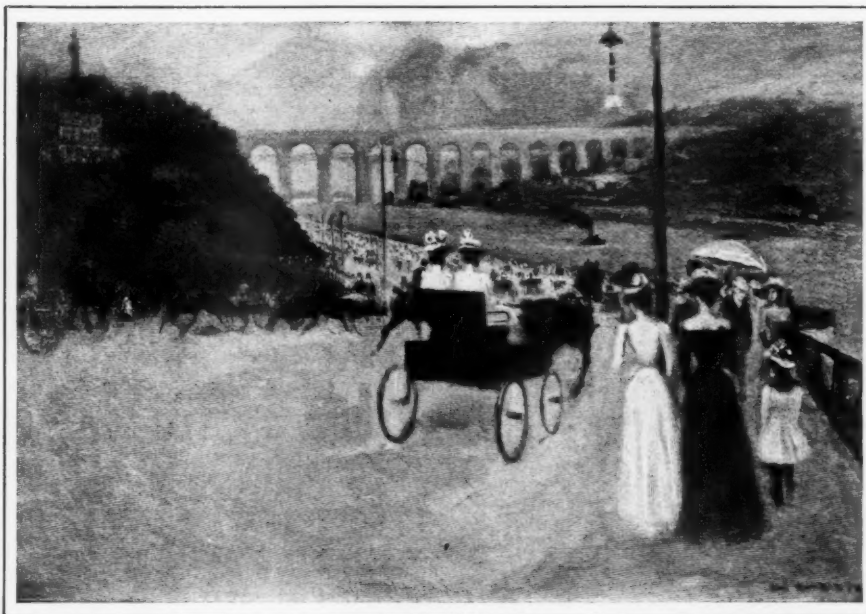
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When the public schools close at the very end of June, when the suburban resorts draw crowds on week-days as well as on Sundays, and railway-stations are jammed like theater lobbies after the end of the play, then early summer is dying. And midsummer is born, vociferously, on the Fourth of July.

By this time, the look of the town would have us believe, every one who can get away

who declares that a city, however deserted, still contains more people than the country, and that people are the most interesting things in the world. Where, he may ask, did Abou ben Adhem, Arab though he was, most willingly spend his time? Undoubtedly among the jostling turbans of some city gate. And every one knows how Abou was commended.

Then there is the born hybrid, the cock-



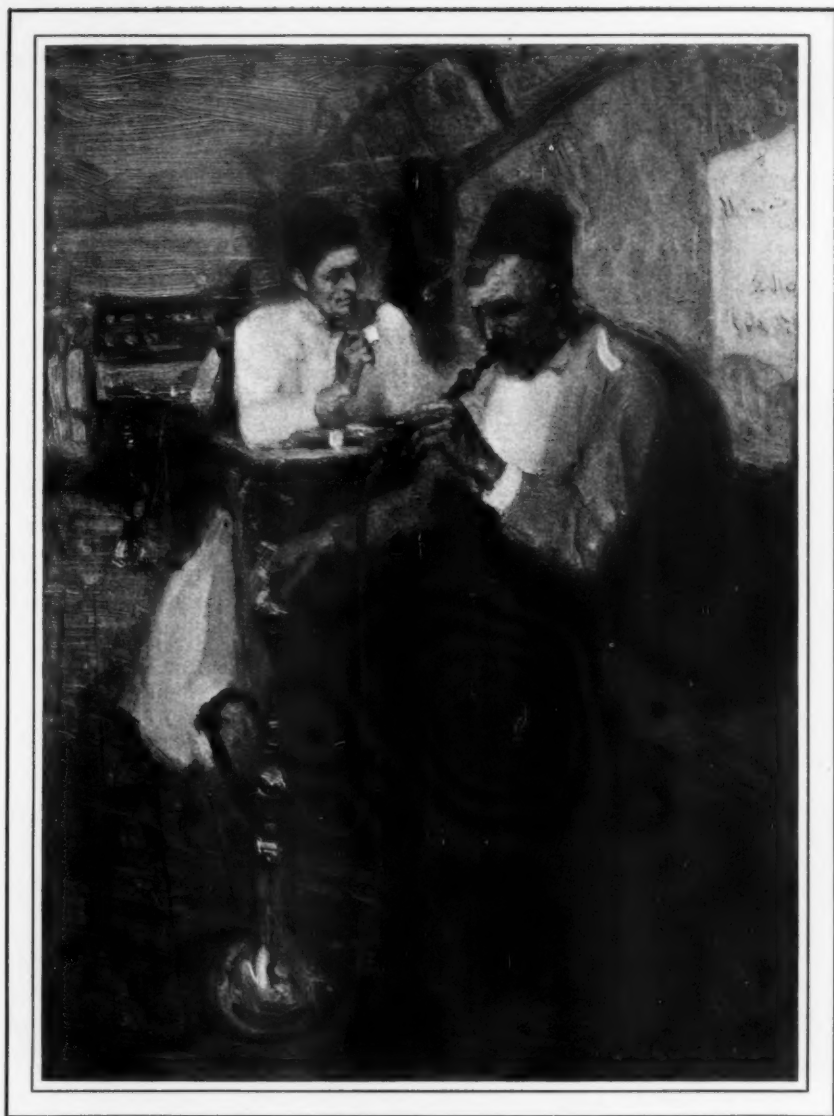
DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE SPEEDWAY LOOKING NORTH, HIGH BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.

has gone. But the first day of August sees another great exodus; and even later than this many persons remain who might go if they would. Of course, if judged by the standards of the conventional copy-book moralist, these must be stupid if not actually wicked persons. They do not think so. They do not see why it is more virtuous or more intelligent to love the country than to love the town. Even the cockney pure and simple, who gives no special reason for his preference, does not excuse himself. Rather, he boasts of the steadiness of his nerves and temper and the constancy of his tastes and desires; and he pities the men and women who crave variety, or who seek repose because they cannot bear twelve months of constant stimulus and demand. Nor, again, are any excuses offered by the stay-at-home

ney with a genuine streak of the pastoral in his make-up. He respects himself as an epicure does. He declares that just because he loves country sights and sounds and the effect they have on mind and body, he prefers to take them in small quantities—a few hours at the end of a long city day, a few days interspersed among slow city weeks. Thus he avoids satiety, and gets from each out-of-town moment, as long as pleasant weather lasts, the same rapture and refreshment that he got from the very first.

There is also the devotee of indoor comfort, of baths and sofas, big rooms, good dinners, no mosquitos, and the club. He confesses that he is a materialist; but so, he says, are most of those who go afield. Some of them go for the sake of the social pleasures they cannot find in a summer city;



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIÖGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. DAVIDSON.

SYRIAN COFFEE-HOUSE.

and others seek merely outdoor exercise and its results—physical fatigue, mental sloth, and good sound sleep.

Moreover, to these types there may be added the seeker for something new. After many country summers he fancies that one that is spent in town may give him really fresh sensations. Experience will not deceive him, and if he has certain good qualities he will enjoy each day that passes. He must like warm weather and not be irritated

by noise. He must like his fellow-men, and not merely his friends. He must care more to be interested than to be placidly amused, and yet he must have some acceptable way of amusing himself within doors. Then he can savor with satisfaction and profit the radical differences between the two cities that are called New York.

ONE of these differences is that the winter city is almost all of brick and stone, while

the summer one is largely waters, beaches, sunsets, grass and trees. The summer New-Yorker can spend much of his time, to the increase of his knowledge of mankind, in the many pleasuring-places, large and small, dear and cheap, that fringe the shores of his river, bay, and ocean. And he can spend much, to his esthetic and spiritual refreshment, in the "real country," for the bicycle and the trolley-car have brought into New York wide, varied, and beautiful rural districts. Just now, however, we cannot even glance at these. Greater New York and its adjacent shires make too big a panorama for compression into a single sketch. We must keep away for the moment from bridges and ferries, confining ourselves to the city proper—to Manhattan. Yet we may well begin to look at midsummer Manhattan by casting a glance into some railway-station or ferry-house as the Fourth of July draws near. A glimpse of its hurried and worried-looking crowds will make us thankful that we can go home and set ourselves down in peace. Peace indeed it will prove to be. This is the first novel sensation that summer New York reserves for its winter inhabitant.

It is true that if we happen to ask country cousins to visit us they will not be impressed by the reposefulness of our estate. The

musketry fire of horses' hoofs on stone and asphalt is not stilled. Car bells, ambulance bells, and firemen's bells still ring. Factories toot at their appointed times. On foggy nights and mornings the loud, discordant clamor of steamboat whistle and siren floats into the heart of the city from beyond its fringe of wharves. The cries of the fakir and of the boys on the block are even more strident and meaningless than at other seasons. Also, in those early hours that are the best for sleep, half a dozen sparrows in the back yard may make the country guest dream of his own hennery. But New-Yorkers whose nerves are in order do not heed and scarcely even hear such disturbances as these. The things that break our peace are those that devour our time, and almost all of them die out of our lives with the advent of hot weather.

Of course this is not true of the systematic workers who are tied to the routine of office or shop. I am speaking only of the freer mortals who stay in town from choice. Even for the freest of these, winter New York is a very busy place. Even those who wish to live in it most quietly are forced to much exertion in declining to be active. But now, in summer, they are not harassed. The door-bell never rings five times in ten



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT ON AN EAST-SIDE STREET.



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

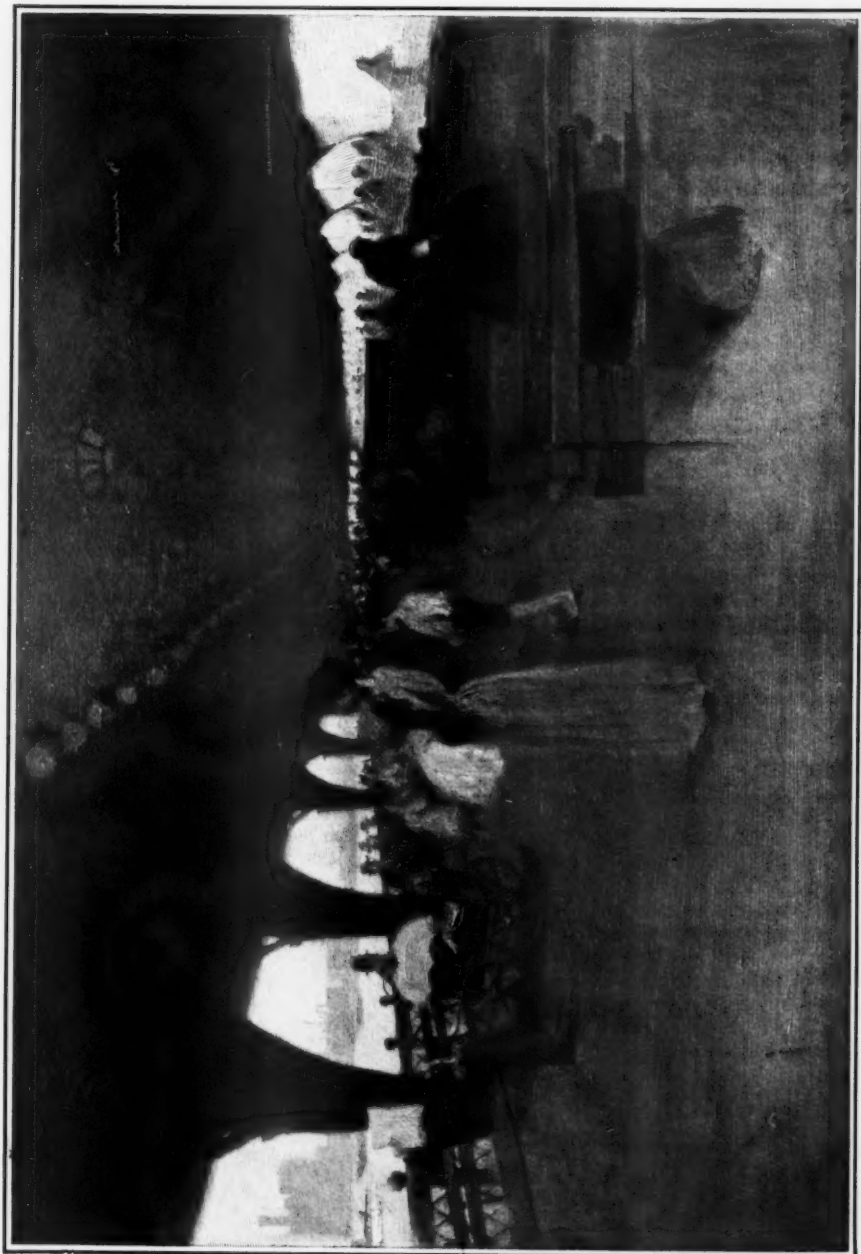
A GAME OF CHECKERS ON AN EAST RIVER DOCK.

minutes, and the telephone almost forgets how to talk. The postman leaves light burdens, and sometimes actually passes without mounting the steps. There are no formal callers to be received or sent away, no formal invitations to be accepted or refused, no imperative notes to be answered at once, no insistent claims for aid in this or that philanthropical or social enterprise. And even our poor people,—those distressed and distressful friends to whom we can never deny ourselves, no matter who else or what else may be claiming our attention,—even these seem to have fewer woes than they have in cold weather. In short, we know that we are in town, but the rest of the world assumes that we are not, and so it leaves us to ourselves. What long quiet days to do as we like with! What long quiet evenings to spend as we prefer! And how doubly satisfactory they are, spent in the same town, in the same rooms, where we had grown used to ceaseless interruptions, to unending calls upon time and patience, sympathy and strength!

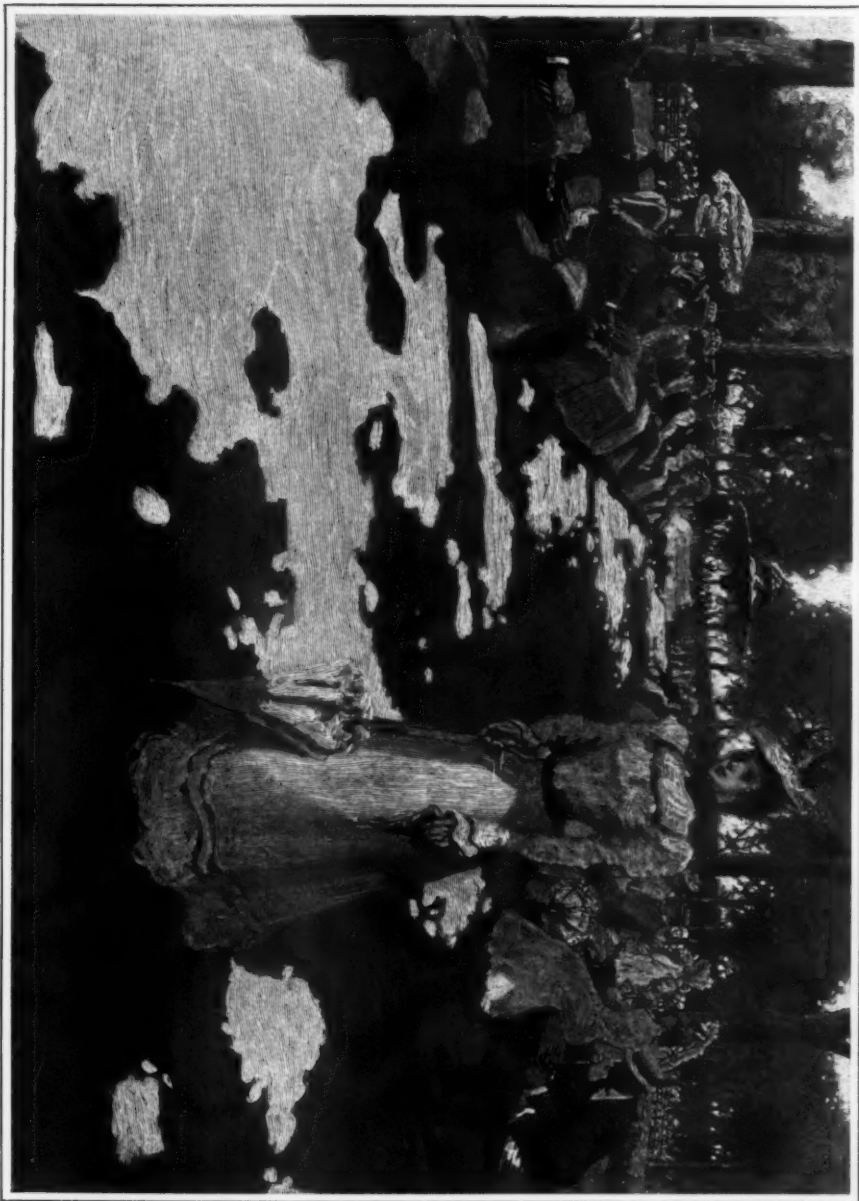
GRADUALLY, as this unaccustomed peacefulness inwraps us, we discover that it means the best possible chance to work at that agreeable occupation which I have presupposed as among our resources. Unless we are landscape-painters it is better not to go

to the country if there is anything we wish to accomplish before autumn comes around again. If we really love the country, it tempts us to idle or to play, day in and day out; and so do the friends that we may meet or make there. If we do not love it, it breeds restlessness of mind and a feeling of isolation, of being banished from the stream of life, from the heart of mankind, which after a little make working seem hardly worth while. But here in town the murmur of strenuous living is still in our ears, the spur of other men's activities still pricks our conscience or ambition, yet the individual disturbs us not, and nature does not beckon alluringly through door and window.

Nor, again, need we fear loneliness even if, sometimes, work and idle solitude both pall upon us. A few of our friends are sure to be at hand, and with their aid we can taste the pleasures of sociability. This is another marked contrast between the winter and the summer town. In winter the pain-mixed pleasures of "society" are easy enough to get; but frequent intercourse with the people we like best, unhampered by the presence of those we do not care about, is as hard to secure as actual solitude. In summer it may be had; and if we want companions under our own roof they may also be had. Country friends are glad to come to



DRAWN BY JAY HARRIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.
A RECREATION-PIER.



DRAWN BY JAY HARRIDGE. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.
MUSIC ON THE MALL, CENTRAL PARK.



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

town at any season, and we have time for them now as we had not in winter, while many a winter friend who has gone to the country is soon ready to return for a few days of needful business, or for a taste of that absolute rest which cannot be compassed in a mountain or seaside "resort"—only in the most isolated of rural retreats, or in the heart of a midsummer city.



IN LINE FOR A FREE BATH.

It is sometimes very hot in New York, but the blazing, broiling, almost unbearable days come seldom and few at a time, and between-whiles there are many of a breezy coolness. As a whole, a New York summer, even in the center of the town, is not that of an inland city; and its worst phases are mitigated by the ease with which its maritime edge and its suburban dependencies can be reached.

On very hot days it is well to stay indoors until sunset draws near. Then whiffs of sea air almost always blow in; and if a drive through Central Park is less delightful than those that some country neighborhoods—not all!—afford, where can Riverside's panorama of natural beauty be surpassed? We may watch it growing dimmer and grander in the twilight while we dine on the broad piazza of a good restaurant; and if the moon be shining, our homeward way, down along the majestic river and across the shadowy park, runs through a fairy-land of poetic charm.

Cool and breezy places, too, although not in the least poetic, are the roof-gardens that form a summer substitute for theaters; and some day, perhaps, some one will invent for them more forms of entertainment that are neither vulgar nor desperately dull. At the street-level there are other so-called gar-

dens, some of them highly "respectable" ones, where New-Yorkers who were brought up in European lands love to gather in family groups, and to eat, drink, smoke, and chatter to the sound of music. And it is well to make a round of these places once at least, to see what our fellow-citizens like, even if we cannot share their likings.

If we have a good guide, one who really knows New York, we may visit within its borders many foreign towns whose populations are on foot till midnight, completing the labors of the day, or seeking for amusement or coolness. We may visit the Syrians in their special quarter along the southwestern end of the island, or the Bohemians in theirs on its northeastern side, or the Chinese near the foot of the Bowery, or the Italians, who are becoming almost as numerous as our Germans, or the Jews, who may seem all alike in their exotic strangeness, but, in fact, include the oppressed of many countries. The best time to see the Jewish quarter is on a Thursday evening, when its push-cart peddlers, crowding in and about Hester street, have lighted each a flaming torch. A singular scene, and a picturesque! Can this be America? The same question



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

comes to our lips again in the Italian districts, especially if we penetrate one of the little theaters, where, among the cheerful spectators as among the actors,—men and women, or marionettes, as these may be,—none but swarthy Southern faces appear, and none but musical Southern languages are heard.

The newspapers tell us in which of the small parks the bands will be playing on any given evening, and when they play, the crowds, of course, are even denser than at other times.

Battery Park is the most attractive, for it is always cooled by the breath of the sea,

and it shows in the foreground a cosmopolitan variety of human types, in the background a splendid stretch of dark-blue water and innumerable swiftly moving lights. Here one realizes, as he does in looking at the long starry sweep of the Brooklyn Bridge, that we moderns have created at least one sort of beauty which the ancients, so much richer in certain other sorts, knew nothing at all about—the beauty of artificial light. There is nothing finer to behold than the great ferry-boats and tiny tugs that numerous ply up and down and around our harbor, when, their prosaic outlines concealed by the darkness, they seem miraculous fabrics of flashing fire. It is worth while to cross and recross the North River on one of them, to see the dim silhouettes of the city's hilly structures enframing tier upon tier of illumined windows, or dark masses merely spotted with lights, and

sometimes bearing what look like altitudinous crowns of planets. And wherever we may go in nocturnal New York, gas and

than the Battery, but at night its trees and thick shrubberies, under the electric lamps that play the moon's rôle so well, have an



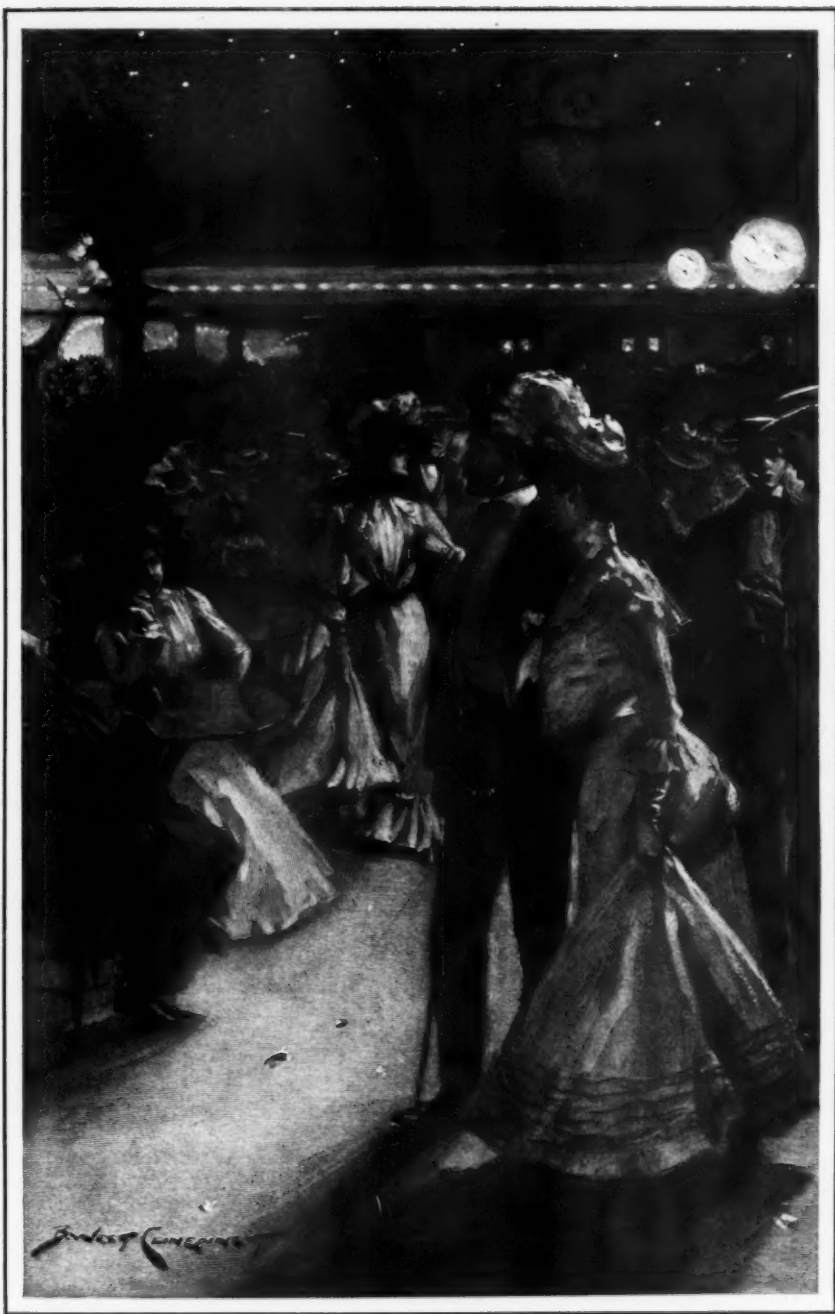
DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

NIGHT CONCERT, TOMPKINS SQUARE.

electricity reveal themselves in perpetually varied arrangements, dazzlingly brilliant, or mysterious, or bizarre—white and yellow the predominating colors, but mixed with blue and red and green.

Tompkins Square is a less stirring place

almost romantic air. Here the crowds are likely to be quiet ones, largely composed of mothers and fathers leading the children by the hand and pushing the baby-wagon. The mouths of the streets that lead to the park look gloomy, except at its southeastern cor-



DRAWN BY E. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

A ROOF-GARDEN.

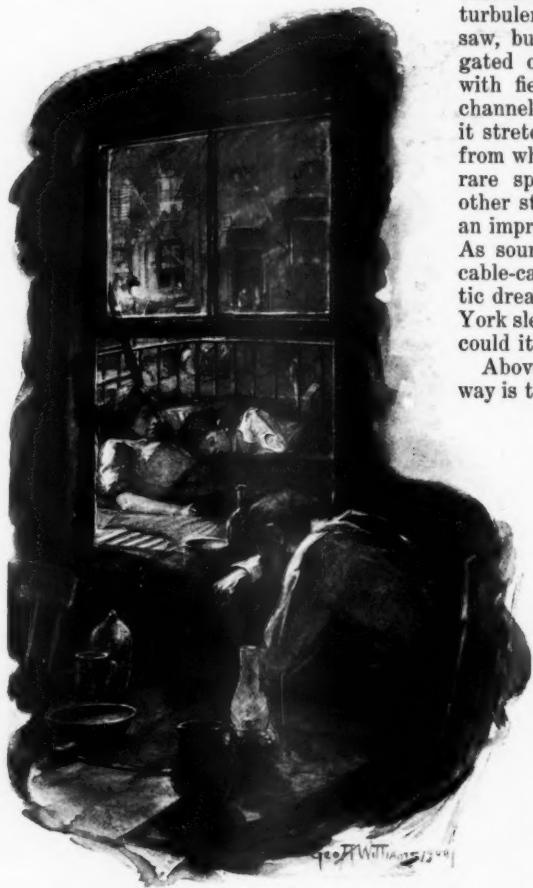
ner. Here a bright highway opens. It is Avenue B, and it has a character of its own. As Grand street is the great shopping street for the German and Jewish quarters about it, so this is a lesser one for a humbler class of Germans. On Saturday nights especially

Broadway the contrast between the three parallel avenues gives some idea of the variousness of New York at night. Lower Broadway, stretching apparently into a limitless distance, like a straight and narrow chasm through a mountain-range, is dim and deserted. Through it no longer flows the turbulent flood of traffic that the daytime saw, but a river of polished asphalt, navigated only by an occasional swift vessel with fiery sides, rushing along a central channel formed by iron rails. And high above it stretches a dark band of spangled blue, from which there seem to have dropped the rare sparks that dot its lofty walls. No other street I have ever seen gives so vivid an impression of a great city gone to sleep. As sound asleep as possible it is, for the cable-car vessels seem fragments of fantastic dreams. And how could a city like New York sleep without dreaming? And of what could it dream but swiftness and noise?

Above Madison Square, however, Broadway is the highroad of the "Tenderloin district," and is very wide awake. Here, again, as in the case of the Bowery, all has often been said that any one except the criminologist needs to know. But the casual passer may notice only the brightness of the scene; and if he divines something more, something that makes him for the moment hate his fellow-men, another night in another place may teach him to pity them and thus to love them again. He may study what it means to try to sleep in a tenement-house district.

One very hot August night, with a guide who knew the tenements and their dwellers well, I drove about through street after street. Near midnight there were still many children out of their beds, and countless dram-shops with open doors. But how could one wonder when he thought of the

tiny, stifling dens that in such a neighborhood bear the name of rooms? Or how could he feel surprised that those who were trying to sleep should choose any outdoor spots that they might find? All along the street the fire-escape platforms were curtained. They were serving as beds, and so were mattresses spread on the roofs above. And when we stood on one of these roofs—on the top of a "model tenement," smoothly paved and safely coped so that it might be



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

SLEEPING ON A FIRE-ESCAPE.

its shops are open and lighted, and it is filled from side to side with men and women and children, sauntering and chatting in a friendly way—decent, respectable folk, very unlike those that we find when, after following a dark cross-street a few blocks to the westward, we come out upon the Bowery.

This thoroughfare I need not try to paint; it has often enough been described as far as description is possible or desirable. But if we pass westward again until we reach

a comfortable sleeping-place—we could look down in the clear moonlight upon other platforms, on the inside of the block, each with its quiet or its tossing occupant. These perches, and the ends of wharves, and the benches in the parks (when the policeman does not clear them), are the nocturnal substitutes of our poor for the cool country rooms which, very likely, they cannot even dream about because they have never seen them.

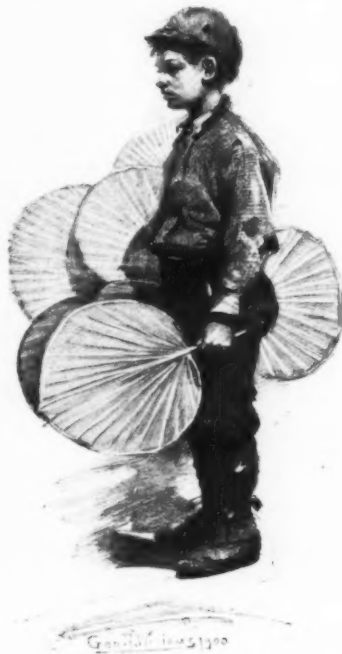
BUT all our summer rambling need not be done at night. Many days are cool enough to be spent out of doors, with a horse or a bicycle or an elevated or electric car to take us hither and yon. We may go up to the end of the island, to admire its two beautiful bridges,—the old High Bridge and the new Washington Bridge,—to watch the oarsmen on the Harlem, or the trotters on the picturesque Speedway. Even if we do not cross a bridge we may get a taste of the real country, for beyond the end of Riverside a beautiful road runs northward through woods and rocky heights. On week-days Central Park is peacefully attractive, and on Sunday afternoons it is interesting in a different way. Then so many, many people throng it that, one fancies, few can be left in other parts of the town. But, in fact, the poorest seldom come here: it is far from their homes, and they have no money for car-fares. When the big park is fullest, so are the little parks and the recreation-piers; and no matter how crammed these may be, the tenement streets seem as populous as though no broader breathing-spots existed.

We must go up-town again to realize that any New-Yorkers have betaken themselves to the country. But the utter desertion of Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, and the cross-streets that lie on each hand, is one of the most striking sights of summer. A city stricken by the plague, a stranger might think. Yet, somehow, to one who remembers how lively they are in winter, it is not depressing to tread these sun-smitten, somnolent streets, to pass long rows of tightly closed houses, and to note many a one where the vines that drape its walls have sent long tendrils across its windows and its steps, so that it looks like the home of the Sleeping Beauty, unvisited for years. A feeling pleasantly grows that all this part of the town now exists for us and for us alone; and when the people begin to come back to it in September we are not very glad. Rather, we resent their intrusion on

our private preserves, their disturbance of our independence and our idleness.

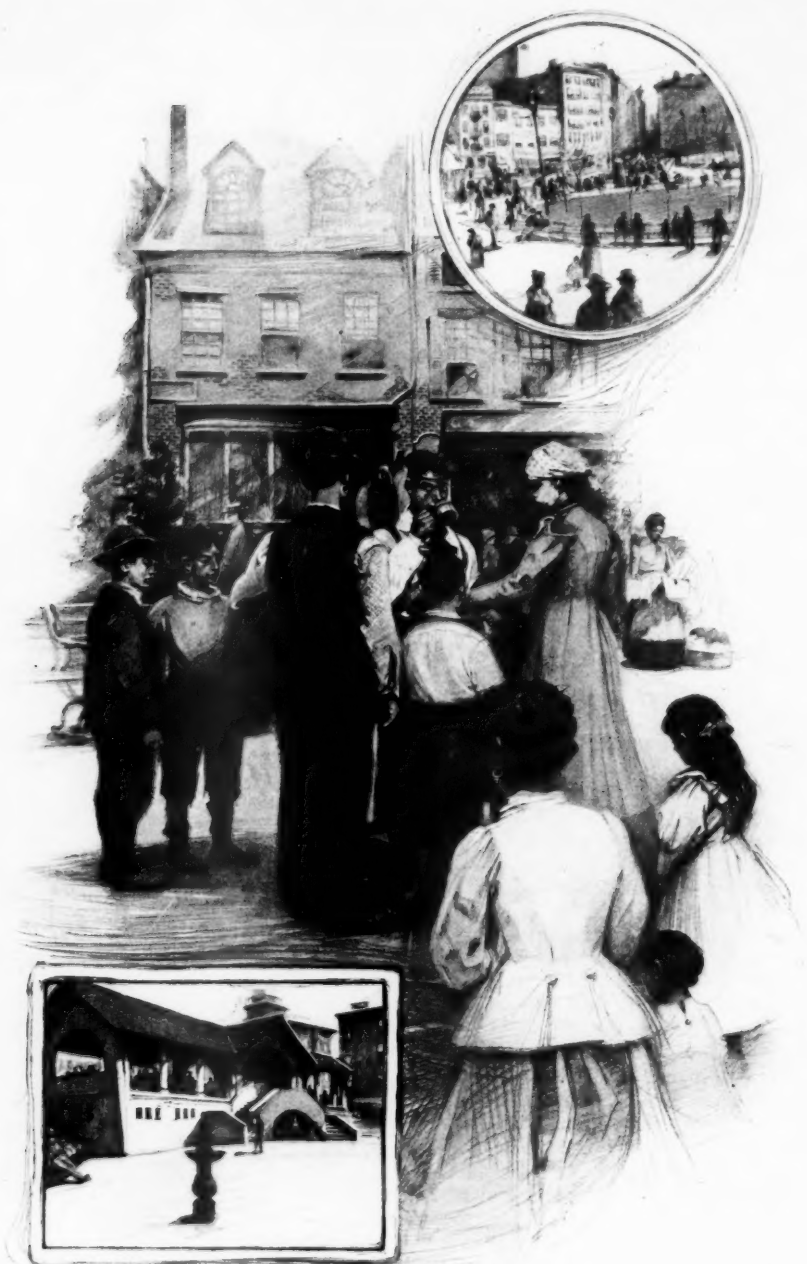
These long summer days, again, give us a chance to grow acquainted with the great museums that stand one on each side of Central Park, to visit the libraries, to browse in second-hand book-stores, to choose and to buy at our ease in shops where we have scarcely any competitors, and to see all the "sights" for which the stranger always finds time, the New-Yorker rarely. There is one of these sights, by the way, that tempts with its coolness in the hottest weather. This is the wonderful Aquarium in Battery Park, the finest aquarium in the world, where we may not only learn about fish as fish, but may discover new things in regard to grace of movement and beauty of color.

Near the Aquarium is a much less cool and restful place—the Barge Office, where the immigrant first sets foot on New-World soil. Here an ethnologist might feel happy—but a philanthropist or a patriot? Here, in very emphatic types (which means, of course, in types that are in large part socially the lowest), a score of alien peoples mingle in a medley of contrasting countenances, a babel



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

FANS FOR SALE.



GEORGE A. WILLIAMS

DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

MULBERRY BEND PARK, FROM THE PLAYHOUSE—A TYPICAL CROWD AROUND THE FOUNTAIN—THE PLAYHOUSE.

of unknowable tongues, a jumble of conflicting faiths, habits, and prejudices, a seemingly hopeless tangle of inborn, ingrained antagonisms. A good deal of fine human stuff is mingled with the inferior mass. But when we look at this mass, what wooden, bovine, hawk-like, passionate, crafty, timid, or neurotic faces! And the one trait which the rudimentary or twisted minds that lie behind these faces have in common is an ignorance so deep that a New-Yorker can hardly fathom it. Yet this is the ever-renewed raw material out of which we must make New-Yorkers, Americans, able to take care of themselves and to help America to improve. It seems impossible that work of this sort can be done unless some new method of influencing masses of men can be added to those that civilized nations have been using for years or for ages. Has any such new method been found? Yes; and summer New York shows clearly what it is. It is the method of fraternal kindness.

FOR ages paternal kindness has been trying to improve mankind, working in the spirit that says, "Do what *I* wish, for I am wiser than you and am concerned for your welfare." Recently the world has begun to see that a better, a wiser, spirit is the one that says, "Let me help you to do what *you* wish, and to discover what you may wish with wisdom, for I am your brother and I need your help in return." The world has begun to understand that sympathy, not superiority, is the teacher's, the philanthropist's, real diploma; that influence, not power, is his strongest lever; that mutual helpfulness, not behest and obedience, is the true recipe for social progress.

Studying all sorts of men and women from their own points of view and, as never before, the little child from his, we realize now that the faults of them all spring from the same

cause: their emotions are not controlled by their reason. Thus the need for secular education is emphasized, and the character it should assume is explained. It is easier to make a man, we see, than to remake him, to form him than to reform him. Education cannot begin too early. Therefore the city now invites its children, not into the a-b-c class at eight years of age, but into the kindergarten at three or four. Also "book-learning" is only a small part of education; the child's character must be shaped, and

this work must deal with his body and soul as well as his mind, and must be aided by his own co-operation. So we have added physical training of many sorts to the school curriculum, and we are reversing the nature of school discipline. The aim is no longer to teach the collected class or the individual child blindly to obey a teacher's orders, but intelligently to control itself.

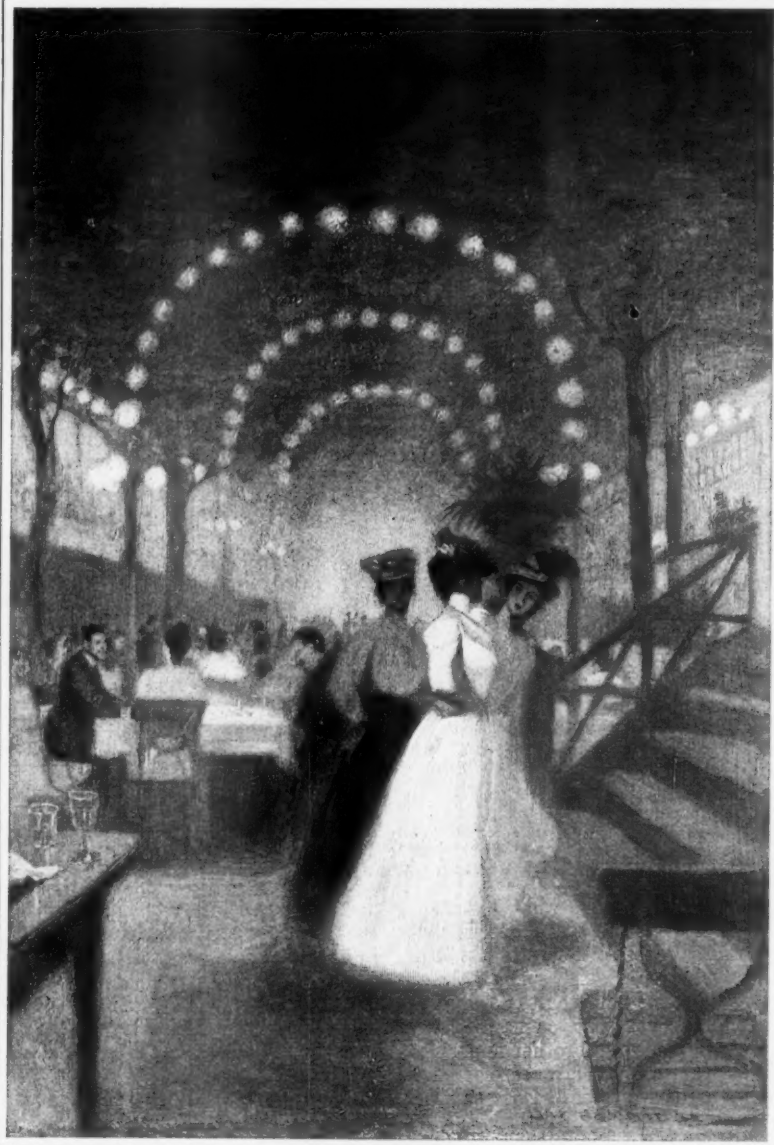
Moreover, the city no longer lets all its children slip out of its hands for months at a time. In summer it puts their books away, but, improving their bodies, stimulating their minds,

speaking to their hearts, and fostering their social instincts, it continues their training in good conduct. This, indeed, is a step in a new direction. What would the fathers of our public-school system have thought of the term "organized play"? It is a new term, but, thank God, it is already a commonplace.

The children of the poor, like those of the rich, are born with an immense fund of energy and a keen desire to coöperate with their fellows. Should these qualities be left, amid such conditions as prevail in a crowded city, to starve to death or to develop into evil forms of activity? The answer seems plain, yet for hundreds of years the philanthropist was too blind to see it; and he sees it now because, throwing aside the



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.
AN ICE-CREAM WAGON.



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

A SUMMER GARDEN.

grim old doctrines which declare that man is born an evil thing needing to be altogether reborn and redeemed, he has at last looked into the actual soul of the child and tried to help it to develop as it desires. What we may best endeavor to do for the children of New York we have learned by studying what

many knocking at every door that is opened as can be taken in. And no wonder those who get in are active and happy, for they are taught such interesting things: not "real lessons," but gymnastics and singing, drawing and sewing, modeling, toy-making, weaving, and other simple manual arts; and even, if they



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

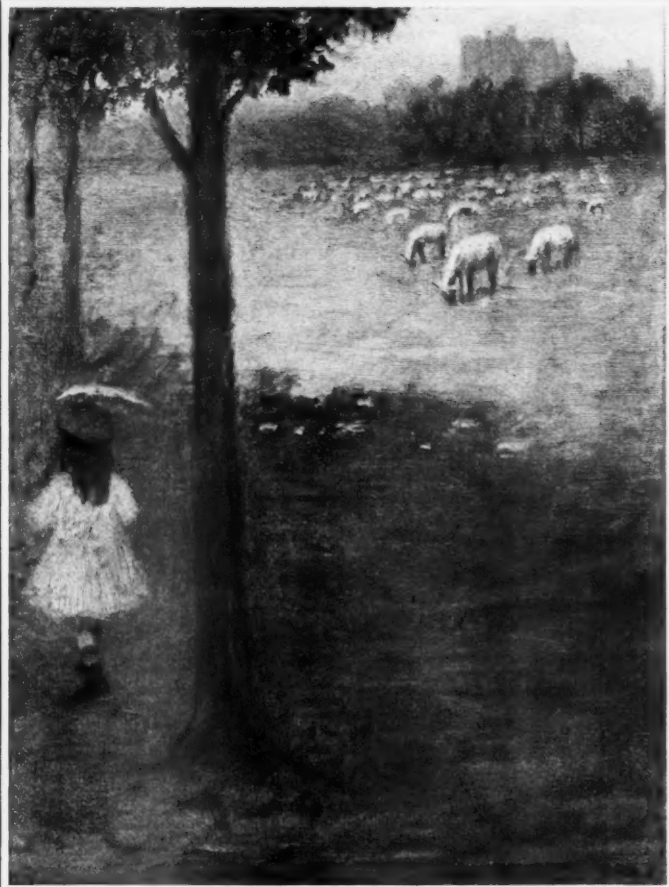
WASHING THE STREETS ON A HOT DAY.

these children have wanted to do for themselves. Mr. Riis's books explain all this.¹ I can merely point you to some of the places where our new method is in active operation.

ACTIVE, indeed! Look, on this hot August morning, into one and another of the city's vacation schools. No wonder the children clamor to be enrolled in them, nearly twice as

are girls, how to wash and dress their baby brothers and sisters, not in a theoretical but in a very practical fashion. This is in the morning, but during the rest of the day the big basement playgrounds of the vacation schools still stand open for play that does not even call itself anything else, yet is carefully superintended; and all day long such places are put to similar use in other school-houses where no vacation "work" is done. There is quiet play with such things as dominoes and checkers, lively play with

¹ "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor," "A Ten Years' War," and "Out of Mulberry Street."



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIÖGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.
A RUSTIC VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK.

swings and balls, see-saws, and rings to toss; there are sand-gardens and kindergarten games for the tots; and the teachers play with the children, and the rules they impose are merely love and sympathy, patience and courtesy, self-help and helpfulness toward others, honesty, fairness, and truth. Moreover, kindergartners teach the babes who frequent the recreation-piers how to amuse themselves; and even in the free baths lessons in swimming are turned to good account as lessons in right conduct too. Do you think that children whose only play-spots used to be the streets, whose only guides and helpers their comrades and the policeman, do not need instruction in the art of active,

coöperative amusement? Do you think it does not profit them spiritually as well as physically? Do you think they do not enjoy the lesson? Go where you can look at them, and you will be glad that you stayed in hot-weather New York.

Private wisdom and generosity have taught official New York the value of such methods of social betterment, and they still do much work on their own account. Look, for instance, at Seward Park, one of the great open-air playgrounds supported by the Outdoor Recreation League.

In the very center of that terribly overcrowded district which we know as the lower East Side, the city had torn down

two or three blocks of wretched tenements, meaning to lay out a park. But its mood changed, and the place lay vacant and foul, and fitted with half-destroyed cellars—seductive fortresses in which, during the summer of 1898, troops of reckless, lawless boys played Yankee and Spaniard, not always in a harmlessly symbolic fashion. So the League took it in hand, and laid it out as a playground, and now it is profitably used in summer and in winter.

The day that it was opened I realized that it was summer indeed, the sun beat so tropically on the wide, shadowless expanse, the dust rose from it in such blinding clouds, and such sweltering bodies and perspiring faces packed it full. But how good-natured was the enormous throng; how happy the excited faces looked in spite of their dust and sweat! Swarms of the fortunate were in possession of gymnastic apparatus, cinder-path, swings, and sand-gardens; other swarms waited patiently for their turn; every

foot of the rest of the broad space was packed with lookers-on, and more of them filled the windows and fringed the roofs of the encircling tenements, and even clung around the base of the spire of a church. No lawlessness now, no ill temper—only laughter, chatter, shouting, and hand-clapping, mingled with the music of the band and of a school-children's chorus.

He who did not belong among these people hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry as their loud laughing filled his ears. It was pitiful to think that this was the best that the beautiful word "outdoors" could mean to so many thousands—just a big, dusty, open space without a flower or a leaf of green. But it was delightful to think that this at least, instead of nothing whatsoever, had been given them—a place of their own, a place to help them to grow happier and better in ways that no school-house, no church, and very surely no court and jail, could ever accomplish.

AMERICA'S AGRICULTURAL REGENERATION OF RUSSIA.

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD.

IN scanning the latent possibilities of the rising nations of the world, it is more than interesting, at the dawn of the new century, to contemplate the miracles Father Time can perform, even in so short a period as a hundred years.

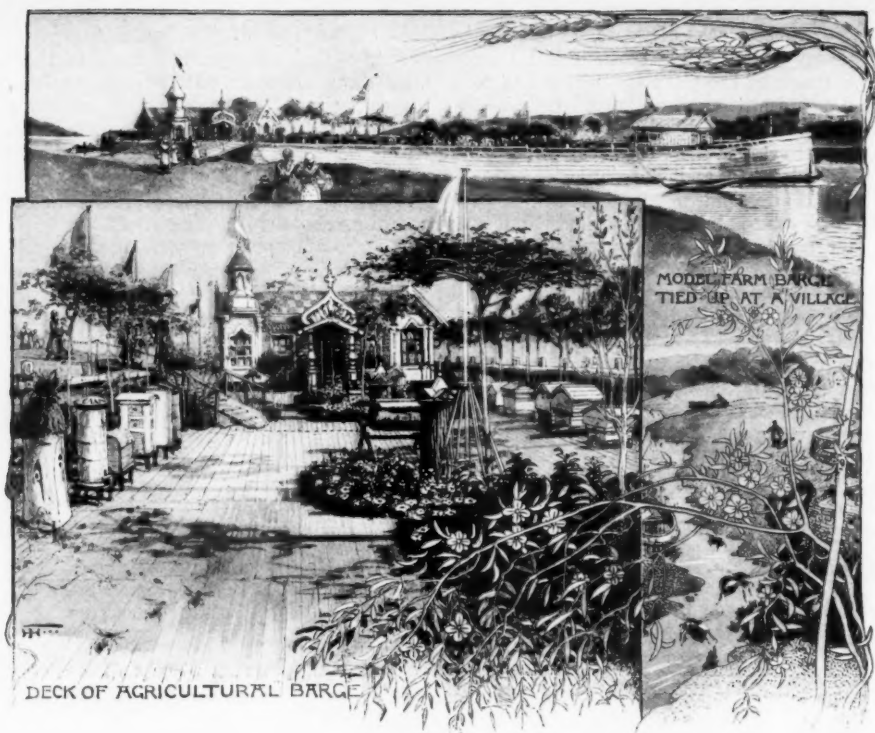
Finding America in 1801 in many respects more insignificant than the Siberia of to-day, and containing but half the population accredited to that awakening country, we see the land we love, in this year of grace 1901, not only independent of Europe or any other continent for supplies, but exporting a greater volume of products than has any nation in all history.

America, too, is bringing about miraculous changes on the surface of this old earth of ours. She manufactures for the whole world the wonderful machinery that is fast superseding in every country under the sun the now antiquated plow and reaping-hook. A series of Yankee inventions, made within the last half-century, promise to make this earth produce two blades where one grew before, and thus incidentally double the wealth-producing power of every agricultural nation.

America to-day supplies the world with its agricultural machinery, the value of its export having risen in less than ten years from two million to fully twenty-five million dollars. Of this, our great agricultural rival, the only other wheat-field extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, takes over one third. Yet Russia, for a moment regardless of her ninety million peasants who eke a livelihood by tilling the soil, began the new century with a threat to close her doors against American machinery. With the breaking up of her icy borders in the spring, however, Russia once more demonstrated her utter dependency on America for the means of developing her internal resources, by calling on her for the three largest shipments of machinery ever sent abroad, and every pound of this material is to be used for agricultural purposes.

AMERICAN MACHINERY DEVELOPING RUSSIA.

It is interesting to note that two, at least, of these shipments were the largest and most valuable consignments of machinery of



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

any description ever sent from one part of the world to another.

The great farm extending for six thousand miles from the Baltic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic to the Black and Caspian seas,—called Russia,—began long ago, in a limited way, to gather wheat from the vast prairie with Yankee harvesters, but it is only within the last few years that the demand for American agricultural machinery in the Russian empire has become phenomenal, more than quadrupling in half a decade, and doubling even within the last twelve months. This year it is estimated that Russia will spend from eight to ten million dollars on American agricultural machinery, about one fourth of which will be shipped direct.

Besides purely agricultural machinery, we send to Russia, by every direct ship to the Black Sea, cotton-gins and -presses for the Central Asian provinces, and to Vladivostok, Siberia, rice-milling machinery for use in Manchuria. We also send the machinery used for the developing of the mineral resources of Russia; but as the Czar's realm, except over a very limited area, mostly in

Siberia, is one vast field of forest and grain, and must, in the very nature of things, ever remain an agricultural country, I shall speak in this paper chiefly of American machinery for farming, so common a sight in our own country, but the working of which I have watched most curiously in far-off corners of Europe and Asia. Strangely enough, if Russia ever becomes even in a limited degree a manufacturing nation, which does not seem possible, she will owe the development of her mines largely to American machinery, and the release of myriads of muzhiks from slavery of the soil to take their places in factories and workshops entirely to the labor-saving devices that America sends to till her fields and gather the abundant crops.

As there is nothing more deceptive than figures, a word as to our total exports to Russia: Eleven million dollars covers the value of all direct shipments from this country to the Russian empire; but as the greater part of our Russian exports enter the country by way of Germany, and I myself have seen in Siberia American machinery with

the original name-plates replaced by those of some German or Russian firm, I am quite ready to accept as correct the estimate that our direct and indirect shipments to all Russia amount in value to about forty million dollars. The pro rata of agricultural machinery finding its way into Russia in an indirect manner also indicates that this is near the correct figure.

The amount of our trade with Russia has kept statisticians guessing for years. There are those who state authoritatively that it shows no increase. These, however, invariably overlook the fact that, to avoid the complicated restrictions and annoyances consequent on shipping goods to a foreign country where experts are paid according to the number of mistakes they can discover in each invoice, our manufacturers invariably prefer shipping to Hamburg, where German firms make a business of packing and invoicing in accordance with the requirements of the Russian authorities, which requirements, by the way, differ most confusingly at different ports of entry. The German forwarding-house not infrequently gets the benefit of all subsequent orders, so that "Final destination Germany" on an export-list signifies nothing conclusive. It is through Hull, Hamburg, and Copenhagen that most of our agricultural machinery is shipped into Russia.

SHIPMENTS OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

It may seem a startling statement to make, but it is, nevertheless, a clearly demonstratable fact, that American manufacturers could capture from the European nations the markets of Russia for almost every known commodity if they but exhibited the foresight and enterprise exercised by the Yankee makers of agricultural machinery.

It is owing to the continued energy of these typical American business men that sufficient commerce has been developed between southern Russia and these United States to warrant at last the placing in commission of the long-hoped-for American Black Sea line of steamships, and this, too, despite the fact that Minister of Finance Witte issued his edict raising the duty on American machinery some fifty per cent. not a full month before the first sailing scheduled for Odessa and Novorossiisk. It was while a cargo of seven thousand five hundred and fifty tons—likely long to remain the largest and most valuable shipment of machinery to leave any port of the world—was on its way across the ocean that the

Russian government decided that the increased tariff should not apply to agricultural machinery.

It is interesting to follow the movement of this typical American labor-saving invention from the Western factories, where it is turned out, to its final destination, which is as often as not more than half-way around the globe.

All winter long train-loads of carefully boxed harvesters, reapers, and mowers arrive at our Atlantic seaboard. Toward spring tramp steamers are chartered and the loading begins. Word is cabled from Odessa that the ice is breaking up and the harbor will soon be open for traffic. One by one the heavily laden steamers are hastily cleared, while the indirect shipments made all the year round via Hull and Hamburg are also forwarded to the ports of Russia.

The wharves at New York are carefully patrolled day and night by watchmen, for the various companies shipping agricultural machinery to Russia carefully guard their secrets; even when the steamships of the Black Sea fleet drift down-stream, the nature of the cargo is not always discernible; not every one knows that the mountains of cases piled on deck contain carefully packed parts of mowers, reapers, threshers, harvesters, cleaners, and rakes. Twenty thousand tons of these in twenty days was the record of shipments from New York alone in the spring of 1901.

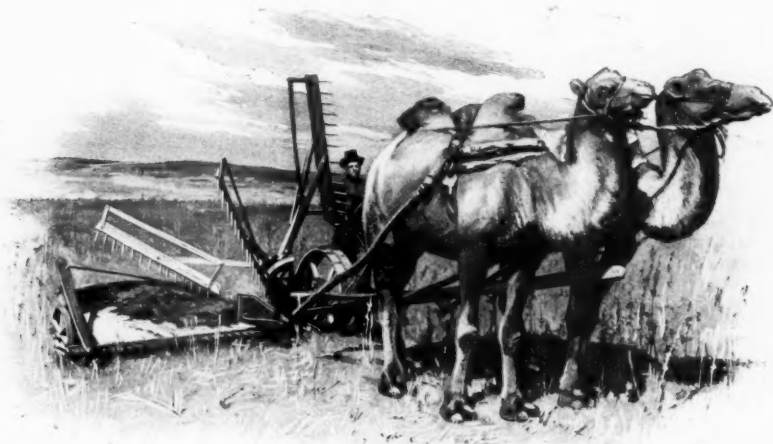
During the months of April and May the wharves at Odessa and other Black Sea ports are lined for miles with American agricultural machinery. Heavily laden trains depart daily for every part of European Russia, with no other freight than farm implements. The big cases containing the carefully numbered parts are distributed at cities, towns, and way-stations. At the banks of the rivers great barges wait in readiness to float their quota up- or downstream, and where the railroad ends toward Asia, long caravans of camels take up the load and carry it to far-off corners of the Russian empire, where the patient ship of the desert is driven in harness to the reapers and mowers from America.

At first the muzhik of southern Russia looked upon the Yankee harvester as an invention of the devil, which he walked miles to gaze upon and anathematize. But soon the great lords, envying one another the possession of the latest styles of agricultural machinery, began to make large purchases; and after the men in the white blouse

of the Russian soldier had been seen on the vast private estates of the Czar, learning the use of the threshers and mowers, prejudice began to vanish, and village communes discussed the necessity of procuring harvesting machinery that would enable the village mir to compete with the great overlords and pay taxes. The strange machinery unknown

Germans actually bought our agricultural machinery for cash, and sold it on credit, as their own make, to the Russians, just as they still do to-day with almost all other kinds of our machinery.

The manufacturers of reapers, despite the absence of foreign American banking facilities, sent their men everywhere in Russia



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.
AMERICAN REAPER DRAWN BY CAMELS.

to their forefathers became a familiar sight; the muzhik not only lost all fear, but is now the proudest man in the commune when intrusted with the care of one of the new implements.

AMERICAN METHODS AT WORK IN RUSSIA.

AMERICAN methods at work spreading the fame of agricultural machinery naturally enough aroused the bitter antagonism of the manufacturers of other nations. Europe saw a most lucrative market passing out of its control, and the fight for American agricultural supremacy in Russia was not won without many battles against heavy odds.

For ages past the Germans have supplied the muzhiks with the castings for their plows on long-time credit. They absolutely controlled the markets. The German and French banks, some with a capitalization of fifty million dollars, to our largest with ten million dollars, established branches everywhere. We have not one in Russia. Business could be transacted directly through these banks, while American manufacturers must deal through London or Hamburg. The

to establish agencies and offer the farmers agricultural machinery on time payments, the only possible way in which they could purchase. The immediate result was an increase in our direct shipments to Russia, and the possibility of a Russo-American steamship line became a probability even before the events of the spring of 1901. In fact, a line to Odessa was established some seasons ago, and only discontinued when the outbreak of the South African war sent charter rates skyward, and the English and German lines, to which we had hitherto transhipped, cut their freight rates to a merely nominal figure. We still maintained, however, one regular monthly line of steamships plying to Russian ports, and, strange to say, its terminals, New York and Vladivostok, Siberia, are more than half-way around the world from each other, at the greatest possible distance between any two Russian and American ports. This line was made necessary by the building of the Russian railway through Manchuria with American material, while the thousand tons of agricultural machinery shipped monthly to Siberia goes far toward

keeping it in commission. In fact, it is agricultural Russia that is our present field of opportunity, for although we ship large quantities of machinery for new Russian plants and railways through Reval and St. Petersburg, no attempt has yet been made to maintain a regular line to Russia's capital. It is southern Russia and Siberia that offer the most unlimited spheres for American enterprise. Here we find the greatest wheat-fields in the world, still, to a great extent, under primitive cultivation. No other country of the world attempts to compete with us in the manufacture of agricultural machinery; the regeneration of the prairies and grain-fields of Russia is left entirely to American influences, and the fact that our shipments of mowers, reapers, and binders to both Asiatic and southern Russia have doubled within a single year is certainly suggestive.

IN BEHALF OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

As has been stated, there are in Russia peasants enough to more than people America, inclusive of her colonial possessions, and this vast army of farmers is being taught to look to America for its supply of agricultural implements. A few years ago they were not commercially aware of our existence. Shallow iron plowshares, fastened by the village blacksmith to pieces of rough-hewn wood, were used to "tickle" the soil. It is only of late years that Russia has sent her experts to America to study our industrial, mechanical, and agricultural systems, although for half a century she has imported our engineers; and now that the paternal government is establishing agricultural schools and colleges, patterned largely after our own, the American idea is spreading everywhere throughout the empire. Often enough, now, the wheat harvested with Yankee machinery is grown from Dakota seed. On the agricultural welfare of Russia, at least for many years to come, will depend our increase of trade with that country. Therefore much depends on the continuation of the revolution in agricultural methods which our example and inventions are creating in Russia, a country almost a counterpart of our own Western prairies, but several times as large as the entire United States. Some idea of its possibilities may be gathered when it is stated that one section, perhaps as large as Texas, bought last year eleven thousand tons of American agricultural machinery, worth about five hundred thousand dollars, while so far this year the shipment to this region

is valued at fifteen hundred thousand dollars. These are only the figures for direct shipments, and do not include the value of our mechanical plants which Russia still orders for installation in various portions of the empire; for by the introduction of factories, machine-shops, and various industries new to the country, it is expected that millions of peasants will be converted into workmen of all kinds. Russia seems at last to have thoroughly awakened to the importance of giving her peasants, who constitute fully ninety per cent. of the population, a technical training of some sort. General education is making great strides, while from the larger cities of Russia and Siberia college professors are sent forth to instruct the muzhiks in modern methods of scientific and diversified farming. But Russia is vast, and unfortunately possesses but forty thousand miles of railway, so it is still possible that a famine may prevail in one district which cannot be alleviated from an adjoining province where grain lies rotting at the railway-station for lack of transportation facilities. It is upon her wonderful system of inland waterways that Russia has always relied to bring the crops to a market. In European Russia alone there are over sixty thousand miles of navigable waterways, or about three times the mileage of navigable rivers in the United States.

FLOATING GARDENS ON RUSSIAN RIVERS.

ALONG these great watercourses, which American dredges are constantly deepening, are to be found the most extensive and productive farms of Russia. In a rich agricultural country intersected everywhere by rivers and canals, it is not surprising that a novel method of presenting object-lessons to the tillers of the soil has been evolved.

The Russian educators, in casting about for the best means of economically fulfilling their mission, decided to experiment with immense floating gardens hundreds of feet in length. These great barges, built wide enough to give a comfortable area for the laying out of a garden, are launched with the breaking up of the ice. As these floating agricultural experiment stations (see page 502) drift down-stream to warmer climes, the seeds sprout, and grain grows and eventually ripens.

On the deck of the great barge is an extensive building, the residence of the professors of agriculture who have the station in charge, and a smaller house for the crew.

The size of these buildings, however, is dwarfed by the immensity of the barge. On its great, broad deck, besides the vegetable- and grain-beds, are various working models of beehives; for the government is bending every energy to revive this industry, once famous in Russia, when honey mead was the national drink.

As the barge journeys with the current, it stops at every village. The church bell is rung, and the people gather from the fields to be led by the *starosta*, or mayor, to the floating farm. They are invited aboard, where the various plants are explained to them, while illustrated lectures are sometimes given on the advantages of diversified farming. The questions of the peasants are intelligently answered, and seed is often left with the most enterprising for planting.

So far the barge experimental farms have proved the most efficient method of spreading the new knowledge of farming in Russia, for the country is one vast plain. The great rivers flowing southward through the rich agricultural prairies take their rise in the dense forests of central and northern Russia. Here the great barges are built late in the fall, the spring freshets are made to save the expense of launching, and when fall comes again the wood of the barges can be sold in the treeless southern country, where wood is dear, and thus made to pay the expenses of the trip down-stream.

CONNECTING RUSSIAN WITH AMERICAN WATERWAYS.

IN America we little realize the extensive use Russia makes of her waterways. Dredges, patterned after but larger than those in use on the Mississippi, are becoming a common sight on the rivers of the Czar. In everything the West seems to be giving Russia an example. It was a Chicago engineer who, at the request of the Czar, visited the rivers of Russia and designed the dredges to make their depth greater, while Siberia draws its grain-seed from Dakota, to be gathered, when grown, by mowers and reapers manufactured in the Western States of America.

In the first spring month of the new century a steamship line from Chicago to European ports began operation. With the already projected inland waterways of the two countries, Russia and America, completed, these Chicago steamers could travel inland more than two thirds of the way around the globe, from Chicago or Duluth to Kiahkta, beyond Lake Baikal, on the borders of Siberia and

China. But three thousand miles of the entire distance would necessarily be ocean travel. Already Russia has connected the waterways of Siberia for three thousand miles across Asia, so that grain-barges can leave the Baikal district for the Urals; a canal has been begun through these low hills, and when it is completed boats will then be able to sail from St. Petersburg, or Paris or Vienna, for that matter, to the distant grain-fields of Siberia, for Russia is connecting her inland waterways with those of the rest of Europe, so that her grain may more easily find a market abroad.

The day of the barge-canal draws to a close, however. With the new century dawns the era of the inland ship-canal. In America it is proposed to unite the Great Lakes with the Atlantic by a twenty-eight-foot channel; in Russia hundreds of millions are to be spent on a ship-canal from the Baltic to the Black Sea, while the Don and Volga are to be connected by a forty-million-dollar ship-canal, thus bringing Central Asia in direct water communication with the outside world. Shipments of agricultural machinery may yet be made from Chicago to inland Russia, and the enormous railway and transshipment charges saved to the consumer. Even now harvesters are floated two thousand miles up the Amur into the very heart of Siberia, and a thousand miles up the Sungari into central Manchuria, which country seems destined soon to become the garden spot and mineral hope of ever-expanding Russia.

It is estimated that at the present rate of increase Siberia will have a population of fully fifty million people by the middle of the century. Hundreds of thousands of peasants now cross the Urals annually. Russia is the most prolific of civilized nations. She can spare for Siberia and Central Asia some two million emigrants every year, this number representing the annual increase of births over deaths in European Russia alone.

THE REGENERATION OF SIBERIA.

BOTH industry and agriculture are making their greatest strides in far-off Siberia, in the portion of the Czar's domain that must ever remain nearer to America than any part of European Russia. But little more than four thousand miles of water separates its principal seaport from the cities of our Pacific coast. Eastern Siberia is being developed by an American railway and with American machinery. At the towns laid out for the incoming tide of emigrants the Russian gov-

ernment keeps in readiness our agricultural machinery and men to teach its use. School-houses are a feature of these villages, and the muzhik is started out on a new life full of independence and self-reliance. It is here that the old and new Russia meet, and the difference is marked.

I once traveled for more than a thousand miles in far-Eastern waters on a Russian emigrant transport, where convicts were huddled together in the forward hold, Cossacks amidships, and the emigrants aft. When the ship drew up at the wharf at Vladivostok, and the peasants who had settled in the province a year or two previously came to meet the latest arrivals from Little Russia, the contrast between the unkempt, sluggish creatures aboard ship and the bright, active men on the wharf was striking, even impressive. The newcomers, practically slaves, the children of slaves, accustomed for centuries to huddle together by families in a single room, like so many sheep in a pen, and forbidden by law to wander beyond the confines of the village mir, were still dazed; their compressed intellects could not yet take in anything unconnected with the vast stretches about the homes they had left twelve thousand miles behind at command of the Czar. The entire mir had received word to move on. There was no word or murmur of complaint, and, so far as I could discover, not one ray of hope or spark of curiosity inspired these emigrants on their way to a new home and broader life. But about the men on the wharf? There was nothing of the stolid, sleepy Russian muzhik about these far-Eastern farmers who had learned the use of modern agricultural machinery, and even hired Manchu coolies the year round to bear the burden of the hardest and most menial labor. Realizing by comparison that they were no longer the lowest beings in the scale of humanity, the restrained mirth and suppressed freedom of centuries seemed bursting forth. Right and left these freedmen plied their whips, letting the lash fall indis-

criminately upon the shoulders of the coolies, just as in like manner others had for generations demonstrated their superiority over them. The muzhik was learning his lesson, that was all, and once the Russian muzhik begins to acquire knowledge, his thirst for enlightenment becomes all-consuming.

The peasants who were landing, I was assured, would not long be content to remain more ignorant than the careless Koreans, and this I found, on better acquaintance, to be quite true. Almost every condition of Russian life can be studied side by side in this new region, in the regeneration of which American machinery and methods play so prominent a part.

The Czar permits no proselyting on his vast estate; missionaries are unknown in Russian territory; but the agents for American agricultural machinery, which is becoming more and more essential to Russian farm life, have compelled the autocratic government to take an enormous stride forward. They have demonstrated that a degree of Yankee wit is necessary to get the best work out of the farming machinery we send over. Hence the recently displayed energy of the government to educate, in a way, the muzhik, upon whom falls the burden of paying the taxes that support the largest army in the world. In every way the import of American agricultural machinery is encouraged. To those who look upon the land as forever unprogressive and benighted, it is but necessary to state that more than one third of the agricultural machinery used outside of America is to be found in Russia, and present indications point to a far more general use by the muzhiks, the government going so far as to lend the peasants money which they can apply to its purchase.

Russia looks to her grain crop to make her independent of the world, and to America for the inventions that will best enable her to produce and gather the one great commodity upon which her wealth and welfare must forever be dependent.



THE PARIS COMMUNE, THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

BY WILLIAM TRANT.



THE 18th of March, 1901, was the thirtieth anniversary of the execution of Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas, the ultimate event that led to the election of the Paris Commune. In the period between that day in 1871 and the 28th of the following May occurred that horrible internecine struggle, with its terrible crimes and catastrophes, which was alike a shame and a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century. It is quite natural that those who witnessed the dreadful conflict should recollect its details with vivid remembrance, and feel impelled, as did Mr. Archibald Forbes, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October and November, 1892, to offer a record of what they saw in Paris during that sanguinary régime. So long as witnesses confine their testimony to what they saw, all is well. But much has been published consisting not of what was seen, but of what was heard. Herein is a wide difference. *On dit* is a very bad witness, and is responsible for imaginary horrors and frightful incidents which had no existence in fact, and the blame for which has been placed on one side. In these circumstances I desire to place on record what I, too, saw of the affair; and I think I shall be able to show that, fiendish as were some of the acts of the Commune, they were not so fiendish as is often represented, or any worse than those of the other side (a fact nearly always forgotten), and that the criminality of the whole proceeding from beginning to end rests as much with the conquerors as with the vanquished.

Those who recall the events of the time will remember that on the capitulation of Paris the feeling in the city was still in favor of war, of *guerre à outrance*. This was shown by the rejection of General Trochu and his partisans, and the election of Gambetta and his friends to the Assembly that was to ratify the terms of the treaty of peace. This feeling was intensified by the chagrin occasioned by the triumphant occupation of Paris on the 1st of March by German troops. Three hundred thousand of the National Guard had willingly aided in the

defense. No fatigue in the trenches, no defeats in the sorties, no sufferings from famine, had diminished their ardor; and their disposition was so bellicose that in agreeing to the terms of peace M. Jules Favre did not deem it prudent to include the disarming of this excited body of men. These guards proceeded to the Place de l'Alma, where were collected three hundred cannon manufactured during the siege, the fruit of contributions from all classes of the population, and which, therefore, they proudly called their own. Owing to the activity of the Central Committee, chosen by delegates from the National Guard, these cannon were not taken away by the Germans. After the conquerors had withdrawn to their lines, the National Guard placed the guns in batteries on the Buttes Montmartre. Teams were wanting, but strong arms and hands, prompted by willing hearts, dragged many of them to the summit, and a patrol was organized to assure their safety. This alarmed the National Assembly, which had not had the courage to move to Paris, as it ought to have done, but determined to sit at Versailles and to crush the National Guard. With that perversity which had characterized all official acts during the war, the Assembly did exactly the things it ought not to have done, and omitted to do the things which ought to have been done. Instead of allowing the Parisians to place at the head of their National Guard a general of their own choice, as they wished to do, the authorities at Versailles designated General Vinoy, commander-in-chief of the Paris forces, who was detested by the National Guard as having been the principal instrument in the capitulation. They also gave the direction of the Prefecture of Police to General Valentin, and made other appointments, all showing that it was their desire and intention to encroach upon the rights of the Parisians.

Out of these causes grew the contest between the government and the National Guard. M. Thiers issued an order to the regular troops to take by force the cannon at Montmartre and Belleville, and on March 17, in the night, the soldiers came sneaking along under the cover of darkness, and suc-

ceeded in capturing the guns. On the morning of the 18th, as they were taking the guns away, the inhabitants of the district, men, women, and children, seized the reins of the horses and stayed their progress. A few shots were fired between the soldiers and the National Guard, and a few men were killed, but the troops refused to fire on the crowd, reversed their muskets, and fraternized with the people. Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas vainly gave the command to fire seven times, it is said. They were taken prisoners, and after a trial of some sort or other were shot on the spot. On the following morning, while the stars were still shining in the clear, cold sky, I arrived in Paris.

As soon as the state of affairs became known at Versailles, M. Thiers, instead of remembering that a great part of Paris was still peaceful and probably loyal to the government, ordered the men of the whole regular army and all government officials of every kind to retreat during the night, and on the morrow Paris was deserted in consequence of what the English newspapers called the "retreat of the government." The city saw itself deprived of all authority. Paris was abandoned and left to shift for itself. There was, it is true, the Central Committee of the National Guard, but it laid no claim to govern Paris, contenting itself with the modest aim of defending the municipal liberties of the city. This committee, therefore, behaved as all sensible committees so situated would have behaved. By a proclamation as moderately worded as if it had been issued by the Lord Mayor of London, the people were convoked to proceed to the election of a municipal council. This was done. The municipal council was elected, and as municipal councils in France are styled "communes," this one bore its legitimate title "The Commune of Paris." It was a commune, however, at war with the paramount power of the state, the government of the country. These latter were collecting armies either to repel an attack from the Commune, or themselves to assume the offensive and become masters of Paris. Divisions from the armies of the North and of the Loire were hurried forward. In ten days a force of nearly eighty thousand men had been gathered together at Versailles, and on April 2 hostilities were begun by the capture by the government of Puteaux and Courbevoie.

There was, as above intimated, a considerable portion of the Parisians who sided with

the government, and who regarded with contempt a commune that consisted chiefly of men whose names were unknown outside the proletariat—men whose election was a proceeding in imitation of what was done in the Revolution of 1792. These loyalists styled themselves the "friends of order," while the supporters of the Commune were called "communists." The name was unfortunate, inasmuch as it entirely misled the English public as to the real object of those who had been thus called to the municipal government of Paris at a moment of difficulty and peril. The French word "communiste" was translated "communist," whereas "municipalist" would have been far more correct. The English public at once regarded the Commune of Paris as a socialistic and communistic revolution. There is hardly any crime under the sun that a socialist or communist was not believed not only capable of, but anxious to perpetrate. Some literary men in Paris (my friend M. Auguste Desmoulins among them) saw the misapprehension under which the English press was laboring, and at a meeting decided to call those in favor of communal government by the word "communalists" (perhaps "communards" would have been a better word). This distinction the English press and the English people failed to appreciate. This matter is of importance, because it was the chief reason of the greedy acceptance by the English public of any story, however horrible, of any drivel, however delirious. I know of no instance in history where so much misapprehension has been begotten by the misinterpretation of a single word.

At the same time it should be remembered that the Commune was composed of very heterogeneous matter. The "friends of order" and the bourgeoisie had taken no part in the election. The result was that the affairs of Paris were handed over to the proletariat. These, as has been said, were eager for war and a republic. They had no faith in the then existing republic of M. Thiers, which they believed to be but a stop-gap pending the restoration of either the Napoleonic or the Bourbon dynasty. Then there were socialists and communists of the most extreme type, and even nihilists; and there were many atheists, like the one who described a priest, who had styled himself "a servant of God," as "un serviteur du nommé Dieu." There were, too, dreamers of dreams who imagined that the Commune was to be the avenger of all the wrongs the country had suffered under the Empire, the libera-

tor coming with fire and sword to purify and punish. They remembered how great and flourishing the old free cities had been, how they had proved the bulwarks of liberty, and how provinces had grown wealthy, had federated and become almost strong enough to govern the world.

I was present in the Hôtel de Ville at a private conference with a few of these dreamers, and they had maps colored to show how France should be divided into such communes and provinces, all beating in unison with the Commune of Paris, the "heart of the nation." The trade-unionists, too, were represented by M. Auguste Serraillier, secretary of the International Society, and by others; while political refugees of many nations, military and political adventurers, professional agitators, some riff-raff, and a few jail-birds were also among the number. Imagine such an Assembly, and imagine, too, the circumstances that called them to rule Paris and preserve it from those they and their supporters regarded as its bitterest and cruellest enemy. They were smarting under a terrible and ignominious defeat which they believed was the result of the treason of their leaders and the treachery of their generals. Sons and daughters of France had been slaughtered; its cities had been destroyed; even Paris had been bombarded; and the terms of peace dictated by the conquerors were humiliating and exasperating. And now the same cowardly crew, they thought, that had retreated before the Germans had also retreated before them; and this gave them a confidence that was fatal alike to their sanity and their politics. As one of the few scholarly men in the Commune said in "The Fortnightly Review" at the time, "the Commune was a moon-struck assemblage of men individually sane."

Of the fighting that now went on day by day between Paris and Versailles I will say nothing, because I saw nothing of it except the capture of Fort d'Issy later on. To those of us who were within the city the fighting outside seemed slow and tedious. This was perhaps because an enforced idleness made time hang heavily upon us. All the great shops and hotels were closed, and there was an almost total absence of business of every sort. The general unsettled and expectant state of the people filled the place with an air of discomfort. The post-office officials had decamped to Versailles in the general stampede of the government, and this, for the English residents, meant no letters, no newspapers, no remittances—a state of af-

fairs, however, that was subsequently remedied by having our letters sent to the British embassy.

Private inconveniences were ludicrous when they were not annoying. Being arrested was a matter of course, or otherwise, according as the man one walked past was an ignorant, officious booby or a good-natured, joking fellow. I spoke on one occasion to a national guardsman, and he arrested me because I addressed him as "monsieur" instead of "citoyen"; but as in less than ten minutes he himself made the same mistake and I drew his attention to the fact, he felt bound, in logic, to release me. While copying from a poster the time and place of the public funeral of some of those who had been killed, I was instantly seized and taken to the Place Vendôme. Upon my explaining what I had been doing the officials not only released me, but gave me an immortelle to wear on my coat. Upon the day of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race a friend and I decided not to depart from our custom of wearing the Cambridge color. This was the cause of immense wonderment on the part of the sentry at the Place Vendôme, and he instantly carried us before the colonel, to whom we told our story, saying that we wore the ribbon in honor of the race between Oxford and Cambridge. A sporting man was sent for, but as he had never heard of Mr. Oxford or Mr. Cambridge, we had further explanations to make. In the end we were released on a promise not to wear ribbons that were so mystifying to ordinary mortals. For my own part, I spent a deal of time in the Tuileries. I reclined on luxurious couches in its magnificent apartments, reading and thinking of the downfall of empires; and very seldom was my entry to the palace or my resting within it interfered with by the sentry sometimes there.

The grand thoroughfares of Paris would have been almost deserted but for the galloping about of the Commune's orderlies. All the public offices had been appropriated, and the mounted messengers cantered between them on richly caparisoned horses, themselves in fantastic dress, with an air of importance that was ludicrous. The messengers were supplemented by aides-de-camp and others who galloped furiously down the Champs-Élysées and along the Rue de Rivoli, as they came from the battle-field with despatches from their superiors. These men always brought "good news." But we all knew better. Day by day the sound of the cannon and the noise of battle grew more

and more distinct; shells began to fall in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, and we realized that the end was nigh.

The Commune, as it saw its troops being driven back, showed its chagrin by excesses in imitation of the revolutionists of 1789. The red flag was displayed on every public building. Banks, insurance offices, and other establishments were laid under contribution. The churches were pillaged, the tombs desecrated, and skulls and human bones piled in heaps at the doors of these edifices. Newspapers that dared to criticize the actions of the Commune were suppressed; those that supported them were subsidized. Rents were remitted, private property was abolished, capital was to be socialized. So close was the imitation of the early revolutionists that the ordinary calendar was abandoned, and one with its *Germinal*, its *Thermidor*, and so on was substituted. An attempt was made to restore the practice of wearing "caps of liberty," but this was a failure.

Then came the overthrow of the Vendôme Column because it was a Bonapartist memorial, which I witnessed from the balcony of Worth, the dressmaker, whose establishment was then getting into working order again. It was a silly thing to do, but has some justification, however, in the fact that its restoration is not as a Bonapartist memorial. Then, again, as a token of enmity to the government, the house of M. Thiers was destroyed, an act of vandalism for which not one word of defense can be said. Reprisals were adopted because the Versailles were killing all the men they wounded or captured; but on this question of reprisals the Commune was weak and did not always carry out its threats. Among the hostages were the Archbishop of Paris and some priests. These the Commune had not the courage to execute by way of reprisal; but when all was nearly over, in their fiendish desperation they shot these venerable men, and for this mad act the stain of a foul murder will never be effaced from the Commune.

On Palm Sunday I went to see the procession of young girls, clad in white, going to the Church of St. Roch to take their first communion. I shall never forget their pleasant faces as they sang "Hosanna to God." But hark! what is that? *Boom, boom!* Again "Hosanna to God," and again *boom, boom!* It was Fort Valérien that had opened fire, and contributed an awful accompaniment to a child's hymn to

heaven. Day by day the firing increased, and the shells often fell rather too near one to be comfortable. Persons become used to dodging them, however, by practice, and I was thus able to watch Fort d'Issy, the batteries at Montretout, and Fort Valérien destroy the enceinte and batter the rampart so effectually that at the Pont du Jour, the gates of Billancourt, Passy-Auteuil, St. Cloud, and thereabouts, there was scarcely a building intact. Nearly all were destroyed, many were burned by the bursting shells, some of which struck the west front of the Arc de Triomphe, and others set fire to houses far down the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. All this was done by the regular troops; the Commune's troops never fired a shot in these directions; and the petroleum mania had not yet distorted men's judgment as to the question, "Who did this thing?"

About this time I had arranged to spend a day with M. Auguste Desmoulin. The appointment, however, was canceled, because my friend was summoned to the death-bed of his father-in-law, Pierre Leroux, the "John Bright of France," the co-editor with George Sand. Many years ago Leroux had opposed Thiers's proposal to fortify Paris, and urged that the money should be devoted to developing the resources of France by the construction of railways. "No," said Thiers, "I have been to England, and I have seen the railway from Birmingham to Liverpool. It is a child's toy that will not last twelve months. Let us not fritter away our resources in such trifles, but let us make Paris, the heart of France, invincible against any foreign foe, so that if Europe, yes, the whole of Europe, should say to France, 'We will do this or we will do that without you,' then France should say to Europe, yes, to the whole of Europe, 'War.'" Leroux vainly urged that the guns of these "bastilles de Paris," as he called them, might be turned on the people of Paris. "No," thundered Thiers; "these guns are for the enemies of France, and the statesman that would dare to turn them against the people of Paris, even were he successful, would deservedly pass into oblivion." And now, as Leroux lay on his death-bed, the very cannon of "les bastilles de Paris," that had proved useless against a foreign foe on the first attempt, were directed against the people of Paris, and by the very man who scouted the idea as an impossibility; and Pierre Leroux, with the realization of his fears disturbing his dying moments, passed away amid the

horrors of what he foresaw would be the result of a policy of bluster and blunder. Surely there was the handiwork of Nemesis herself!

About this time the British residents were informed by Sir E. B. Malet, then second secretary at the British embassy in Paris, that the protection of the flag was withdrawn. All of them were counseled to return to England, and pecuniary means of doing so was offered to those who needed help. This convinced me that the entry of the troops was close at hand. On the night of May 21 I was with a friend at a café near the Tuileries, when one of the National Guard entered and said quickly, "They are in," and I know that this was several days before they were expected. Paris had been captured by a surprise. I said, "Au plaisir" to my friend, and promised to meet him the next day, but I never saw him again. He was among the victims of the week of terror that had begun.

Early next morning (Tuesday) I was awakened by a terrible cannonading in the street below. (I lived at the acute angle where the Rue d'Argenteuil glides into the Rue St. Honoré.) I hastened forth, and found egress prevented in one direction by the National Guard, and in another by the fighting then going on. By taking insignificant by-streets, however, I was able to reach the Place de l'Opéra. The Versailles were close at hand. They had taken the station of St. Lazare, and were pushing rapidly eastward. A shell falling on a barricade in my immediate neighborhood, wounding some men and killing others, caused the barricade to be abandoned and obliged me to beat a retreat. I reached the Place Vendôme, which was then but poorly guarded, and was allowed to pass, but found the Versailles in possession of the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, near the British embassy, and as fighting was still going on, I could proceed no farther. It was sometimes difficult to tell in whose possession a barricade was, because when the tricolor is folded, the red is outside, and it looks like the *drapeau rouge*. The Tuileries was in flames, so I made my way to the Rue de Rivoli. By dodging behind the columns of the arcade I was enabled to reach the famed barricade that stretched from the corner of the Tuileries Gardens across the street. From here I saw the guards shelling the Faubourg St. Germain, on the south side of the river, and they had thus already set fire to several buildings. Some of the gunners were mere boys, who, when there was a

louder report than usual, clapped their hands, saying, "That is a good one," like school-boys playing with cannon two inches long. From this point also I witnessed the shelling and consequent firing by the Versailles of the Ministry of Finance and neighboring buildings by misdirected shells, a fact of which I earnestly ask the reader's remembrance, for a reason that will shortly appear.

On returning to my residence I found that during my absence a shell had carried away a portion of the balcony of my rooms. Missiles of all descriptions were literally pouring into the street, and the shower increased in intensity during the whole of the afternoon and evening. While in the streets in the morning I had been able to see something of the plan of operations of the regular troops. They avoided the great streets, and pouring a torrent of men on the smaller barricades in the narrower streets, obtained possession of these; then breaching the houses (with cannon when necessary, by which means several houses were fired), they secured access to the wide thoroughfares at places where they could attack the barricades in reverse.

As though the horrors above described were not sufficient to remind us of our perilous position, patrols of the National Guard paraded the streets, warning us to put out all lights, not to close the window-shutters, and to leave the doors open—precautions taken either so they might easily ascend to the chambers to shoot from the windows, or that they might see if the Versailles adopted that plan. We were also advised not to go to bed. This warning was quite unnecessary. Shells were falling with such rapidity, setting a house on fire here and another there, that the front rooms were abandoned under the mistaken idea that the back rooms were more secure; and when these were found untenable, my fellow-inmates sought refuge in the cellar. In these circumstances sleep was an impossibility.

On the following morning, Wednesday, I again sallied forth. The first sound that fell upon my ear was "Vive la Ligne!" and turning round the corner of my dwelling-place were the soldiers of the line, who for two hours had advanced in single file along the Rue St. Honoré, keeping close to the houses, thereby finding shelter from the mitraille that was poured against them from a barricade a little farther on. These bluecoats moved thus along this narrow street and down that passage, convolving like a huge serpent fastening on the city. Everywhere

they went they were received with cheers. The tricolor was hoisted out of the windows of the great shops, that had been closed during the last two months. After the infantry came batteries of artillery, and after these squadrons of cavalry. A halt was made at the spot (above indicated) where I was standing, and the commanding officer, a young fellow, smoked a cigarette and consulted a plan of instructions. Just then two of his men dragged toward him a person who, the crowd said, was a communist. "Fusillez-le!" cried out the throng, and the officer (I was standing close to him) said, "Oui, fusillez-le!" (I little thought that before long I should hear the same command given as regards myself.) In less time than is occupied in recording the fact, the poor wretch was dragged a few yards away; one of the men put the muzzle of his chassepot underneath the victim's skull, the barrel along his back; the other soldier stooped and pulled the trigger; a report, a smoke, a groan, and with protests of innocence on his lips the soul of the poor victim passed away. The crowd cheered lustily, and cried, "Vive la Ligne!" I knew the faces of many of these people. They were neighbors of mine. A few months before, I had heard them croak themselves hoarse with "Vive l'Empire," "à Berlin"; then followed "Vive la République," and after this "Vive la Commune," and now it was "Vive la Ligne." Two hours after this I was as used to seeing men similarly shot as in younger days I had been to see cruel school-boys stoning frogs on a holiday afternoon. "Bas la Commune!" shouted some soldiers of the line, pointing to two brothers in the Rue St. Honoré, who were immediately shot, the needless formality of half a minute's trial being dispensed with. A man standing at the corner of a street heard two officers talking of the bravery of the troops. "Yes," said the loiterer; "if your men had fought like that against the Prussians, all this would not have happened." The officer pulled out his pistol and shot him. "Our army has behaved heroically," said M. Thiers. "We execute with the law and by the law." "Where's your boasted liberty?" I asked of a friend, a Frenchman. Taking off his shoe, he searched the inside of it very minutely, and then said, "It has been there for the last two months, but I think it is lost now."

The method of formal execution by young cigarette-smoking colonels, as above indicated, was the usual kind of execution. The honor of a firing-party was reserved for a few persons of distinction, such as Millière,

who had resigned his seat as deputy for Paris in the National Assembly to become a member of the Commune. He was placed in front of the Panthéon, and with arm raised cried, "Vive le peuple!" There was a roll of musketry, a murmur, and he was dead. As I was walking away from the sad spectacle I met Mr. Holt White of "The Pall Mall Gazette," who said to me, "I am sorry I am too late. I wanted to see Millière. People say he looks so much like Jesus Christ." We then witnessed a sight that made us both shudder. Up to the previous day the fight had been going on beneath a glorious sun and a cloudless sky. I was astonished to find how few traces of the carnage were to be seen in the streets. The reason was that the sunshine had dried the blood and it had become covered with a concealing layer of fine dust. Now, however, there had been showers of rain, and the effect was as if the very stones of the streets were bleeding afresh. Near the Panthéon, at a spot where several men had been shot, blood was trickling in sluggish streams to the gutter. Soldiers, fatigued with the day's massacre, reposed on the wet pavement, using it also as a dining-table. We saw them eating raw meat, which they were too fatigued to remove from the streams of blood that trickled about it—a sorry banquet for M. Thiers's "heroes"!

To detail what I saw during the rest of the fighting would be to repeat in effect what is above written. Everywhere in the streets dead bodies were lying about. There were no wounded, for the troops gave no quarter. In every direction the work of death and destruction went on; the human brute unchained, the imbecile wrath, the mad fury of man devouring his brother man.

The part of the city in possession of the conquerors, however, was safe, though not comfortable to walk in. Scattered brains, limbs, bodies, and blood formed a ghastly spectacle. I went to the British embassy to send off a letter to England. On the way I was obliged to do duty in the "chain" of persons of all classes pressed into the service of passing buckets of water to a burning house. I noticed, as many have noticed, how quickly the Parisians recover their gaiety. Amid the ruin and desolation, groups chatted merrily, street gamins stole closely behind one with a startling imitation of a falling shell. The newspapers were again being issued in the west end, while the fighting was going on in the east end. The terrible events afforded ground for fun, even. A cartoon was issued representing a fireman

rushing toward a bourgeois with the exclamation, "Oh, monsieur, we could not save your house, but we have saved your wife." "Oh, heavens!" answers the marital monster, "two misfortunes at once!"

At the embassy I met several Englishmen who gave vent to the most bloodthirsty sentiments. "Paris is being purified," said one. Another detailed with rapturous delight how he had seen shot that morning on the Quai d'Orsay one hundred and fifty men and women, whose trials and executions, he averred, had not lasted as many minutes. Mr. Ashton Dilke and I were two who ventured to argue that there were faults on both sides. It remains to add on this point that the fight and the executions continued by night as well as by day. Crowds were executed in batches by the mitrailleuse, and when the thirst for blood was satisfied, others were sent to Versailles to be tried, as a sort of justification for the execution of those shot without trial (of which more anon). The booming of the cannon and the grinding of the mitrailleuse in the darkness of the night (we had no gas) was something horrible, but the sounds got farther and farther away, and the Commune was evidently dying the death. Six thousand men had surrendered at the Bastille; Montrouge had fallen, and the Prussians barred all egress by way of St. Denis. In the Cemetery of Père Lachaise the Commune of Paris, with its liberty and equality, its fraternity and musketry, emitted its last groan, and Thiers was at last able to say, "I am absolutely master of Paris."

All the time that the conflict was raging, Paris was burning. In the delirium of the moment this was attributed to the Commune's incendiarism, and the idea grew with feeding upon itself, until the crazy notion was evolved that "Paris brûlé" was the handiwork of *pétroleurs* and *pétroleuses*. I have not seen anywhere one iota of evidence that there were such beings. The only testimony is *on dit*. I heard a man minutely describe how the contents of a certain house that was burning were all washed with petroleum, the furniture painted with it, the curtains steeped in it. "It seems to me," said a bystander, "you know too much about this affair. I shall inform." On this the first one shrugged his shoulders and explained that his only authority was *on dit*. Mr. Archibald Forbes, after twenty years' reflection (see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1892), produced no higher authority for his assertions that the Tuileries

was in flames "kindled by damnable petroleum." It is known that the terraces of the Tuileries were well battered and breached with shells from the Versaillais guns, and as shells do not always fall within a few yards of the mark intended, there is cause enough in that fact for the conflagration. Here is Mr. Forbes again: "They [the Versaillais] had a field-battery in action a little below the Arc, which swept the Champs-Élysées very thoroughly. I saw several shells explode about the Place de la Concorde." The Louvre, naturally a part of the same building, but facing the opposite way, was not fired. Why? Simply because it did face the opposite way, and no shells were directed against it. I was in the Tuileries the day before the entry of the Versaillais, and I saw no signs of petroleum or pétroleurs. The place was deserted, and the only person I encountered was a Federal soldier carrying away from the cellars an armful of horse-pistols.

The Ministry of Finance is another building often spoken of as fired by the Commune men. As already stated, I saw that building thrown into flames by Versaillais shells, and corroboration of this fact will be found on reference to the first number of "Galignani's Messenger" that appeared after the entry of the regular troops into the city, and no one will accuse that paper of printing a single sentence in favor of the Commune. Again, why should devilish means be invoked to account for the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, when Mr. Forbes himself informs us that on it "the Versaillist batteries were concentrating a fire heavy enough to be called a bombardment." A house under the eaves of which Mr. Forbes sought shelter was fired by a shell while he was standing there, but from which side is not quite clear; while in "What an American Girl Saw of the Commune" (THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1892) I read: "A shell went down our street without touching anything until it struck the last house, which was set on fire." Indeed, there is abundant evidence everywhere that many of the conflagrations were produced by the ordinary process of cannonading, and naturally most of the many would be caused by the offensive and not by the defensive batteries.

There was no burning where there was no fighting. In Belleville and La Villette there was hardly any conflagration, and prejudiced persons at once said, "See! these wretches burn the wealthy parts of Paris, but spare their own wretched hovels." Is it not a more

reasonable thing to say that, as there was but little fighting in Belleville and La Villette, in consequence there was but little conflagration? If the Versailles battery before the Corps Législatif, which, as is pointed out by Mr. Forbes, was vigorously directed against the communist battery at the foot of the Rue Royale, be not sufficient to account for the great conflagration in that street, then on this particular occasion the laws of cause and effect were suspended. It was in reference to this street that the wild canard was telegraphed to England that the very firemen were pumping petroleum on to the burning buildings to feed the flames, instead of sending water there to quench them; and although high scientific authorities in England warned English readers that such an act was an impossibility, yet, in the maddening banquet of blood that was being daily served, few cared to trouble themselves about scientific truths. I have already indicated what caused the conflagrations in the west end of Paris. Here are Marshal MacMahon's own words in his official report on the taking of Paris: "Les canons du Mont Valérien, les batteries de Montretout, et toutes les batteries de Boulogne, Issy et Vanves, dirigent sur la place un feu tellement violent que l'enceinte ne répond que faiblement." This had a deal to do with the beginning of the burning of Paris, as hundreds of shells fell far beyond *l'enceinte*, a word which in this instance had a wide meaning, while *la place* should be translated "one of the best quarters in Paris."

Often when buildings burn, floor after floor falls down with all upon them, followed by the roofs, and the structure is gutted. This is usually accompanied by an up-pouring of flame and sparks, by dense volumes of smoke, by loud detonations, and by peculiar odors. In ordinary circumstances there is nothing unusual in these phenomena; but in a city where at the same time is raging a deadly conflict, with the roar of cannon, the grunt of the mitrailleuse, and the rattle of musketry, where all around is dismal and doleful with the dying and the "to die," then indeed horrible ideas are born in the whirl of a terror-haunted imagination. Thus we read at the time of buildings undermined, of cellars filled with explosives, of the barrels of gunpowder in the catacombs, the monuments and public buildings ready to be blown into the air, of fiendish devices to burn a fair city. No one believes in this portion of the story now. The crash of falling buildings, the marching of the flames, the blood-red

smoke, are all set down to "hellish petroleum," with no more evidence in the one case than in the other.

Says the author of "What an American Girl Saw of the Commune": "I am obliged to confess I never saw a pétroleuse. I heard my sisters talk of them, and say they had seen them going to be shot, and literally pulling their hair out by the roots." That is the experience of us all. Letter-box slits, cellar windows, and ventilators were stopped up with lime to prevent petroleum being conveyed through them; an imaginative English artist has depicted wrinkled hags in the act of pouring the liquid down chimneys; everything that excitement could suggest has been formulated; and a huge black crime has been created. Thousands of persons were mercilessly shot on the most flimsy pretext; hundreds of others were marched off to Versailles (Mr. Forbes saw two thousand in one batch) to be tried, as a justification, as I have said, for shooting the others who were not tried. And with what result? Stand aside, you young cigarette-smoking colonels; be silent, ye butchers of the Marquis de Gallifet type; hush your screams, you children of delirium; and now that the fumes of hell that distorted man's vision have cleared away, listen to the report of the proceedings of the not unprejudiced but yet sober-minded Tribunal at Versailles: "The French police are unable to discover a single case of incendiarism. They therefore withdraw the charges and substitute one of general complicity in the acts of the Commune." Is it astonishing that the so-called pétroleuses arrested in Paris and led out to be shot "literally pulled their hair out by the roots"? Again, the English newspapers, from the "Times" downward, have all admitted that the story of the existence of pétroleurs and pétroleuses had no foundation in fact, and this on the authority of the very same correspondents that first sent forth the reports they subsequently had the candor and honesty to contradict. All the subsequent discoveries bear out the statements made by a writer in "Macmillan's" (September, 1871), who, although opposed to the Commune, had been pressed into its service, and had exceptional opportunities for knowing its innermost workings. He says that there were no pétroleurs or pétroleuses, or any organized incendiarism. As an instance of the widely spread beliefs in their existence I may mention that while I was spending a night in a cell at the Conciergerie, having been inadvertently sentenced to

death by Commissaire Berillon, one of my fellow-prisoners was there under a charge of being on the Seine in a boat, attempting to skim off petroleum floating on its surface. The only ground for so wild a story was the vivid reflection from the bosom of the river of the blood-red sky that hung over burning Paris, that gave to the flowing stream the appearance of incandescence, and led to a belief that the stream was being used as a means of carrying burning petroleum on its mission of destruction. In face of what is above written, I deny the existence of these fiends of the Commune. I know it is difficult to prove a negative, but it should be remembered that there is no positive evidence to the contrary; and in such cases negative evidence is not only admissible, but valuable.

It may be asked, as there is no smoke without a fire, how the notion of the use of petroleum came into existence. The answer is not far to seek. The "brave armies" of France had just been defeated on the battlefield and driven from their cities. One of the alleged causes of foul defeat and overthrow that cheered them in their disasters was the assertion that the Prussians had not fought fairly, that they had violated the rules of civilized warfare by the use of petroleum in burning the buildings of every town they besieged. With this idea firmly fixed in their minds, and detailed accounts of it assiduously circulated among the people, it is conceivably an easy process to transfer the culpability from the Prussians, whom they had ceased fighting, to the Federals, whom they were then fighting. Whether the Prussians used petroleum or not I cannot say. It is sufficient for my argument that the belief that they did was widely spread. To me it is alone surprising that the belief in the *pétroleurs* is still so wide-spread. I pointed out a few errors in regard to the matter in the London "Daily News" in 1872. Seven years afterward the "Pall Mall Gazette" reproduced the letter. There are, too, the London newspapers (I believe all of them), which, in giving reports of the trials at Versailles, had the honesty to put the matter right. Then there are the sources of contradiction indicated in this article. And yet we find the original canards familiarly reported as if they were accepted facts. I can only account for the phenomenon by the peculiar property of the public mind, which is most forgetful as regards some things, but which clings to error with remarkable tenacity.

In conclusion I ask that mercy be shown in judging not only the Commune, but all

France at that period of her existence. I ask it on account of the epidemic of madness that was weighing upon her. The war with Prussia was madness itself. I and the late George Odger had business with Mr. Mundella in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the day that war was declared. "She has been 'mad' enough to do it," said that gentleman; and other members similarly expressed themselves. A higher authority still, Napoleon himself, had said the week before that a declaration of war would be "culpable and idiotic." The war mania spread from the imperial mind to that of the military camarilla. When the incompetency and the imbecility of the generals had forced French soldiers into German prisons and imposed upon them intolerable sufferings, a cry arose in the ranks and among the people that the country had been sold for money and betrayed for rewards, and an exasperating madness against the generals set in. Then when Paris saw the triumphant entry of the Germans into the city, and learned the humiliating terms of peace, the fury developed into the cannon mania, which was increased by fears that created the royalty madness. There followed this the petroleum mania and the delirium born of exasperation. To all these must be added the study of revenge and the lust for blood. The circumstances were indeed such as to make even wise men mad; and for the character of a country that contains within itself the elements of greatness, for the credit of the age in which we live, and above all for the sake of the civilization to which we all contribute, the verdict of history should be that France, with its Empire, its Republic, and its Commune, was on this sad occasion "Not guilty, on the ground of insanity."

A REPLY BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

[WITH the approval of Mr. Trant, the preceding paper was submitted to Mr. Archibald Forbes, who commented on it, in part, as follows:]

MY contribution to the literature of the subject was entitled "What I Saw of the Commune."¹ I did not go outside of the limit which that title marked out. Everything that I saw I described, and did no more. But of course I know a great deal outside this limit; and I may summarize this knowledge. The Commune was essentially the outcome of the siege. The National Guard,

¹ See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October and November, 1892.—EDITOR.

sedentary mobiles, etc., mostly people of the working-classes, had a pleasant time of it while acting nominally as the defenders of Paris during the siege. They were fairly well paid, they were liberally rationed, and they had the full enjoyment of idleness unaccompanied by the *res angusta*. They relished the experience so much that they rebelled against going back to their everyday occupations, rather than do which they resolved on the Commune.

It was a curious condition of affairs, and by no means all bad. Paris, interiorly, was never more quiescent than during the Commune, until near the end. Morals were strictly preserved. The *cocottes* of the boulevards were sent en masse to Mazas, and the cafés were closed at midnight. People went out and in without molestation or apprehension. The trains ran between Paris and Versailles up till near the end, even when the Versaillist batteries were hammering at the enceinte. I believe I was about the last man who entered Paris before the climax, and I got there just in the nick of time.

Mr. Trant denies the petroleum business. Had he been about much on the Tuesday and Wednesday, his nose alone would have told him that petroleum was being used. I never saw a live pétroleuse, but I did see more than one dead one, with the can still under the apron. But in a matter of this kind official information is the best testimony. Mr. Elihu B. Washburne, the United States minister, who was in the thick of the deviltry, writes as follows in his official correspondence with Mr. Fish:

May 25. There were frightful burnings all through the night. . . . All has been the work of organized incendiarism, and the insurrectionists have done everything in their power to destroy Paris. If the entry of the troops had been delayed much longer they would certainly have succeeded. The Commune had already made requisitions for all the petroleum in the city, and prepared petroleum-boxes and other means of firing the place. Bands of men, women, and children were organized to do this diabolical work. During the past two days immense numbers of these persons have been detected in distributing those boxes, and in every case the most summary vengeance has been inflicted upon them, without regard to age, sex, or condition. An employee of this legation counted this afternoon, on the Avenue d'Antin, the dead bodies of eight children not more than fourteen years of age, who had been seized while distributing these incendiary boxes, and shot on the spot.

. . . Then there is the circumstance which struck me, and to which Mr. Wash-

burne refers, that whereas Mr. Trant holds the fires were kindled by Versaillist shells, the Versaillists' artillery began firing on Monday morning (the day after the entry) and maintained a hot shell fire during that and the following day; it was not until the Wednesday morning (the 24th) that the great conflagrations simultaneously broke out.

Archibald Forbes.

A REJOINDER BY MR. TRANT.

I THANK you very much . . . for the extract from Mr. Archibald Forbes and its quotation from Mr. Washburne. You are quite right in your recollection that Mr. Forbes was to see my article, and I am glad the opportunity was given and used.

I was about "on the Tuesday and Wednesday," and used my nose. There were all the smells that one notices at great fires, and in some cases there were the dense smoke and the smell that come from petroleum; but there was not either the one or the other from the public buildings. These features were confined to the dwelling-houses, stores, etc., and who can say what the contents of such buildings were, what luminants were employed, and so on? Besides, in my article I do not deny that there may have been individual and private cases of incendiarism. In such a hurly-burly one can imagine a thousand motives prompting to this. I think, too, I admit that in some cases the communists fired buildings for strategic reasons to cover their retreat. My one great point is this: *There was no intention or attempt, organized by the Commune or any one else, to destroy Paris, and the pétroleur and pétroleuse had no existence in fact, but were the offspring of the delirium of the moment.*

Mr. Forbes says: "I never saw a live pétroleuse, but I did see more than one dead one, with the can still under the apron." Mr. Washburne, quoted by Mr. Forbes, says: "During the past two days immense numbers of these persons have been detected in distributing those boxes, and in every case the most summary vengeance has been inflicted upon them, without regard to age, sex, or condition. An employee of this legation counted this afternoon, on the Avenue d'Antin, the dead bodies of eight children not more than fourteen years of age, who had been seized while distributing these incendiary boxes, and shot on the spot."

To this I reply: Yes; that was the terror of it. A child with a can, going for milk—

pétroleur, shoot it; a woman with a bottle or a box—pétroleuse, shoot her. I might mention the incident of my landlady's daughter, whom I escorted to a grocery store, with a bottle in her basket, and who was seized and had a very narrow escape. Yes; there were many dead pétroleurs and pétroleuses, and children too, that could be shown to Mr. Forbes and Mr. Washburne. But how about those who were not killed, but were sent to Versailles to be tried as a justification for shooting those "caught in the act"—the act, that is, of carrying a tin can, or a box, or a bottle? What of them? Why, the charge was withdrawn, and the official prosecutor reported that "not a single case of incendiarism could be found." You see, the petroleum scare had passed away then.

Now hundreds of persons believed and spoke as Mr. Washburne, as well on this point as on the others in the passage quoted from him: the organized incendiarism, the requisitioned petroleum, etc. I have talked with scores of such, and whenever I have asked how they knew, the answer has been, "Oh, everybody knows it!"

I have weighed my words well when I say that I have made the most exact inquiries to find some one who could give any other evidence than *on dit*, and I have not been able to do so. I am aware that the evidence on the other side is negative evidence, but it is strong. I have asked those who know, and they all deny the existence of these fiends; but I do not quote them, because they are prejudiced witnesses. There is, however, one argument that weighs strongly with me. It is this: There are hundreds of persons still alive who know whether the thing is so or not. These are of all sorts and conditions of men, from feather-brained to level-headed. Can you imagine the secret could possibly be so well kept? Would not some person, in his cups, or for vanity, or

for the sake of history, or from some motive or other, have long before now confessed his share in the great event, as indeed one did tell me of his own attempt to fire a building? It is against all human experience that such should not be the case. . . . It should be borne in mind that these men of the Commune can now speak with impunity. No punishment would follow the freest and fullest confession.

Mr. Forbes says also: "Then there is the circumstance which struck me, and to which Mr. Washburne refers, that whereas Mr. Trant holds the fires were kindled by Versailles shells, the Versailles' artillery began firing on Monday morning (the day after the entry) and maintained a hot shell fire during that and the following day; it was not until the Wednesday morning (the 24th) that the great conflagrations simultaneously broke out." Now in that sentence is great corroboration of my position. It removes from the incendiarism the Rue Royale, the Ministry of Finance, the Tuileries, and indeed almost the whole of burned Paris from the Tuileries westward, and confines the operations of the incendiaries to the Hôtel de Ville and east of it. How great a gain that is to my position will be seen when it is remembered that the Rue Royale is the great typical instance, so often quoted, where treacherous firemen pumped petroleum from fire engines, etc.!

I imagine that the simultaneity of the great conflagrations is easily explicable. It was not until the Wednesday that they broke out, that is to say, when the fighting area had become narrowed. The fight was half over. The conquered were being gradually squeezed into one corner of the city, and the conflagrations would have a simultaneity that they would not have at the beginning of the fight in the extended and more open portions of the Paris west end.

William Trant.



ALLEGED LUXURY AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS.¹

BY WILLIAM R. HARPER,
President of the University of Chicago.



HE word "luxury" is a relative, not an absolute, term. What would seem to be poverty to the average student of one institution might seem to be luxury to the average student of another institution. What would actually be poverty for one student might be luxury for another in the same institution. I have known students in large institutions who would live luxuriously, from their point of view, on three hundred dollars a year. I have known other students who would be limited with an allowance of twelve hundred dollars a year. A two-dollar-a-week room is luxury for some men, while others find themselves cramped in a suite which costs four hundred dollars a year. This holds good in the case of those who indulge in vice. One man will go to ruin on a very small sum, while another, of equally evil propensities, will find it impossible to do much mischief with a sum many times as large. In using the term we must consider the temperaments of different men and the temptations of different environments.

That more money is spent by college students to-day than was spent forty years ago is unquestionable. This is true not only because people everywhere spend more money than in former times, but also because the men who go to college now are not so pre-vaillingly students for the ministry as in past days. It is to be remembered, likewise, that it is to-day more customary for the children of wealthy and well-to-do parents to go to college, and that five boys go to college where one used to go.

The average boy of wealthy parentage lives at college less luxuriously than he would live at home. He is often satisfied with table-board which he would not endure at home, for the reason that he wishes to live with certain men who are not able to pay a higher price. His college room is rarely as large or as well furnished as his room at home. He learns a kind of life which at home he would never have known—a life more rigid in many particulars, less easy-going, more independent, less effeminate. The ef-

feminacy which luxury too often produces seldom affects the college man. The average boy who is poor lives far better at college than he would have lived at home. The poor boy gets far more for his money than does the rich boy. It is right that he should. The college boy soon learns that neither the possession of money nor the lack of money determines his relative place in the college community. College is a leveler of distinctions. It exalts the valleys and makes low the mountains and hills. It makes the crooked straight and the rough places even. In college life there is much giving and taking. I do not mean money. There is an adjustment of man to man and of group to group, and generally every man finds his true place.

Luxury does not necessarily imply vice. A man may live luxuriously and become neither effeminate nor vicious. Such a man, however, must have a strong character, and in such life his character becomes all the stronger. In colleges located in villages, whether large or small, luxury is more apt to mean vicious life than in an institution located in the city. A student has few opportunities to spend money legitimately in a village. If a large sum is being spent, it is morally certain that the results are evil. In a city, on the other hand, he may spend a very considerable sum quite innocently. One man might spend a thousand dollars with real benefit, while another, with different habits, could not possibly spend such a sum without serious injury—that is, without falling into vice. Luxury, therefore, while it may prepare the way for a weak character to fall into evil habits, may, after all, mean only the gratification of highly developed tastes in this or that direction.

If men have suffered because their college life has been too luxurious, the college is not wholly to blame. In fact, the college may not be at all blameworthy. It was not the college, but the parent, that furnished the money, and without the money to spend, no luxury would have been possible. Critics of the college, especially if they are parents,

¹ For articles on the same subject, by President Hadley of Yale University and Provost Harrison of the

University of Pennsylvania, see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June.—EDITOR.

should give heed to this point. I have known parents who continued an allowance of fifteen or eighteen hundred dollars a year, although I begged them, for the sake of the boy, to cut it down to six hundred dollars.

Is there any real danger that college life is becoming too luxurious? If I had in mind only the sons and daughters of wealthy parents, I would say yes; for if the college-student class consisted of this element exclusively or in large part, the danger would be very great. It cannot be denied, moreover, that the number of this class of students grows larger every year. But when I think of the still larger number of young men and women who are actually swarming into most of our institutions, boys and girls who must live on a mere pittance (that being secured by the sacrifice of a parent), and who are eager to perform any service, of however menial a character it may be, to obtain the bare necessities of life, I have no fear whatever that the average college life will become too luxurious.

In any case, the college is able to prevent any serious danger of this kind. In my opinion, the whole trend of college work makes this danger a fancied one. The college work of to-day is something quite different from that of a quarter-century ago. It may not

be more difficult, but it is more real and serious. Most college men to-day know what their life-work is to be, and their college training is arranged, to some extent, with this in view. This secures an interest in work, and a zest for it, which makes temptation more easily resisted. They see the practical connection of work with life, and this removes, at least in a measure, the possibility of the danger of too luxurious living.

As is often remarked, the atmosphere of the college is the most democratic possible. This, the most precious possession of our American college, should be zealously cherished, and as long as it continues to exist, little fear of luxury need be felt. In the practical work of the college there is much substantial teaching of an economic sort. Many men learn how to live and how not to live; and while not every man learns to apply these lessons at the time, there are few, indeed, who are not strongly influenced by the simple, inexpensive, and sturdy life of the body of professors and students in the midst of whom their lot is cast. As I have observed extravagance in the world, I have seldom seen it in its worst phases among those who were college-bred, for the educated taste of a college man forbids it.



BEFORE THE STORM.

BY MARY OLCOTT.

AS we came down on Ormond Beach,
Out of the sand-dunes to the sea,
The sun looked barely out of reach
And clouds were but as two or three.

As we swung lengthwise of the coast,
A fog hung at the edge of things,
And waves groped in the sand, almost
With strange, prehensile fingerings.

As we turned inland, Ormond wreck
Lay like a great, unwieldy cup,
And clouds gloomed blackly o'er the deck
Where rainbows flung a ladder up.

As we set foot where Ormond lies,
The rain came with a hissing speech:
We heard the sea give tongue, and rise,
Boom-booming in on Ormond Beach.



The Making of a Marchioness

By Frances Hodgson Burnett



PART THREE.

V.

AFTER she had taken her early tea in the morning, Emily Fox-Seton lay upon her pillows and gazed out upon the tree-branches near her window, in a state of bliss. She was tired, but happy. How well everything had gone off! How pleased Lady Maria had been, and how kind of Lord Walderhurst to ask the villagers to give the three cheers for herself! She had never dreamed of such a thing. It was the kind of attention not usually offered to her. She smiled her childlike smile and blushed at the memory of it. Her impression of the world was that people were really very amiable, as a rule. They were always good to her, at least, she thought, and it did not occur to her that if she had not paid her way so remarkably well by being useful they might have been less agreeable. Never once had she doubted that Lady Maria was the most admirable and generous of human beings. She was not aware in the least that her Ladyship got a good deal out of her. In justice to her Ladyship, it may be said that she was not wholly aware of it herself, and that Emily absolutely enjoyed being made use of.

This morning, however, when she got up, she found herself more tired than she ever remembered being before, and it may be easily argued that a woman who runs about London on other people's errands often knows what it is to be aware of aching limbs. She laughed a little when she discovered that her feet were actually rather swollen, and that she must wear a pair of her easiest slippers.

"I must sit down as much as I can to-day," she thought. "And yet, with the dinner-party and the excursion this morning, there may be a number of little things Lady Maria would like me to do."

There were, indeed, a number of little things that Lady Maria was extremely glad to ask her to do. The drive to the ruins was to be made before lunch, because some of

the guests felt that an afternoon jaunt would leave them rather fagged for the dinner-party in the evening. Lady Maria was not going, and, as presently became apparent, the carriages would be rather crowded if Miss Fox-Seton joined the party. On the whole, Emily was not sorry to have an excuse for remaining at home, and so the carriages drove away comfortably filled, and Lady Maria and Miss Fox-Seton watched their departure.

"I have no intention of having my venerable bones rattled over hill and dale the day I give a dinner-party," said her Ladyship. "Please ring the bell, Emily. I want to make sure of the fish. Fish is one of the problems of country life. Fishmongers are demons, and when they live five miles from one they can arouse the most powerful human emotions."

Mallowe Court was at a distance from the country town delightful in its effects upon the rusticity of the neighborhood, but appalling when considered in connection with fish. One could not dine without fish; the town was small and barren of resources, and the one fishmonger of weak mind and unreliable nature.

The footman who obeyed the summons of the bell informed her Ladyship that the cook was rather anxious about the fish, as usual. The fishmonger had been a little doubtful as to whether he could supply her needs, and his cart never arrived until half-past twelve.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed her Ladyship when the man retired. "What a situation if we found ourselves without fish! Old General Barnes is the most ferocious gormand in England, and he loathes people who give him bad dinners. We are all rather afraid of him, the fact is, and I will own that I am vain about my dinners. That is the last charm nature leaves a woman, the power to give decent dinners. I shall be fearfully annoyed if any ridiculous thing happens."

They sat in the morning-room together writing notes and talking, and, as half-past

twelve drew near, watching for the fishmonger's cart. Once or twice Lady Maria spoke of Lord Walderhurst.

"He is an interesting creature, to my mind," she said. "I have always rather liked him. He has original ideas, though he is not in the least brilliant. I believe he talks more freely to me, on the whole, than to most people, though I can't say he has a particularly good opinion of me. He stuck his glass in his eye and stared at me last night, in that weird way of his, and said to me, 'Maria, in an ingenuous fashion of your own, you are the most abominably selfish woman I ever beheld.' Still, I know he rather likes me. I said to him: 'That is n't quite true, James. I am selfish, but I'm not abominably selfish. Abominably selfish people always have nasty tempers, and no one can accuse me of having a nasty temper. I have the disposition of a bowl of bread and milk.' Emily,"—as wheels rattled up the avenue,—"*is that the fishmonger's cart?*"

"No," answered Emily at the window; "it is the butcher."

"His attitude toward the women here has made my joy," Lady Maria proceeded, smiling over the Deep-Sea Fishermen's knitted helmet she had taken up. "He behaves beautifully to them all, but not one of them has really a leg to stand on as far as he is responsible for it. But I will tell you something, Emily." And she paused.

Miss Fox-Seton waited with interested eyes.

"He is thinking of bringing the thing to an end and marrying *some* woman. I feel it in my bones."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Emily. "Oh, I *can't* help hoping—" But there she paused also.

"You hope it will be Agatha Slade," Lady Maria ended for her. "Well, perhaps it will be. I sometimes think it is Agatha, if it's any one. And yet I'm not sure. One never could be sure with Walderhurst. He has always had a trick of keeping more than his mouth shut. I wonder if he could have any other woman up his sleeve?"

"Why do you think—" began Emily.

Lady Maria laughed.

"For an odd reason. The Walderhursts have a ridiculously splendid ring in the family, which they have a way of giving to the women they become engaged to. It's ridiculous because—well, because a ruby as big as a trousers' button is ridiculous. You can't get over that. There is a story connected with this one—centuries and things,

and something about the woman the first Walderhurst had it made for. She was a Dame Something or Other who had snubbed the king for being forward, and the snubbing was so good for him that he thought she was a saint and gave the ruby for her betrothal. Well, by the merest accident I found Walderhurst had sent his man to town for it. It came two days ago."

"Oh, how interesting!" said Emily, thrilled. "It *must* mean something."

"It is rather a joke. Wheels again, Emily. Is *that* the fishmonger?"

Emily went to the window once more. "Yes," she answered, "if his name is Buggle."

"His name is Buggle," said Lady Maria, "and we are saved."

But five minutes later the cook herself appeared at the morning-room door. She was a stout person, who panted, and respectfully removed beads of perspiration from her brow with a clean handkerchief. She was as nearly pale as a heated person of her weight may be.

"And what has happened now, cook?" asked Lady Maria.

"That Buggle, your Ladyship," said the cook, "says your Ladyship can't be no sorer than he is, but when fish goes bad in a night it can't be made fresh in the morning. He brought it that I might see it for myself, and it is in a state as could not be used by any one. I was that upset, your Ladyship, that I felt like I must come and explain myself."

"What can be done?" exclaimed Lady Maria. "Emily, *do* suggest something."

"We can't even be sure," said the cook, "that Batch has what would suit us. Batch sometimes has it, but he is the fishmonger at Maundell, and that is four miles away, and we are short-anded, your Ladyship, now the 'ouse is so full, and not a servant that could be spared."

"Dear me!" said Lady Maria. "Emily, this is really enough to drive one quite mad. If everything was not out of the stables I know you would drive over to Maundell. You are such a good walker,"—catching at a gleam of hope,—"*do* you think you could walk?"

Emily tried to look cheerful. Lady Maria's situation was really an awful one for a hostess. It would not have mattered in the least if her strong, healthy body had not been so tired. She was an excellent walker, and ordinarily eight miles would have meant nothing in the way of fatigue. She

was kept in good training by her walking in town. Springy moorland swept by fresh breezes was not like London streets.

"I think I can manage it," she said nicely. "If I had not run about so much yesterday it would be a mere nothing. You must have the fish, of course. I will walk over the moor to Maundell and tell Batch it must be sent at once. Then I will come back slowly. I can rest on the heather by the way. The moor is lovely in the afternoon."

"You dear soul!" Lady Maria broke forth. "What a boon you are to a woman!"

She felt quite grateful. There arose in her mind an impulse to invite Emily to remain the rest of her life with her, but she was too experienced an elderly lady to give way to impulses. She privately resolved, however, that she would have her a good deal in Stanhope street, and would make her some decent presents.

WHEN Emily, attired for her walk in her shortest brown linen frock and shadiest hat, passed through the hall, the post-boy was just delivering the midday letters to a footman. The servant presented his salver to her with a letter for herself lying upon the top of one addressed in Lady Claraway's handwriting "To the Lady Agatha Slade." Emily recognized it as one of the epistles of many sheets which so often made poor Agatha shed slow and depressed tears. Her own letter was directed in the well-known hand of Mrs. Cupp, and she wondered what it could contain.

"I hope the poor things are not in any trouble," she thought. "They were afraid the young man in the sitting-room was engaged. If he got married and left them, I don't know what they would do; he has been so regular."

Though the day was hot, the weather was perfect, and Emily, having exchanged her easy slippers for an almost equally easy pair of tan shoes, found her tired feet might still be used. Her disposition to make the very best of things inspired her to regard even an eight-mile walk with courage. The moorland air was so sweet, the sound of the bees droning as they stumbled about in the heather was such a comfortable, peaceful thing, that she convinced herself that she should find the four miles to Maundell quite agreeable.

She had so many nice things to think of that she temporarily forgot that she had put Mrs. Cupp's letter in her pocket, and

was half-way across the moor before she remembered it.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed when she recalled it. "I must see what has happened."

She opened the envelop and began to read as she walked; but she had not taken many steps before she uttered an exclamation and stopped.

"How very nice for them!" she said, but she turned rather pale.

From a worldly point of view the news the letter contained was indeed very nice for the Cupps, but it put a painful aspect upon the simple affairs of poor Miss Fox-Seton.

"It is a great piece of news, in one way," wrote Mrs. Cupp, "and yet me and Jane can't help feeling a bit low at the thought of the changes it will make, and us living where you won't be with us, if I may take the liberty, miss. My brother William made a good bit of money in Australia, but he has always been homesick for the old country, as he calls England. His wife was a colonial, and when she died a year ago he made up his mind to come home to settle in Chichester, where he was born. He says there's nothing like the feeling of a cathedral town. He's bought such a nice house a bit out, with a big garden, and he wants me and Jane to come and make a home for him. He says he has worked hard all his life, and now he means to be comfortable, and he can't be bothered with housekeeping. He promises to provide well for us both, and he wants us to sell up Mortimer street, and come as quick as possible. But we *shall* miss you, miss, and though her uncle William keeps a trap and everything according, and Jane is grateful for his kindness, she broke down and cried hard last night, and says to me: 'Oh, mother, if Miss Fox-Seton could just manage to take me as a maid, I would rather be it than anything. Traps don't feed the heart, mother, and I've a feeling for Miss Fox-Seton as is perhaps unbecoming to my station.' But we've got the men in the house ticketing things, miss, and we want to know what we shall do with the articles in your bed-sitting-room."

The friendliness of the two faithful Cupps and the humble Turkey-red comforts of the bed-sitting-room had meant home to Emily. When she had turned her face and her tired feet away from discouraging errands and small humiliations and discomforts, she had turned them toward the bed-sitting-room, the hot little fire, the small, fat black kettle singing on the hob, and the two-and-eleven-penny tea-set. Not being given to crossing

bridges before she reached them, she had never contemplated the dreary possibility that her refuge might be taken away from her. She had not dwelt upon the fact that she had no other real refuge on earth.

As she walked among the sun-heated heather and the luxuriously droning bees, she dwelt upon it now with a suddenly realizing sense. As it came home to her soul, her eyes filled with big tears, which brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. They dropped upon the breast of her linen blouse and left marks.

"I shall have to find a new bed-sitting-room somewhere," she said, the breast of the linen blouse lifting itself sharply. "It will be so different to be in a house with strangers. Mrs. Cupp and Jane—" She was obliged to take out her handkerchief at that moment. "I am afraid I can't get anything respectable for ten shillings a week. It was very cheap—and they were so nice!"

All her fatigue of the early morning had returned. Her feet began to burn and ache, and the sun felt almost unbearably hot. The mist in her eyes prevented her seeing the path before her. Once or twice she stumbled over something.

"It seems as if it must be farther than four miles," she said. "And then there is the walk back. I am tired. But I must get on, really."

VI.

THE drive to the ruins had been a great success. It was a drive of just sufficient length to put people in spirits without fatiguing them. The party came back to lunch with delightful appetites. Lady Agatha and Miss Cora Brooke had pink cheeks. The Marquis of Walderhurst had behaved charmingly to both of them. He had helped each of them to climb about among the ruins, and had taken them both up the steep, dark stairway of one of the towers, and stood with them looking over the turrets into the courtyard and the moat. He knew the history of the castle, and could point out the banquet-hall and the chapel and the serving-places, and knew legends about the dungeons.

"He gives us all a turn, mother," said Miss Cora Brooke. "He even gave a turn yesterday to poor Emily Fox-Seton. He's rather nice."

There was a great deal of laughter at lunch after their return. Miss Cora Brooke was quite brilliant in her gay little sallies. But though she was more talkative than

Lady Agatha, she did not look more brilliant. The letter from Curzon street had not made the beauty shed tears. Her face had fallen when it had been handed to her on her return, and she had taken it up-stairs to her room with rather a flagging step. But when she came down to lunch she walked with the movement of a nymph. Her lovely little face wore a sort of tremulous radiance. She laughed like a child at every amusing thing that was said. She might have been ten years old instead of twenty-two, her color, her eyes, and her spirits seemed of a freshness so infantine.

She was leaning back in her chair laughing enchantingly at one of Miss Brooke's sparkling remarks when Lord Walderhurst, who sat next to her, said suddenly, glancing round the table:

"But where is Miss Fox-Seton?"

It was perhaps a significant fact that up to this moment nobody had observed her absence.

It was Lady Maria who replied.

"I am almost ashamed to answer," she said. "As I have said before, Emily Fox-Seton has become the lodestar of my existence. I cannot live without her. She has walked over to Maundell to make sure that we do not have a dinner-party without fish to-night."

"She has walked over to Maundell," said Lord Walderhurst—"after yesterday?"

"There was not a pair of wheels left in the stable," answered Lady Maria. "It is disgraceful, of course, but she is a splendid walker, and she said she was not too tired to do it. It is a kind of thing she ought to be given the Victoria Cross for—saving one from a dinner-party without fish."

The Marquis of Walderhurst took up the cord of his monocle and fixed the glass rigidly in his eye.

"It is not only four miles to Maundell," he remarked, staring at the table-cloth, not at Lady Maria, "but it is four miles back."

"By a singular coincidence," said Lady Maria.

The talk and laughter went on, and the lunch also, but Lord Walderhurst, for some reason best known to himself, did not finish his. For a few seconds he stared at the table-cloth, then he pushed aside his nearly disposed-of cutlet, and got up from his chair quietly.

"Excuse me, Maria," he said, and without further ado went out of the room, and walked toward the stables.

THERE was excellent fish at Maundell; Batch produced it at once, fresh, sound, and desirable. Had she been in her normal spirits, Emily would have rejoiced at the sight of it, and have returned her four miles to Mallowe in absolute jubilation. She would have shortened and beguiled her return journey by depicting to herself Lady Maria's pleasure and relief.

But the letter from Mrs. Cupp lay like a weight of lead in her pocket. It had given her such things to think of as she walked that she had been oblivious to heather and bees and fleece-bedecked summer blue sky, and had felt more tired than in any tramp through London streets that she could call to mind. Each step she took seemed to be carrying her farther away from the few square yards of home the bed-sitting-room had represented under the dominion of the Cupps. Every moment she realized more strongly that it had been home—home. Of course it had not been the third-floor back room so much as it had been the Cupps who made it so, who had regarded her as a sort of possession, who had liked to serve her, and had done it with actual affection.

"I shall have to find a new place," she kept saying. "I shall have to go among quite strange people."

She had suddenly a new sense of being without resource. That was one of the proofs of the curious heaviness of the blow the simple occurrence was to her. She felt temporarily almost as if there were no other lodging-houses in London, though she knew that really there were tens of thousands. The fact was that though there might be other Cupps, or their counterparts, she could not make herself believe such a good thing possible. She had been physically worn out before she had read the letter, and its effect had been proportionate to her fatigue and lack of power to rebound. She was vaguely surprised to feel that the tears kept filling her eyes and falling on her cheeks in big heavy drops. She was obliged to use her handkerchief frequently, as if she was suddenly developing a cold in her head.

"I must take care," she said once, quite prosaically, but with more pathos in her voice than she was aware of, "or I shall make my nose quite red."

Though Batch was able to supply fish, he was unfortunately not able to send it to Mallowe. His cart had gone out on a round just before Miss Fox-Seton's arrival, and there was no knowing when it would return.

"Then I must carry the fish myself," said Emily. "You can put it in a neat basket."

"I'm very sorry, miss; I am, indeed, miss," said Batch, looking hot and pained.

"It will not be heavy," returned Emily; "and her Ladyship must be sure of it for the dinner-party."

So she turned back to recross the moor with a basket of fish on her arm. She was so pathetically unhappy that she felt that so long as she lived the odor of fresh fish would make her feel sorrowful. She had heard of people who were made sorrowful by the odor of a flower or the sound of a melody, but in her case it would be the smell of fresh fish that would make her sad. If she had been a person with a sense of humor, she might have seen that this was a thing to laugh at a little. But she was not a humorous woman, and just now—

"Oh, I shall have to find a new place," she was thinking, "and I have lived in that little room for years."

The sun got hotter and hotter, and her feet became so tired that she could scarcely drag one of them after the other. She had forgotten that she had left Mallowe before lunch, and that she ought to have got a cup of tea, at least, at Maundell. Before she had walked a mile on her way back, she realized that she was frightfully hungry and rather faint.

"There is not even a cottage where I can get a glass of water," she thought.

The basket, which was really comparatively light, began to feel heavy on her arm, and at length she felt sure that a certain burning spot on her left heel must be a blister which was being rubbed by her shoe. How it hurt her, and how tired she was—how tired! And when she left Mallowe—lovely, luxurious Mallowe—she would not go back to her little room all fresh from the Cupps' autumn house-cleaning, which included the washing and ironing of her Turkey-red hangings and chair-covers; she would be obliged to huddle in any poor place she could find. And Mrs. Cupp and Jane would be in Chichester.

"But what good fortune it is for them!" she murmured. "They need never be anxious about the future again. How—how wonderful it must be to know that one need not be afraid of the future! I—indeed, I think I really must sit down."

She sat down upon the sun-warmed heather and actually let her tear-wet face drop upon her hands.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she

said helplessly. "I must not let myself do this. I must n't. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

She was so overpowered by her sense of her own weakness that she was aware of nothing but the fact that she must control it. Upon the elastic moorland road wheels stole upon one without sound. So the wheels of a rapidly driven high cart approached her and were almost at her side before she lifted her head, startled by a sudden consciousness that a vehicle was near her.

It was Lord Walderhurst's cart, and even as she gazed at him with alarmed wet eyes, his Lordship descended from it and made a sign to his groom, who at once impassively drove on.

Emily's lips tried to tremble into a smile; she put out her hand fumblingly toward the fish-basket, and having secured it, began to rise.

"I—sat down to rest," she faltered, even apologetically. "I walked to Maundell, and it was so hot."

Just at that moment a little breeze sprang up and swept across her cheek. She was so grateful that her smile became less difficult.

"I got what Lady Maria wanted," she added, and the childlike dimple in her cheek endeavored to defy her eyes.

The Marquis of Walderhurst looked rather odd. Emily had never seen him look like this before. He took a silver flask out of his pocket in a matter-of-fact way, and filled its cup with something.

"That is sherry," he said. "Please drink it. You are absolutely faint."

She held out her hand eagerly. She could not help it.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" she said. "I am so thirsty!" And she drank it as if it were the nectar of the gods.

"Now, Miss Fox-Seton," he said, "please sit down again. I came here to drive you back to Mallowe, and the cart will not come back for a quarter of an hour."

"You came on purpose!" she exclaimed, feeling, in truth, somewhat awe-struck. "But how kind of you, Lord Walderhurst—how good!"

It was the most unforeseen and amazing experience of her life, and at once she sought for some reason which could connect with his coming some more interesting person than mere Emily Fox-Seton. Oh,—the thought flashed upon her,—he had come for some reason connected with Lady Agatha.

He made her sit down on the heather

again, and he took a seat beside her. He looked straight into her eyes.

"You have been crying," he remarked.

There was no use denying it. And what was there in the good gray-brown eye, gazing through the monocle, which so moved her by its suggestion of kindness and—and some new feeling?

"Yes, I have," she admitted. "I don't often—but—well, yes, I have."

"What was it?"

It was the most extraordinary thump her heart gave at this moment. She had never felt such an absolute thump. It was perhaps because she was tired. His voice had lowered itself. No man had ever spoken to her before like that. It made one feel as if he was not an exalted person at all; only a kind, kind one. She must not presume upon his kindness and make much of her prosaic troubles.

She tried to smile in a proper, casual way.

"Oh, it was a small thing; really," was her effort at treating the matter lightly; "but it seems more important to me than it would to any one with—with a family. The people I live with—who have been so kind to me—are going away."

"The Cupps?" he asked.

She turned quite round to look at him.

"How," she faltered, "did you know about them?"

"Maria told me," he answered. "I asked her."

It seemed such a human sort of interest to have taken in her. She could not understand. And she had thought he scarcely realized her existence. She said to herself that was so often the case—people were so much kinder than one knew.

She felt the moisture welling in her eyes, and she stared steadily at the heather, trying to wink it away.

"I am really glad," she explained hastily. "It is such good fortune for them. Mrs. Cupp's brother has offered them such a nice home. They need never be anxious again."

"But they will leave Mortimer street—and you will have to give up your room."

"Yes. I must find another." A big drop got the better of her, and flashed on its way down her cheek. "I can find a room, perhaps, but—I can't find—" She was obliged to clear her throat.

"That was why you cried?"

"Yes." After which she sat still.

"You don't know where you will live?"

"No."

She was looking so straight before her

and trying so hard to behave discreetly that she did not see that he had drawn nearer to her. But a moment later she realized it, because he took hold of her hand. His own closed over it firmly.

"Will you," he said—"I came here, in fact, to ask you if you will come and live with me?"

Her heart stood still, quite still. London was so full of ugly stories about things done by men of his rank—stories of transgressions, of follies, of cruelties. So many were open secrets. There were men who, even while keeping up an outward aspect of respectability, were held accountable for painful things. The lives of well-born struggling women were so hard. Sometimes such nice ones went under because temptation was so great. But she had not thought, she could not have dreamed—

She got on her feet and stood upright before him. He rose with her, and because she was a tall woman their eyes were on a level. Her own big and honest ones were wide and full of crystal tears.

"Oh!" she said in helpless woe. "Oh!"

It was perhaps the most effective thing a woman ever did. It was so simple that it was heartbreaking. She could not have uttered a word, he was such a powerful and great person, and she was so without help or stay.

Since the occurring of this incident, she has often been spoken of as a beauty, and she has, without doubt, had her fine hours; but Walderhurst has never told her that the most beautiful moment of her life was undoubtedly that in which she stood upon the heather, tall and straight and simple, her hands hanging by her sides, her large, tear-filled hazel eyes gazing straight into his. In the femininity of her frank defenselessness there was an appeal to nature's self in man which was not quite of earth. And for several seconds they stood so and gazed into each other's souls—the usually unilluminated nobleman and the prosaic young woman who lodged on a third floor back in Mortimer street.

Then, quite quickly, something was lighted in his eyes, and he took a step toward her.

"Good heavens!" he demanded. "What do you suppose I am asking of you?"

"I don't—know," she answered; "I don't—know."

"My good girl," he said, even with some irritation, "I am asking you to be my wife. I am asking you to come and live with me

in an entirely respectable manner, as the Marchioness of Walderhurst."

Emily touched the breast of her brown linen blouse with the tips of her fingers.

"You—are—asking—me?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. His glass had dropped out of his eye, and he picked it up and replaced it. "There is Black with the cart," he said. "I will explain myself with greater clearness as we drive back to Mal-lowe."

THE basket of fish having been deposited in the cart, Emily was put in. Then the marquis got in himself, and took the reins from his groom.

"You will walk back, Black," he said, "by that path," with a wave of the hand in a diverging direction.

As they drove across the heather, Emily was trembling softly from head to foot. She could have told no human being how she was feeling. Only a woman who had lived as she had lived and who had been trained as she had been trained could have felt it. The brilliance of the thing which had happened to her was so unheard of and so undeserved, she told herself. It was so incredible that, even with the splendid gray mare's high-held head before her and Lord Walderhurst by her side, she felt that she was only part of a dream. Men had never said "things" to her, and a man was saying them—the Marquis of Walderhurst was saying them. They were not the kind of things every man says or said in every man's way, but they so moved her soul that she quaked with joy.

"I am not a marrying man," said his Lordship, "but I must marry, and I like you better than any woman I have ever known. I do not generally like women. I am a selfish man, and I want an unselfish woman. Most women are as selfish as I am myself. I used to like you when I heard Maria speak of you. I have watched you and thought of you ever since I came here. You are necessary to every one, and you are so modest that you know nothing about it. You are a handsome woman, and you are always thinking of other women's good looks."

Emily gave a soft little gasp.

"But Lady Agatha," she said. "I was sure it was Lady Agatha."

"I don't want a girl," returned his Lordship. "A girl would bore me to death. I am not going to dry-nurse a girl at the age of fifty-four. I want a companion."

"But I am so far from clever," faltered Emily.

The marquis turned in his driving-seat to look at her. It was really a very nice look he gave her. It made Emily's cheeks grow pink and her simple heart beat.

"You are the woman I want," he said. "You make me feel quite sentimental."

When they reached Mallowe, Emily had upon her finger the ruby which Lady Maria had graphically described as being "as big as a trousers' button." It was, indeed, so large that she could scarcely wear her glove over it. She was still incredible, but she was blooming like a large rose. Lord Walderhurst had said so many "things" to her that she seemed to behold a new heaven and a new earth. She had been so swept off her feet that she had not really been allowed time to think, after that first gasp, of Lady Agatha.

When she reached her bedroom she almost returned to earth as she remembered her. Neither of them had dreamed of this—neither of them. What could she say to Lady Agatha? What would Lady Agatha say to her, though it had not been her fault? She had not dreamed that such a thing could be possible. How could she, oh, how could she?

She was standing in the middle of her room with clasped hands. There was a knock upon the door, and Lady Agatha herself came to her.

What had happened? Something. It was to be seen in the girl's eyes, and in a certain delicate shyness in her manner.

"Something very nice has happened," she said.

"Something nice?" repeated Emily.

Lady Agatha sat down. The letter from Curzon street was in her hand half unfolded.

"I have had a letter from mama. It seems almost bad taste to speak of it so soon, but we have talked to each other so much, and you are so kind, that I want to tell you myself. Sir Bruce Norman has been to talk to papa about—about me."

Emily felt that her cup filled to the brim at the moment.

"He is in England again?"

Agatha nodded gently.

"He only went away to—well, to test his own feelings before he spoke. Mama is *delighted* with him. I am going home to-morrow."

Emily made a little swoop forward.

"You always liked him?" she said.

Lady Agatha's delicate mounting color was adorable.

"I was quite *unhappy*," she owned, and hid her lovely face in her hands.

IN the morning-room Lord Walderhurst was talking to Lady Maria.

"You need not give Emily Fox-Seton any more clothes, Maria," he said. "I am going to supply her in future. I have asked her to marry me."

Lady Maria lightly gasped, and then began to laugh.

"Well, James," she said, "you have certainly much more sense than most men of your rank and age."

THE END.



LOVE'S HOUR.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

LOVE cried to Life, "Sweetheart, take hands with me;
Leave toil and hurrying crowds and busy mart,
Swift wheels on land, deep-laden ships on sea:
Thou knowest not yet how fair, how great thou art;
Till I have kissed and crowned thy kingly head
Thou canst not know," Love, in sweet pleading, said.

And Life paused, smiling, but with anxious brow,
As one, through tears, might gaze on some bright flower.
"Thou child of sun and dew, what sayest thou?
I have no time for thee, save one brief hour."
Then Love, too, smiled, with fond eyes as before:
"One hour, sweetheart? I have not asked for more!"



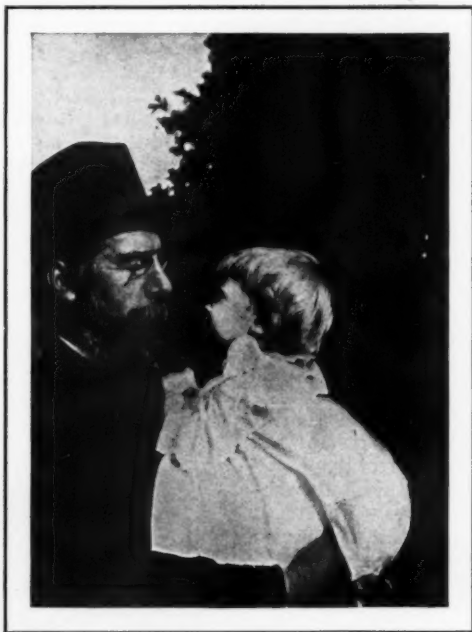
PHOTOGRAPHING BY THE LIGHT OF VENUS.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. BROOKS, F.R.A.S.,

Director of the Smith Observatory and Professor of Astronomy, Hobart College.

WITH PICTURES MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER.

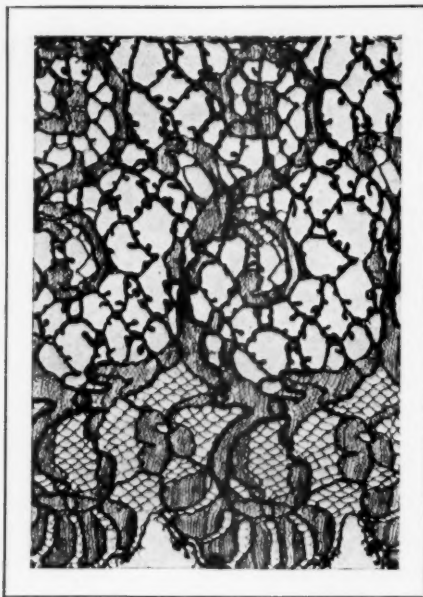
PHOTOGRAPHING by Venus-light sounds strange indeed, but it is an accomplished fact. By this is not meant the photographing of the image of the planet itself through the intervention of the telescope or camera, for that has been done by the writer and extra rapid plate, and selecting the most favorable atmospheric conditions, at a time when Venus is near its phase of greatest brilliancy, one tenth of a second will secure an easily developed image by approved methods.



A PORTRAIT BY THE LIGHT OF VENUS.

others many times. It is a comparatively easy task, owing to the brilliance of the object. In the ten-and-a-quarter-inch aperture telescope of Smith Observatory, an exposure of one or two seconds will give a fully timed image of the planet upon an ordinary photographic plate. Using an

But, as stated, something much more than this is meant in speaking of photographing by the light of Venus, viz., the use of the simple, direct rays from Venus, not concentrated by means of a lens or mirror, but just as they come from the planet. These direct rays, when allowed to fall upon a sensitive



No. 1.

plate, in front of and in contact with which a negative or positive, photographic or otherwise, is placed, are sufficiently actinic to reproduce (naturally in reverse) the image of such negative or positive, and with a wealth of detail quite remarkable.

The accompanying pictures illustrate some of the work done, in the manner described, by the agency of the light from this most charming of planets—

Queen of beauty, . . .
Star of the Evening, beautiful Star.

These experiments were not, however, conducted when Venus was "evening star," but in its more recent phase as "morning star."

The ancients, by the way, did not understand that Venus as our beautiful morning and evening star was one and the same planet. Its movements were a great puzzle to them. They called it *Hesperus* as evening star, and when on the other side of the sun they called it *Phosphorus*, Son of the Morning. The wise *Pythagoras*, however, perceived and taught that these two names belonged to the same planet, as, by its revolutions, it appeared alternately upon the eastern or western side of our great central luminary.

Venus became morning star upon the 8th of July, 1900, and reached its greatest elongation from the sun—about forty-six degrees—on the 17th of September. It

was soon after this that the experiments herein illustrated were begun, being some time after the planet had reached its greatest brilliancy. The remarkable success attending the very first experiment was a pleasant and gratifying surprise.

It is well known that objects placed in the path of the rays of light coming from Venus when brightest will cast distinct shadows. These are very sharp and well defined when received upon a white surface. The shadow of one's hand, for instance, even when held some distance from a white card or paper, is remarkably distinct in outline. This sharpness of definition will be readily understood when we remember that the light from Venus is emanating from almost a point as viewed from the earth, so distant is the planet.

My attention has often been attracted by this in the dark dome of the observatory, when the open shutter has been directed toward Venus.

On the western, inside wall of the observatory, and of course facing the east, are a number of tables of standard stars and prominent clusters and nebulae. These are on white cardboard, and as I passed and repassed them in my work, a perfect silhouette was cast upon these cards, showing the distinctive brightness of this far-away light.

Was this light of sufficient actinic intensity to affect the photographic plate? The



No. 2.



NO. 3. CASTLE ROAD FROM THE SMITH OBSERVATORY, GENEVA, N. Y.

thought rested with me for some time, and at length I decided to make the test.

A piece of clear glass was placed in a photographic printing-frame, on which was laid a piece of lace; on this, in turn, a gelatin dry plate was placed, and the back of the frame was closed, pressing all into contact. In another frame a plate was placed in contact with a landscape negative. The two plates were exposed side by side to the rays of light coming from Venus through the open shutter of the observatory dome. All other light was carefully excluded except that which came from the planet, and the exposure was made at the darkest hour of the night, after Venus had risen, and before the approach of dawn.

The time of exposure was about thirty-five minutes, and the results are shown in pictures Nos. 1 and 2. Picture No. 1 was the first to be developed, and great was my delight to see the pattern of the lace come up clearly and distinctly, showing every thread and outline sharp and well defined. No. 2 followed, showing a well-developed positive or transparency. These two pictures will always be of interest as the first to be produced in this manner.

Pictures were successfully made at the next trial, two mornings later. Numerous other pictures were made in much the same way. In some cases the negative was made from a transparency, in others a positive from a negative solely by Venus-light. This positive was reproduced into a negative, from which the prints were made by the usual methods. The exposures were from thirty to forty-five minutes, according to the density of the negative and the clearness of the sky. In all cases the plates proved to be fully timed, the chemical action being much stronger than was anticipated.

Picture No. 3 differs from the others in being a developed bromide print direct from a very clear negative. Being much less sensitive than the plates, it required an exposure of five consecutive clear mornings to the light of Venus to obtain a suitable impression.

The light by which these experiments were made proceeded first from the sun to Venus, and was then reflected from Venus to its neighboring planet, the earth. How far had this light traveled on its great circuit? One hundred and sixty millions of miles.



VENICE GARDENS

BY LEE BACON

"June was not over, though past its full
and the best of her roses
had yet to blow."

WITH DRAWINGS BY HENRY McCARTER.



NOT to be compared with the Kew Gardens, nor with the Boboli or the other Italian gardens, those of Venice have still a charm all their own. To begin with, who would expect any gardens at all in a city built on piles; and who is it who is not more pleased with what he does not expect than with what he has beforehand prepared himself to see? And who, again, can tell which of the two pleasures is greater, a view of water after a trip across the plains, or the environment of lawns, flowers, and refreshing shade of great trees after the glare of the open lagoon?

No one comes to Venice without admiring the noble domes of the church of Maria della Sa-

lute; few even suspect the existence of a garden behind and belonging to the church and seminary.

From the seminary court, the walls of which are lined with old tombstones, engraved tablets, stemmata, and monuments of those who long ago walked in this garden, one gains the top of a noble flight of marble steps, with balustrade overgrown with running roses. Here St. George stands with inevitable dragon and spear. Cut in Greek marble, he has been brought from afar, and seems to preside over the garden which spreads itself at his feet. The air is heavy with the bloom of the *Magnolia grandiflora*.

It is easier to measure this garden of the Salute in feet than in acres. It is not a large one, and it is not over-well kept; but the surprise of finding any garden at all makes one forgive its simplicity, while enjoying its shade and seclusion. There is no view; there are no long vistas, no fountains, no beds of gay flowers. It is essentially a church garden, where, perhaps, the yew- and cypress-trees speak to one of the far past and the future, where the public may not

enter, where priests and those in preparation for the priesthood stroll along the winding walks in the quiet, cool shade. There are here and there pedestals and remnants of monuments; in the little summer-house, with its sides overgrown with vines and roses, is a figure of a saint, or perhaps the Madonna della Salute herself: for this church was a shrine to which the gentry of Venice went in time of the great plague, and I am not sure how much of the church and seminary was built with their offerings at this time. Like the Venus of Melos, this really beautiful figure is without arms. The arms, indicative of the aid and succor she offered, are gone, but the whiteness of the marble in the shade of the little arbor, with the sun playing in and out, is not easily forgotten.

There is only a wall between this quiet spot and the busy custom-house, and scarcely ever an outsider looks over the wall, unless the figure of Fortune on the top of the gilded ball of the custom-house can be called an outsider. But Fortune does not occupy herself with keeping guard, for when the wind changes she turns her back upon the church's property, and looks across the canal into the king's garden—the royal garden, which is an important factor for beauty in all the views of this part of the Grand Canal.

On all clement afternoons the haunt of hundreds of loungers who hang over its water-wall, it is closed only on the arrival of some member of the royal family. When the drawbridge connecting its quay with the Piazzetta is lifted, all entrance and approach are cut off save by water and through the palace itself.

Though too small to form any feature in the sojourn of the palace inmates, it is sufficient to relieve, with its green dado, what is the ugliest building along the Grand Canal, to absorb the heat of the sun, and to give to the palace a little separation from the glare of open water-front. Its trees are the first to bud in the spring, to lend their beauty to the wonderful buildings near by, to heighten the effect of the lovely masses of stone—a unique situation among unique surroundings.

The energetic Corsican, Napoleon, evidently considered this royal garden inadequate to serve any real needs that the people of Venice might have for trees, parks, and shade, and it is to him that the Venetians owe the refreshing shade and cool walks of the lovely Public Gardens, to which he promptly gave his own name, which was probably retained until his downfall. Considering the great number of churches then to be found in Venice, and the limited space for gardens, it is not surprising that Napoleon, ever ready and anxious to improve anything under his dominion, should have realized that the Venetians could well afford to dispense with a few churches in favor of these much-wanted and much-needed green acres.

A few minutes' walk from hundreds of houses of the poorer classes, a short gondola ride from the Piazzetta, or a still shorter trip in the despised steam-launches, and we are in an area of many acres, once covered by old churches, convents, and monasteries. Changes are easily made, but always at the expense of some person and property. These churches, which dated back to an early period of the republic's prosperity, were among those built and endowed by the ancient nobility of Venice, and were in reality historic monuments.

The church and convent of San Domenico, the church and convent of San Nicolo di Bari, the church and convent of Santa Maria, as well as the church of San Antonio, were demolished, and the garden was laid out on Napoleon's own plan, who left to his vice-regent, Eugène de Beauharnais, the superintendence and carrying out of his designs. The street to the north, now called Garibaldi, was called Eugenia,

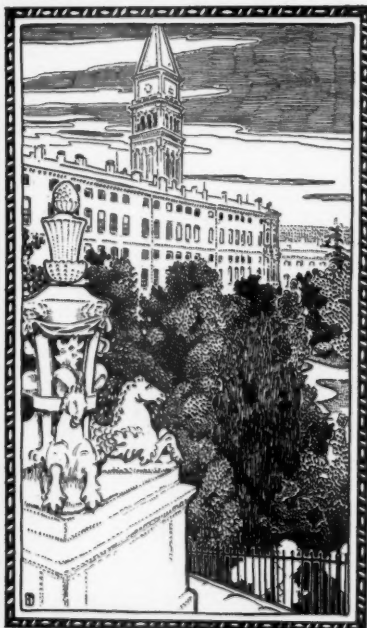


IN THE PAPADOPOLI GARDEN.

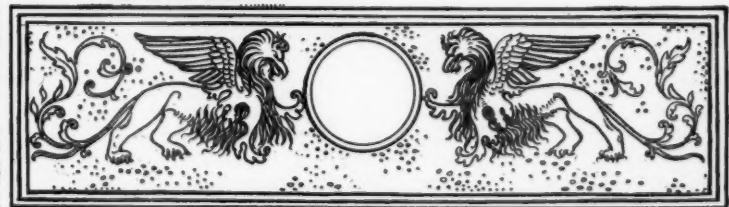
after the regent who, with his family, made Venice his home for some years.

There is a legend told in connection with this old church of San Antonio, to the effect that an elephant belonging to a traveling showman made his escape in this quarter of the town. The natives drove him from one point to another, keeping a most respectful distance from his majesty, of whom they stood in genuine awe. Few of the streets were wide enough to permit the elephant to enter, but he spied with his tiny eyes the wide steps of the church of San Antonio, from time immemorial the patron saint of all animals, and is said to have made his way not only up the marble ascent, but to the very steps of the altar itself.

The Public Gardens, as they now are, stretch along the water's edge, with as pretty a location as can be wished, and have of late



THE ROYAL GARDEN.

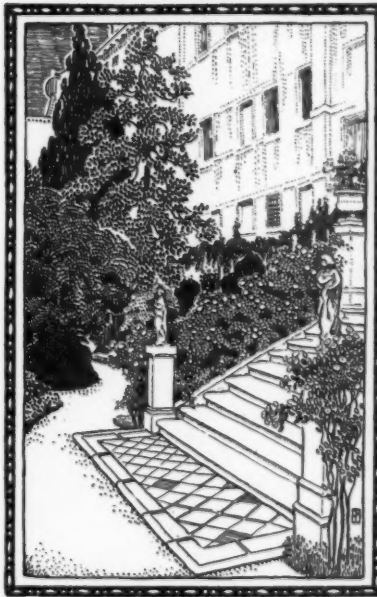




THE EDEN GARDEN.

received additional acres of open camping-ground, a region often filled with hundreds seeking shade and quiet, or exercising on the open campus. The trees, shrubs, and foliage are varied and interesting. There are wide-spreading lindens, mimosa- and magnolia-trees, interspersed with locusts and evergreens. Tropical palms and lemon-trees flourish side by side with their hardier brothers, and give to the garden the Southern aspect so noticeable even in the pleasure-grounds of northern Italy.

Overlooking the water, on ground somewhat raised, is a garden café, built with the material of the demolished buildings. There is nothing more refreshing in all Venice on a hot afternoon than a sherbet in the porch of this summer-house, with its extended water view, while the military band plays waltzes of



GARDEN OF THE SALUTE.



Strauss, Léo Delibes, or Auber, always ending with "Viva Italia." The north entrance to the garden, a very picturesque arch, is also built of remnants of convent and church portals.

Along the river wall often lie many of the Chioggia fishing-boats, with bright sails of red, yellow, or brown, atoning somewhat for the prosaic steamboat landings, and lending their color to heighten the effect of this all-beautiful Venetian pleasure-ground.

Napoleon had a scheme for a continuous avenue which should lead from the center of Venice to this garden, and perhaps, like the Champs-Élysées in Paris, end in a triumphal arch to himself; but his downfall came before he put this idea into execution, and the garden is approached from the land side by a picturesque bridge over the beautiful little Rio Giuseppe, which forms a sheltered mooring for gondolas, while the steam-craft approach by the open lagoon at the foot of the marble terrace.

Looking across the lagoon from this terrace of the Public Gardens, beyond the island and church of San Giorgio is seen the long, low level of the Lido, where Byron bathed and Browning strolled, and where many less famous have revelled in breezes from the Adriatic. Only a row of twenty minutes from Venice, these gardens and walks are the resort for hundreds of Venetians, as well as others of all nations; for here are real fields and wild flowers, as well as a far-reaching beach of silver sand.

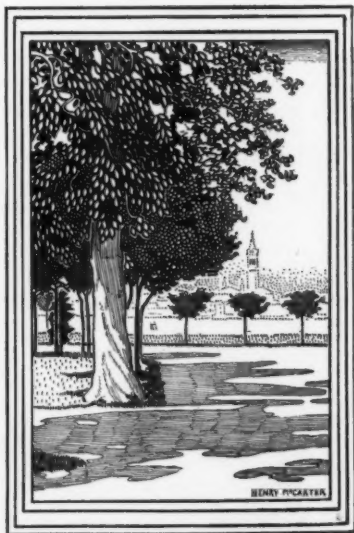
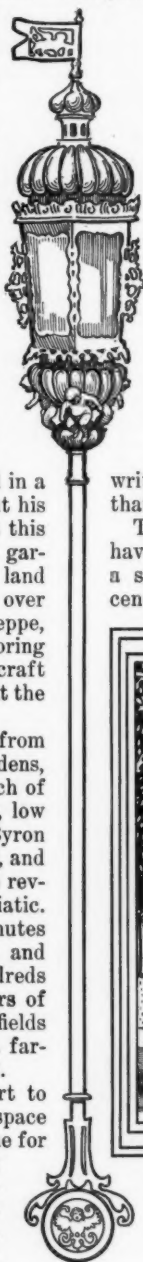
There has been little effort to beautify these Lido gardens; space is apparently expected to atone for lack of daintiness and finish; there are no Ferris wheel, no wooden elephants, no merry-go-rounds, but a charm, a seclusion, all their own, though

so near the gay throngs who loiter on the sand, who sip sweetened drinks in the café, while the band plays, the white locust blooms in profusion, and the children offer for sale nose-gays of genuine field-flowers.

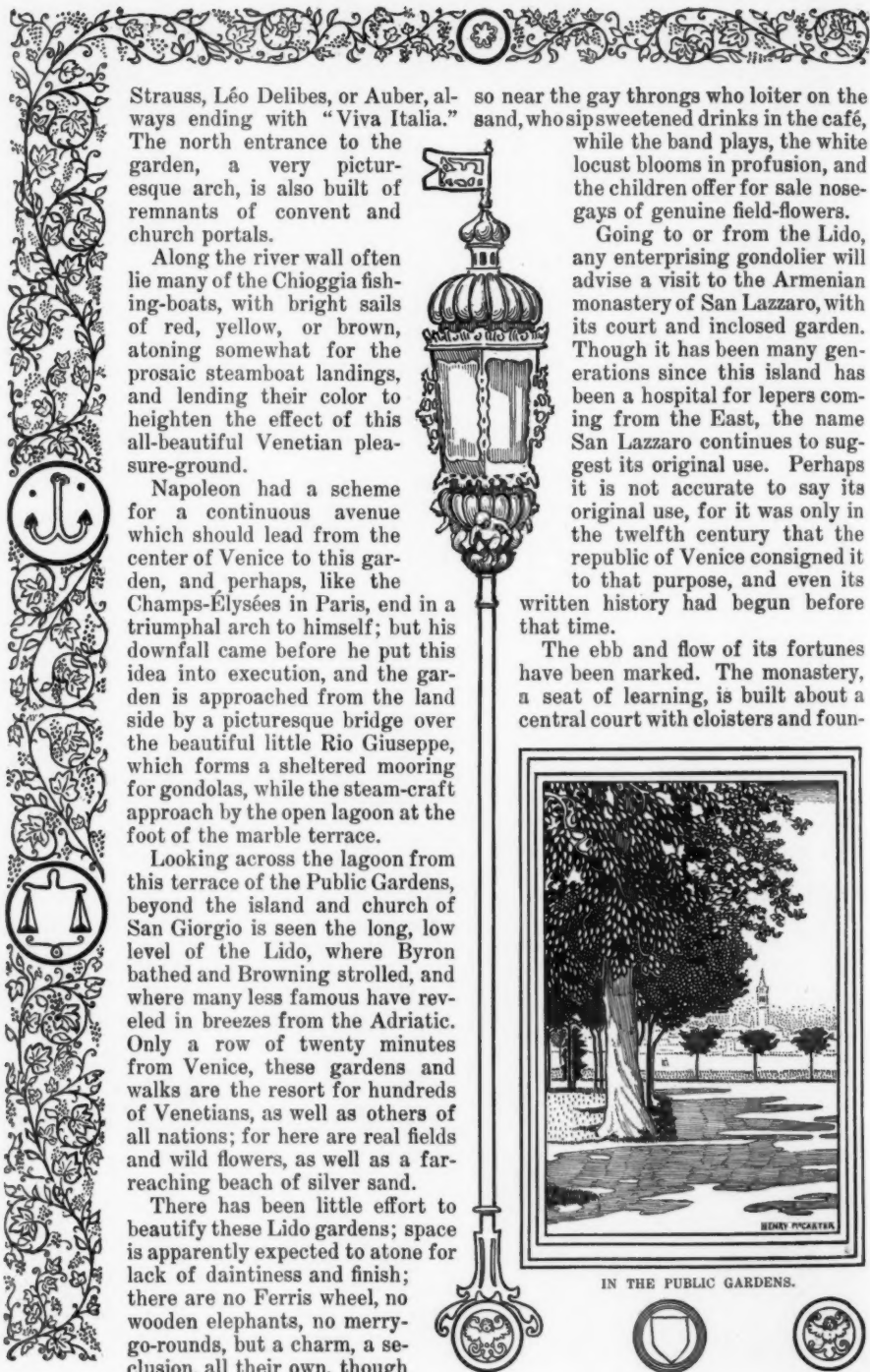
Going to or from the Lido, any enterprising gondolier will advise a visit to the Armenian monastery of San Lazzaro, with its court and inclosed garden. Though it has been many generations since this island has been a hospital for lepers coming from the East, the name San Lazzaro continues to suggest its original use. Perhaps it is not accurate to say its original use, for it was only in the twelfth century that the republic of Venice consigned it to that purpose, and even its

written history had begun before that time.

The ebb and flow of its fortunes have been marked. The monastery, a seat of learning, is built about a central court with cloisters and foun-



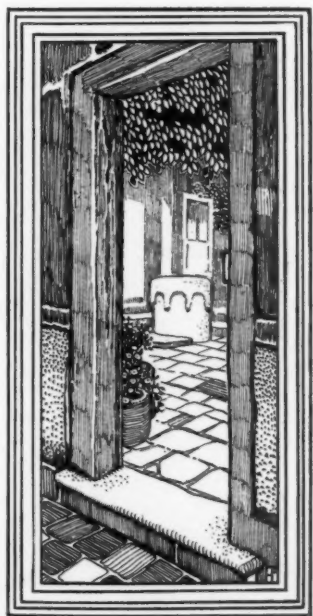
IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS.



tains, and the rest of the island is a garden inclosed for the use of the inmates, where it is claimed, how truly I do not know, that a special grape is grown, the juice of which is reserved entirely for sacramental purposes.

From this walled-in garden the view of the Jura Mountains, often tipped with snow, the columns and domes of Venice, the deep blue of the Adriatic, the galaxy of small islands, all strike one anew. Perhaps it was in this garden that Byron wrote some of his best-known lines, for his bedroom in the monastery is shown, and it is said that he spent many hours, far away from the gay life of Venice, in the monastery and garden of San Lazzaro.

All know the Dario Palace, that beautiful piece of incrustated architecture which has threat-



THROUGH A GARDEN GATE.

ened to fall these many years; but who knows the back of the palace, with the wistaria hanging over the rose-colored garden wall? An artist who one day discovered its beauty crept out early the next morning to sketch it, and was selfish in not wishing to share this discovery with any comrade. He was out early, but found seven artists already at work.

Where the roses bloom in greatest profusion is Eden Garden, on the far side of the Giudecca, stretching away in the direction of the salt-marshes, which give out such strange seaweed odors.

The English gardener, who speaks with a burr and an Italian accent at the same time, told me the property once belonged to a "convict." I surmised that he intended to say convent.

Here the late Empress of Austria was wont to sketch, and here the Italian actress Duse, fortunate in being a welcome guest, spends many mornings wandering up and down its shady walks. One is rarely near enough to see whether it be Alfred de Musset, Dante, or one of the English authors she has in hand; for as one advances within sight and sound, the slight figure is apt to lose itself in the cross-paths, though when Henry Bacon was painting his picture of the Virgin among the lilies he was often aware of the shadow of the noted Italian falling almost on his canvas. These paths are overhung with grapevines trained upon trellises, with here and there great acanthus plants, with the wonderful foliated leaves which seem to have been the inspiration and base of four fifths of the world's decorative designs and carvings. Farther along, hundreds of lily plants raise their straight, stiff stalks, and at a certain time are covered with so many blooms that one is fairly driven from them by the heavy perfume.



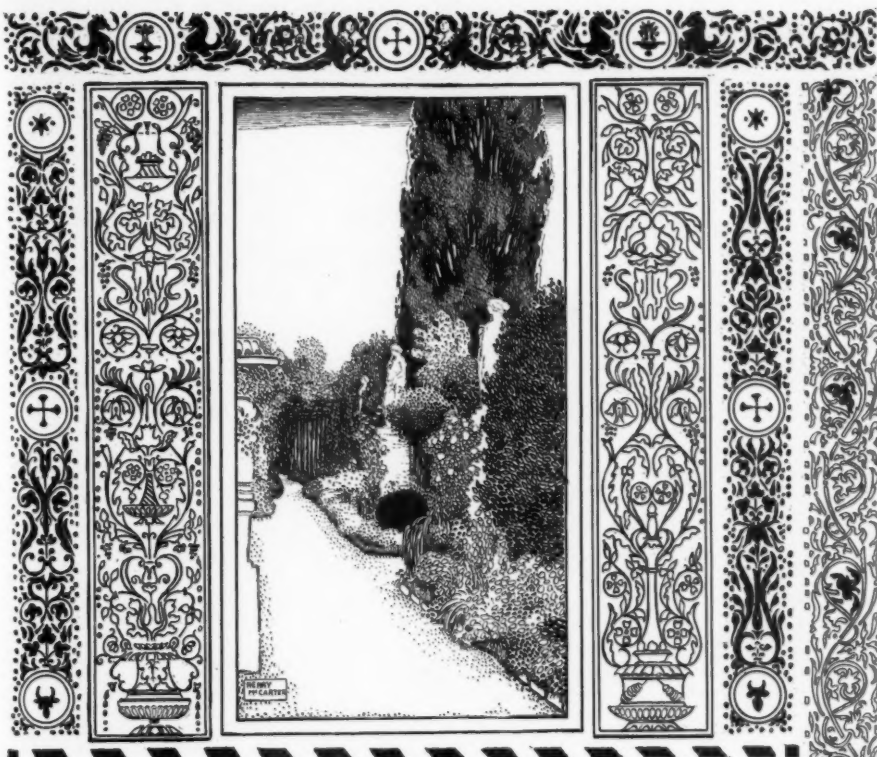
IN DAYS OF OLD

In the morning the water-gate is blocked with boats belonging to flower-venders who come to get their day's stock, which is later sold about the streets and piazzas. Beginning with earliest spring, there is a succession of violets, jonquils, stock-gillies, lilies-of-the-valley, not by dozens or hundreds, but by thousands. Never were acres capable of producing more blooms to the square foot than this Eden Garden. Never were borders fuller or blossoms fairer. When the roses come, they crowd all else out, and they bloom till their hearts lie bare. They stretch away as far as the eye can reach—month-lies and climbers, hybrids and teas, all shades and colors, from every haunt and climate, and from every florist's catalogue. The trellises, walls, gardeners' houses, and arbors are fairly hidden in bloom. Added to this, there are stiff little trees from which all but a couple of dozen buds

have been cut away, and those that are left seem to vie with the garden cabbage. Beyond the garden proper the *vigna* stretches away, and here in the spring are hundreds and thousands of single-leaf poppies. Excluded from the gardens, as if not refined enough for the most sacred inclosure, they bloom in a bold, defiant way, as if challenging attention and admiration by the glory of their color and the wealth of their bloom.

The Venetians love flowers in a way peculiarly their own. Each little lace-maker must have a flower stuck in her dress before she is entirely happy. The houses of the poor have no little plots of ground about them; no stray flowers, not even weeds, can push up between the stones of the closely paved courts; and the inhabitants are, like all other human beings the world over, fond of what is difficult to get and what cannot be had for the asking.

On Albert Dürer's map, which hangs in the Palace of the Doges, it is possible to trace the outlines of what has been for hundreds of years a garden belonging to the



THE EDEN GARDEN.

Vendramina family; for a score of years it has been known as the Curtis Garden. Here Ralph Curtis painted that brilliant picture of the scarlet carnations, and here John S. Sargent, E. A. Abbey, and others have found corners and vistas worth painting and reproducing.

It was the *festa* of Santa Eufemia, and as we rowed to this wonderful garden of the old Venetian landholder, a procession wended its way along the water-front of the Giudecca. Men in scarlet gowns carried great gilded candlesticks, others in lace and old brocade were bowed beneath the weight of giant candles, while the priests in gold-embroidered robes clustered about the host, which was borne under a canopy of rich silk. These marched to the most blatant sounds of a brass band, while the sun gilded all the objects along the river-bank and glorified even the poorest tissue and plainest cotton gown of the bystander. The Curtis Garden was in reality only a few boat-lengths from this scene of life and movement, but miles and centuries seemed to lie between.

Surrounded on three sides by water, the lagoon on two sides is wide and open. The landing is at the very door of a simple country house, almost bereft of furniture and decoration save for a few strangely chosen and strangely executed mural frescos of primitive description. These serve as a contrast to the beauty which surrounds the cottage on all sides. Once in the court of honor, the impulse is to start off in three directions, such are the beauty and vistas. In the garden proper the paths are covered by round-topped trellises unlike any others I recollect in Italy, over which vines are trained to the entire shutting out of the sun. These green tunnels lead to different parts of the gardens, and on the warmest summer day screen one from the direct heat of the Italian sun. At the ends of several of these walks are enshrined what remains of



IN THE CURTIS GARDEN.

old-time deities in stone found in various corners under the shrubbery, and restored to a little of their former glory by the present owner, who one day landed by chance in this lovely and retired spot, and effected a lease with the heir of the late owner. But for his efforts the handsome old box borders would long ago have perished, quite the finest boxwood in and about Venice. The vigna division of the estate is also full of interest. Here the carnations grow in wild profusion; rosemary (for remembrance) and thyme for the Christmas turkey are in close proximity to a hedge of bay. One delicious perfume after another fills the air. From the vigna there is a water view of many miles, and in the far corner of the vigna is the ancient tea-house of the Vendraminas, where the old brocade is still upon the walls, the stained glass and wrought-iron are still in the windows, and beyond are lovely views of the lagoon and the distant hills near Padua.

Far away from this corner of Ven-

ice is the garden of the Papadopoli, an old Greek family who came to Venice with their pockets apparently full of money. They not only bought a palace on the Grand Canal, but a large tract of land in another corner of the lagoon city. Demolishing several palaces and one or more churches, they employed the best-known landscape-gardener to make them a park which should be unique in Venice and worthy their possession.

With time and money the accomplishment of most things is possible, and great forest-trees now spread themselves as a proof that neither of these necessary elements has been wanting. One of the sides of this park is opposite the railroad-station, but I venture to say that no one arriving can rise sufficiently above the confusion of gondoliers' cries and hotel employees' proffers of help to take in fully the beauty of the castellated wall opposite and its overhanging shrubbery.

From the loggias which are built at several points along its length can be had an interesting view of canals, churchspires, and arched bridges. Some days the water is fair and clear, on others it is beaten into many little waves by the wind and currents; for though it is claimed that there is no tide in Venice, no one can aver that there are no currents. The little waves seem to lash themselves into fury against the steps of the railroad-station at the steady inroads of civilization within the old-time domain of the Queen of the Adriatic. Thus on one side all is bustle and confusion, on the other a quiet retreat of many acres. Here there is not only the shade of a Northern park, but the luxuriant beauty of a Southern garden—beds of gay flowers, rhododendrons, roses, and cactus, while

Farther on tall rushes and thick flag-knots have combined

to make a garden differing from all others in Venice.



There is a little lake with such artistically curving borders and such tastefully disposed lily-pads half hidden in the shade of overhanging trees that the effect is quite theatrical. A mermaid would not be out of place in the lake, and were I ever promised a glimpse of one, I should expect to find her emerging from this lake of the Papadopoli.

There are here and there in the shadow of the forest-trees perches and cages for tropical birds, cockatoos with red topknots, and parrots with long blue plumage, while silver pheasants and wonderful guinea-fowls strut about within wire inclosures.

Some of the shady, winding walks lead to the palm-house, from which there is a long view beyond the garden wall; others lead to the rose-house or tennis-field, for this garden is for use as well as for beauty, and there are often gay tennis teas which wake all into life.

The Papadopoli are connected with many of the noble Venetian families, and, according to the family's special historian, are noted for their hospitality.

Farther away from the center, and away from the Grand Canal, beyond that most lovely of Venice bridges which spans the Canareggio, is a palace and garden, almost



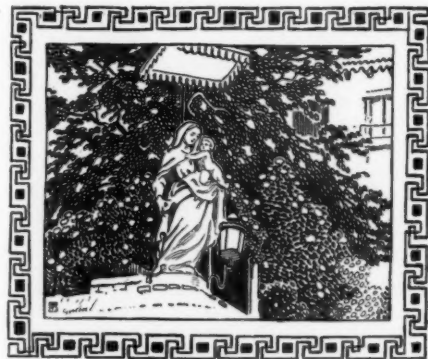
GARDEN SPOTS ALONG THE RIO DI S. CANSIANO.

a small wood, until lately the property of the house of Modena.

The wrought-iron portals, the stone benches for the retainers in the entrance hall, the heavy wooden doors and carved stone lions' heads, speak of a time when this was the center of life and gaiety. The chapel in the palace is of ample proportions, but the best of the carved wood, the ceilings and mantels, have long ago been sold away from their original settings.

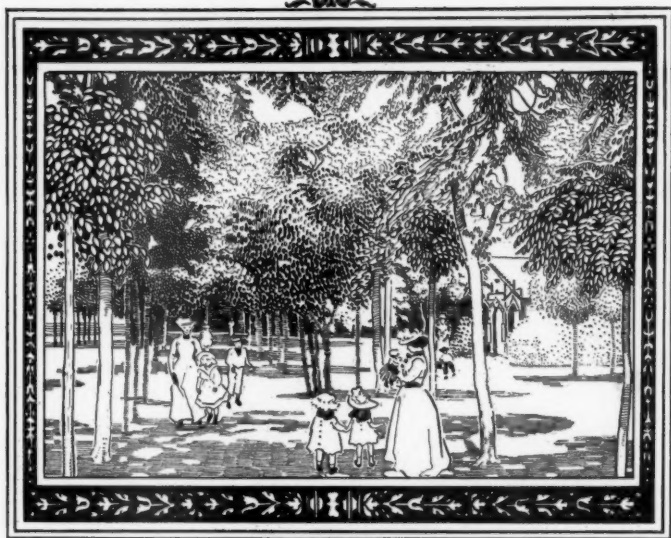
There are few flowers and no formal landscape effects; it is rather a *bosca* intersected by shady paths, full of the scent of the real wood, earth, and loam, and until lately was filled with old statuary and various summer-houses for the entertainment of guests.

It was only after various and oft-repeated attempts that I finally gained access to this garden of the school and convent, and, as the little Turinese sister who did the honors of guide explained, there had been vast changes since the property had become a religious community. It



OVER A GARDEN WALL.





THE LIDO

GARDEN.

would not have been "con-
venable," she explained, for
a church garden to be filled
with statuary. As one of
the sisters walked up and
down in earnest converse
with a visiting priest, they
seemed to be concocting
some plan for the better-
ment of some one under
their charge, and looked far
too absorbed to have been
distracted even if they had
been surrounded with mar-
ble nymphs and satyrs.

It was so quiet and placid

in this secluded garden, and
the little sister looked so
far removed from the care
and worry of this every-day
world, that one was prone to
question whether she had
not indeed escaped from
much turmoil and trouble
by fleeing, young as she
was, to the arms of mother
church, especially a mother
church that possessed such
a lovely garden.

And thus in Venice:

All June I bound the rose in
sheaves.



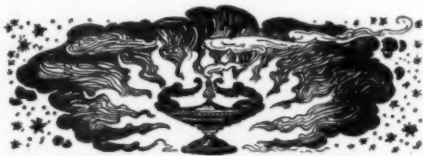
CALIBAN.

BY ALFRED A. WHEELER.

THIS is the dwelling that once held a soul,
And these dim eyes were once as deeply clear
As mountain water in a pebbled pool.
He listened to his body: all commands
His body gave him like an animal
He followed to their end. The frightened soul
Took wing. The empty carcass but remains,
Less potent than the clod on which he stands.

Where are the looks that lightened from those eyes
And gave them vernal freshness, when he knew
The morning stars and the cool airs of dawn,
And heard the frost-crisped earth beneath his feet?
Then was he knit with sinews of command
And stiffened with indomitable will.
I saw him once mount an unbroken horse
That moved as wild and wayward as a flame;
But he bestrode it till its tempered will
Cantered to his. That sovereign power is dead,
And muddy water his soul's clarity.

Earth, with thy cleansing chemistries, absorb
This man; melt his gross shape; let flesh and bone
In thy dread crucible sink out of sight
And bubble up in primal elements,
Which, if thy will must give them back to light,
Send through the channels of some waking tree,
When first the spring stirs hunger in its roots,
And as the life of branch and bud and flower,
Transfigured, let their pure perfection shine,
Unconscious they were once a fallen man.





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

FLORESTINE AND ABIGAIL.

"'HUN'RADE-DOLLA' CLOCK TO BIG-IN.'" (SEE PAGE 551.)

PÈRE RAPHAËL.

by George W. Cable

Illustrations by Charlotte Harding.



THE OTHER SIDE OF AN OLD STORY.¹

THE judge's house was the tall one next below the corner, on the swamp side of the Rue Royale. It opened almost directly upon the sidewalk, and was distinguished among the surrounding commercial establishments by a narrow, hooded balcony at the ground floor, extending from the street door and steps, on its right, to the porte-cochère, on the left. This feature filled the scant breadth between the sidewalk and the drawing-room, and was itself masked by a lattice along its front and across its porte-cochère end. Within hand's-reach of this end, in the great gate of the porte-cochère, was the usual small one for servants, especially, you would have thought, for Caroline. The drawing-room's long French windows let out into this balcony, the open up-town end of which was always fair with potted flowers, and had a gate in its railing by which one could pass out across the front-door steps to the sidewalk.

The building adjoining this one on its right, and occupying the corner,—whatever fiction or history may have placed there at earlier or later dates,—was a quiet, prim affair, of whose sort one was a great plenty, since it was a gambling-house. Happily its main entrance was on its broader face, out of sight, around in Conti street. True, we should not be intolerant, and in the judge's own house there was lively card-playing almost every evening, and few could surpass the brilliancy of his own betting; but what harm is betting if one plays fair? And in one's own domicile, with friends, ah! think of the mischief it may keep them out of on Sunday evenings!

Judge St. Ange and his family of only three were Creoles of the highest rank, although down to the very servants they were all more or less addicted to what they believed was the English tongue. "Lang-uage of the law and the courts," he affably apologized, "and sinze appointed on the bench 't is bic-ome one of my bad 'abit'."

The judge had long been a widower, and

the executive head of his house was his maiden sister. His handsome, elegant, amiable son, although not much over twenty-two, was already a bitter disappointment. This very afternoon they had quarreled, and the judge had forbidden him the house. The youngest of the group was Florestine, the judge's beloved ward, not a relative, but the sweet orphan of Charlie Lallande, his old law-partner. She was as beautiful and intelligent, they say, as she was high-spirited; and the judge doted on high spirit. His last hope for his son lay in his invincible mettle. The quarrel was about Florestine.

Within an hour after it there called on the ladies of the house those only two really dear and good Américaines in the world,—although Protestants, alas!—Madam Merrifield and her gentle blue-eyed and flax-haired daughter Abigail. The widow's call was not merely social; she had a matter in hand which she could not with comfort carry directly to the widower judge, albeit he was as old a friend as his sister, and was her lawyer, yet in which, through the sister, she must seek his kind offices. It was one in which only a Creole gentleman could know exactly how to intervene, and she had already made bold to refer to him another and very much younger Creole gentleman. Had he called—no? She was relieved. Yes, the matter was about Abby, and when the mother had stated it to mademoiselle, while the ever-enterprising Florestine had led the daughter away to a conversation quite as private and far more intense, and when mademoiselle came back after having gone into the judge's part of the house and laid the facts before him, the widow's heart was lighter.

"Abigail," she said, unable to drop the theme abruptly, "is the most tractable person I've ever known. You've remarked the peculiarly passive quality of her beauty. Well, it's the same with her character. That's one reason why I can trust her so implicitly. Her father used to say Abby was perfectly

¹ Told specially for the relief of mind of those who have read "Ponson Jone'."

sure never to *flounder* into any wrong-doing, she had such a terror of awkwardness. It is n't in Abigail to do anything she can't do gracefully; and, mademoiselle, however it may limit her, I'm glad of it, for I think a lady is best known by what she does n't do."

And now the pair must fly, night was so near. But a coming storm thundered No! and mademoiselle calmed them with the assurance that after the rain Caroline and one of the men-servants should conduct them home, since the judge could not—"On account those sore h-eye," he explained with gallant regret, touching the green pasteboard shade that overhung his brows. "But, any'ow, that pain of the light is now nearly pass'. Thangs be to God, those sigs week' to wear me that thing, they finizh on the day after to-morrow; then 't is my hope to have the more smooth temper."

The five were yet standing together when the rain began to fall, and Caroline, whose more proper duty was that of lady's-maid to her fair owner, Florestine, ushered in kind old Father Pierre. He came not by way of the street door, but by the porte-cochère, in which, as he chanced to be passing, he had taken refuge from the weather. Good company he was, and an hour passed brightly while all tongues ran nimbly and five hearts, not counting his, hid each its own distress. A second hour followed, and then, in a lull of the tremendous rain, the good priest, laughing away the judge's protest, rose to go. The Merrifields openly admired his masculine ability to pooh-pooh the "must not" of a friend.

As the two men stepped out into the sheltered balcony the judge had new wrenchings of secret torture to think of his son out in this tempest with no better comfort than the companionship of a mulatto body-servant—Caroline's lover, by the way. There, all at once, in less than a dozen words, hardly knowing what he did, he told the bare fact of the quarrel, and then as abruptly changed the subject. "But, my faith! how that Florestine has been to me an angel those sigs week' of those sore h-eye! Had it not have been for that Florestine I muz' 'ave suffer' those sigs week' without one game of card'."



"SEE HER DAUGHTER UP ON BALCONIE."

Father Pierre meditated. "My fran', you muz' not priv-ent yo' son to make her yo' daughter."

Had the judge suspected the presence of Caroline in the porte-cochère wicket, where she was hoping to catch some news of the son and his attendant, his reply would have been softer. "Ah! my son *he* muz' not priv-ent *me* to make her my daughter. You know well I have swear that to her father; but also I have swear him that my son shall not know that till he get her, and he shall not have her till he is fit!"

"Fit? Ah, well, when tha' 'z goin' to be?"

"Father Pierre, you preach againz' those seven sin'; you are a pries', you got to do that. Me, I preach only againz' one; that is—debt! When my son pay h-all his debt' he can have Florestine; but biff'o—he shall not even h-ask for her."

"Ah! but ad the same time, so soon he *say*—"

"No; only so soon he *pay*!"

"Yes; but I think if you let me *tell* him he can have her so soon he *pay*—"

"No-o! When he have *pay*—that laz' dolla'—I will tell him if he can have her or no. But he—you know what he *say*? He tell me—when I be ready to say he can have her, *then* he let me know if he goin' pay *any* of those debt'."

"But if he 'ave no money—"

"Let him go to work, sacré tonn'—pardon! He shall not one dolla' ris-ceive from me till he pay his debt', not to save the life! Well, good night—biff'o' it rain hard some mo'—good night."

The judge watched his friend hurry away through the wet lamp-light, and, as the figure vanished, Caroline heard the suffering parent apostrophize the outcast prodigal: "Ah, boy! the minute you are finizh'to pay those debt', I swear to God I give you two dolla' for one, every dolla' you 'ave pay; only, tha' 'z another thing you shall not know biff'o'!"

The skies poured again, and both speaker and hidden hearer fled into the house. In there the Merrifields were already bowing to the decree that they must stay all night. There



was no arguing with such friends backed by such weather. By and by, although there was another respite in the rain, the pair, escorted by mademoiselle and Florestine, began to go up to their rooms; but as they started, Florestine untwined her arms from Abigail, laid them on her guardian's neck, and offered to stay and once more be his eyes for him, while the others hurried on upstairs; for at last the doorbell had rung.



"HE'S A VERIE H-OLD, THAT PÈRE RAPHAËL!"

How the belated visitor had managed to arrive so nearly dry was a mystery, but where there's a lover's will there's a lover's way, and only his feet were wet. M. Dimitry Davezac was young, handsome, haughty, and manifestly from the country, the sugar country. His dress was odd, even for New Orleans. He wore buckskin breeches above his exquisite top-boots, and a fawnskin vest under his voluminous coat, giving an effect half pioneer, half incroyable. To Florestine, as she sat close to her guardian's ear, and now and then whispered, he seemed as fair a youth—save one—as she had ever looked upon. The gracious judge explained her presence and his disfiguring green shade, and at once broached the business of the moment.

"Madame Merrifiel' she say you come tell her you every day passin' at Place Congo, by her house, see her daughter up on balconie and fall in love to her till you can't stan' that no mo', and you want madame let you come make visite."

The young man bowed majestically, saying as he bent, "Tha' 'z w'at I want."

"Yes. Well, tha' 'z maybe all right, if you got some fran' want to speak good word for you."

The suitor stiffened up till he could but just see over his eyelashes. "No, m'sieu'; h-all those fran' livin' on plantation'."

But the judge, still wrung with the pain of having parted two lovers, had no inclination to part another two.

"Tha' 'z an unfortunate," he said. "Any'ow, me, I bil-ieve you one gen'-leman, though I 'm not ab'e to see you, bic-a-use those sore h-eye'. That be pretty good, if you get fran' on plantation' send sairtifi-cate."

The young man rose and stood with chin lifted and eyes dropped. "M'sieu', I bet you w'at you want; I swear you w'at you want; I fight you who you want; but sairtifi-cate?—bah!"

"But sit down. I bil-ieve I like you pretty good. Me, I don't want you to bet, neither to fight; only I like you to swear me one thing the truth."

The visitor somewhat relaxed, yet kept his feet. "Verie well, m'sieu'; I swear you the truth, I don' care w'at it is."

"Verie well. You h-owe some debt', I sue-pose; 'ow much you h-owe?"

The youth showed a faint smile of scorn. "Not one dolla'," he said, and hardened his neck as he added, "even to my papa." Catching signs of approval from Florestine, he condescended further: "'T is to ezcape that that I am from home. I could 'ave res' yond' so long I want. I am a Davezac!" He curved back until he had to lean on his cane. Florestine whispered some suggestion to the judge, who murmured his approval of it.

"Sieur Davezac," he said, "you don't got one father *con-fessor*?"

"Yes," replied the suitor; but when he discerned Florestine's eager wish that he would show himself more compliant, he added: "Yes, m'sieu', tha' 'z Père Raphaël. I shall send you Père Raphaël?"

"Père—eh—Raphaël—eh?" mused the judge. "Ah, I dunno; I thing I 'm maybe not verie well acquain'd with that father. He 's a verie h-old, that Père Raphaël?"

The young man's brow darkened; he suspected a sly attempt at cross-examination. "No, m'sieu'; that Père Raphaël he 's a verie yo'ng."

"Ah, yes; a verie yo'ng, yes; but is he not a verie large fat?"

M. Davezac bridled. "No, m'sieu'; he 's a verie small thin."

"Ah, yes; but—exceb' the hand' and feet, eh?"

The reply came with a smile distinctly threatening, though as sweet as Florestine's.



"No, m'sieu'; hand' and feet 'bout same size my ear', and I 'ope m'sieu' he don't find those the ear' of a jack-ass?"

Florestine colored with alarm, but the judge laughed outright. "Ah, no-o! Send me that Père Raphaël. If I like him so well I like you, that be all right."

At a pause in the storm the visitor bowed himself out. The judge went to his room, Florestine mounted to hers. Caroline was there to tell her the mighty news her eaves-dropping had gathered, and, between plans to utilize it and distress for her storm-beaten lover, sleep found her no more, through all the night, than it found the judge, or Tante, as she commonly called mademoiselle, or than it found the Widow Merrifield.

THE Sabbath began to dawn, the rain-spent clouds to break, and Florestine, for the hundredth time, looked down into the drenched and still lamp-lighted street. To the gayest endurance there is a limit; people have no right to forget that. Her guardian had no right; no more had dear Tante; and no more had even Caroline—ah, faithful Caroline!

At the same time it was not to be forgotten that there is a limit to endurance of the guardian's sort, of Tante's, and of Caroline's—endurance the sternest, the saintliest, the most abject. If they should forget while she remembered, very well, there would be on their heads some hot coals, aha! The sufferer tearfully smiled.

She lingered at the open casement, taking comfort in the triumphant re-aring of the storm-swept city. Remotely she could hear the shock-headed Gascons of the French market whistling and singing, and making its vaults resound with the ring of their busy cleavers. How happy is the lot of the butcher! A watchman, with lantern and leather helmet, came up the street and gave three slowly swung taps of his iron-shod club on the corner curbstone as a signal to his fellows. What a care-free life is that of the watchman! as, likewise, that of the milkman and of the baker! Down yonder stood a two-wheeled milk-cart and a two-wheeled bread-cart, wildly tilted in the mire, stalled and abandoned, under a lamp which from a great crane overhung the two ways. An hour earlier she had seen these two hulks crash together, and it had been balm to hear their drivers exchange the compliments customary on such occasions. What splendid liberties are theirs,—the milkman, the bread-man,—while to the gayest and most girlish endurance there is a limit, my faith!

A lamplighter passed, quenching the lamps. How happy is the lot of the lamplighter! Day broadened; she could read a distant poster that promised amazing things for Cayetano's menagerie and circus out on the Place Congo. The shops began to open, yonder pawnshop down street on the other side not excepted. Men and women, white, black, yellow, passed with market-baskets on arm, and here came a slave maid as straight as an Egyptian and as black as Creole coffee, with a huge basket, heaping full, on her head. At the porte-cochère a milkman sent in his usual catcall, and the wicket-latch clinked. That was Caroline with her pitcher.

Florestine saw the milkman turn the upper street-corner. Ah, Caroline, murderess! do you want to bring your mistress to the door of death, standing idle, doubtless, down there in the half-open wicket? The mistress, diverted for a moment by the sight of an old black man prowling hungrily about the two abandoned carts, did not guess that Baptiste, her lover's body-servant, had come upon the scene, nor could she hear a note of Caroline's cautious speech: "No, suh, no milk fo' you tell you go an' come ag'in; an' no mo' sweet-sweetenin' o' dis yeh gal tell she know' who gwine marry her missy! By de law, I goes wid my missy, thaynk Gawd! an' I don't go sweetheartin' wid no French yalleh niggah to-day to be his grass-widdeh to-morrow! No, suh; you go ten times fasteh 'n you come, an' fetch me yo' mawsteh!"

A bread-man filled Caroline's arms with loaves, and hurried on. She gave one to the mulatto. "Here, pig; now, fo' de Lawd's sake, run an'—"

"Yass, yass; but, Caroline, y' ought to see! All behine Rue Bourgogne h-overflow!"

"Lawd 'a massy! man, I ain't hawngry fo' no sights now e'cept de sight o' Miché Jules. I got dat news fo' him what—"

"Yass; but da' 's gran', Caroline, dat h-overflow! H-everybody goin' 'bout in skiff, rat' climbin' lamp-post, snake' crawlin' in front door!—"

The messenger went, but a certain person, not Florestine, slipping down through the drawing-room and out into the latticed balcony, heard Caroline moan: "Lawd, Lawd! ef he ain't done stop fo' to give dat ah ole country niggah de half o' dat bread!"

The wicket shut, and when both Baptiste and the old negro had vanished, the occupant of the balcony breathed easier, though still in a tremor of hope, longing, and self-blame.

A handsome young masculine figure came up street along the farther banquette—a figure with a fine, high-minded air, as of a man who could always be counted on. As he drew near, and as he passed, and as he glanced across at all the upper balconies of the house, in the manner of one admiring their tasteful wrought-iron work, and again as he looked back while he turned into the Rue Conti, she in the lattice, as badly frightened as she was well hid, stood as still as a stone. Her heart pounded like a ship on a reef—it was a ship on a reef! and he over the way was of course Dimitry Davezac. Oh, what would her mother say if she knew her Abby had not even now the self-command, the moral energy, to go back into the house? The question gave her strength to start in, but at that moment, ah, despair! some one came into the drawing-room, and she could only stand petrified again and pray.

Around in the Rue Conti the young man's steps flagged—flagged—ceased. He laid the head of his cane (sword-cane) to his lips. Then he pressed smartly on again. This was only for a moment, however, and his trim feet went slowly once more. He stopped, turned half around, looked back, consulted his watch, frowned. All pure stage-play; he had remembered nothing which he had left and must return for; yet now he went back. At the same time Abigail was having great relief from her fears. Whoever had come into the drawing-room, she thought, must have gone out again, it was so still. Here offered itself, moreover, a plausible task, and with healing caresses she began to reanimate the storm-torn flowers at the open end of the balcony. Now she soothed this one and now that, and this, and this, and this; reaching, bending, drawing back, half straightening, and bending again, while Dimitry came once more into view and moved down the farther sidewalk.

"What odd chimneys and dormer-windows!" his manner implied, and Abigail saw him yet even when he had got entirely at her back. Ah, but she should have seen more! The very flowers, laughing through their grateful tears, tried to cry, "Look behind you, benefactress! Oh, Abigail, look behind you in the balcony!" For who had unlawfully slipped into this show and was seeing the whole performance but Florestine!

The young man was gone, yet the healing touch lingered among the flowers, and not until a voice as soft as their perfume called their nurse's name did she flash round to gape at her beholder. Suddenly tears shone

in her eyes, as the merry interloper, pretending to start away, gravely whispered: "Attendez! hold on! I bring you a spade!"

The next instant Abigail was clinging to the arm of her friend. "I could n't sleep. I *could n't* keep my room."

"Ah! tha' 'z not the fault of you. Tha' 'z the fault of Tante to give you that room behine you' mama, and withoud balconie-e!"

"Oh, Florestine, this is the first time in my life I ever did anything—"

"Ah, ha, ha! I bil-ieve you, Abbee; I bil-ieve tha' 'z the tru'."

"Oh, but I never would have dreamed love could make me forget duty!"

"Hah! me? I never goin' to dream anything make me forget love, no!"

"Oh, oh! If you could only have told me last night what took place between the judge and—*him*, I might now be honestly asleep."

"Ah! I cou' n' he'p *that*. I had to keep me with the judge till the en', bic-ause those sore h-eye'. Then, after, I cou' n' come to you in that room behine. I can tell you now, but I don't want tell you if that goin' make you slippie."

But Abigail begged, and Florestine told.

"Oh, Florestine, Florestine, you've made his heart's fortune—his and mine together!"

"Attendez—wait; tha' 'z not sure yet. We dunno if that Père Raphaël be willing to come; and even if he come we dunno if the judge goin' be please' with Père Raphaël."

"Oh, but, Florestine, the kind of father confessor 'Sieur Davezac would have will be sure to please. Oh, darling, how can I ever repay you?"

"You want to know? Come, come inside. You shall make 'Sieur Davezac take for me a letter to Jules St. Ange. Abbee, I thing the good God is glad, now, he let them teach me 'ow to write. Come, I tell you some great news w'at Caroline fine out laz' night."

A certain history has told how Jules St. Ange, with his servant at his back, came that morning and stood on the sidewalk close by his lost home. They were discussing, as they came, the shape of the earth, which the inundation had made newly problematical.

"Roun', yes," said the master. "I rim-ember Father Pierre teach me that."

Ah, but in what *manner* was it round? Like a wheel, or a barrel, or a cobblestone? On this point Baptiste was perplexed, but Jules, as ever, was cheerful and unbiased.

"Me, I dunno, but I thing it is roun' like one grine-stone. Bic-ause, me, if I was makin' that worl', I would try to suit every-body,

and I thing tha' 'z the way it is make. You fine it flat; well, then, it is flat: Father Pierre fine it roun'; well, then, it is roun'—mais w're she is gone, that Caroline?"

"Ah, I dunno; she was righd there. I shall knock?"

"At the porte-cochère of my papa! Baptiste, if you knock there, I sell you to-day, auction. Knock, if you want; that raise me some money for the bread and coffee, else, me, I dunno 'ow I 'm goin' to raise that."

"Ah, miché, there is always—"

"H-always w'at?"

"To go to work."

"Baptiste, if you say me that again, I sell you to-day, Maspero's Exchange!"

The speaker noted with mingled amusement and regard, on the other side of the way, a strikingly dressed stranger. It was Dimitry, passing again, and the two gave each other stare for stare. *Sacré!* if it were anywhere but here, Dimitry would cross through all that mud and make the young gentleman answer for that stare; but he will see him again. He notes him carefully; so much too carefully that he runs into a towering backwoodsman, who affectionately apologizes, while observers laugh, and Jules so courteously refrains that the stare is forgiven.

Up at the next corner he looked back, and at the lower one saw people running together from all directions. In the middle of the press, bareheaded, towered the backwoodsman, and presently was talking to Jules. However, two or three onlookers from upper balconies said it was all a false alarm, and as they spoke Dimitry espied Caroline slip from the St. Ange porte-cochère and hurry to the corner opposite him. There she turned down the side street, sidled into an archway, smiled at him, and slyly showed him a letter. He went to her swiftly enough, but he would not have read and parleyed so long, after getting there, had he known that Abigail was once more in the lattice.

"Oh, Florestine," she said, for Florestine

was with her, "to steal, to steal! How can I ask him to help us steal?"

"Ste-eal! Ah, ha, ha! Abbee, you dunno bit-ween to steal and to borrow?"

"Oh, but to strip the house like a pair of thieves—ah, me, me! It's tearing my poor conscience in two!"

"Abbee, look! We take all those bric-à-brac; 'Sieur Davezac he pawn them yondeh and give those monie to Jules; Jules he pay those debt'; the judge he give ag-ain to Jules the double w'at he pay; we rid-eem those bric-à-brac, and the fortune of the 'eart is make for every-body. Ah, Abbee, if you don't 'elp me make that, you tear me my poor conscien' in five!"

"But, oh, sweet, you spoke of difficulties—"

"Yes, ah, yes. Firz' place, I dunno can we make Jules take those monie, he is a so proud of his honor; and, seg-ond place, even if he do that, I dunno if he h-use those monie to pay those debt'—ha, ha, ha! Then w'at we goin' do w'en Tante and the judge big-in to mizz those candelabra, those vase, those spoo-oon?"

"Oh—oh!" Abigail gasped and moaned. But before she could speak further, Florestine was clutching her arm, and they peered through the lattice. Up the banquette came the rustic giant so lately in collision with Dimitry, and at his side cynically leered at by all who lounged or passed, tripped Jules St. Ange. The stranger was making reckless show of a fat roll of bank-notes, which Jules regarded with wild desire while he warned the holder of his folly. Behind the two were their servants—Baptiste and the old negro with whom he had shared his loaf.

The four passed close by the lattice. Florestine, all but dumb with anguish, sent Jules a soft call, but sent it in vain. The giant, whom he addressed as "Posson Jone", drowned it unaware with the reëchoing voice in which he explained that the fund belonged to his church in the wilderness; and as the four men showed their backs, a



"THOSE CANDELABRA, THOSE VASE'."



"POSSON JONE."

frantic whisper to Baptiste failed also, smothered under the West Floridian's invitation to Jules to go with him to breakfast, and his proclamation of his negro's name as "Colossus of Rhodes."

"Abbee, Abbee," she gasped, "I shall follow them!" But Abby seized her as if the pair were drowning together, and in panting suspense Florestine lingered and gazed. The gambling-house! the gambling-house at the corner! Would Jules lead the parson into it? For there masters and servants had halted;

but their observers took courage when they heard the parson set forth his theory of a special providence, and grateful tears sprang into Florestine's eyes as Jules, remembering the roll of bank-notes, professed a like conviction. And now—ah, all the saints be praised!—they turned away, picked their steps across the mire of the Rue Royale, and disappeared toward the Rue Chartres.

"Wait, darling, wait!" whispered the clinging Abigail. "There 's time yet and hope yet; let us wait and think—"

"Ah, wait and think!—me, I 'ave been waitingg and thinkingg sinze all night. Watch you there; I goin' fedge those bric-à-brac." She darted in.

Abigail wrung her hands and moaned. "I cannot do this! oh, I cannot do this!" she cried, and prayed for a power of will which Heaven had never given her; prayed, but found only the hope that, while she yielded, Heaven would save by turning the current of events. Why should not she, as heartily as Jules St. Ange, believe in a special providence?

She started with affright, for Caroline, who had returned unnoticed, softly called in through the lattice from the angle by the porte-cochère.

"I foun' him, yass 'm; but—well, eh—he say Père Raphaël don't give him no reason e'cep' on'y dat he stay away too much f'om confession."

"W'at, w'at, w'at?" exclaimed Florestine, as she reappeared with a small heavy burden wrapped in a large woolen garment.

"Oh, Lawdy, yass, missy, Père Raphaël refuse' to come."

"Caroline!" The mistress snatched open a small case—ment in the end of the lattice. "Assassin, you! Sieur Davezac—he rif-usetocome al-so?"

"Lawd, no! He waitin' dess round de cawneh; but he 'low' nobody gwine trus' him now sence Père Raphaël 'fuse to come."

"Go! Caroline, slow tort-ure, you, fly! Tell him come! Père Raphaël he has change' his mind!"

"Florestine!" gasped Abby.

"Mais certainement! Caroline, tell him Père Raphaël sen' the judge word he comin' speak well-well for 'Sieur Davezac. Allez! va!"

The maid glided away. Her mistress set down her burden, and drawing the wrapper from it, whispered, "Hun'rade-dolla' clock to big-in."

Abigail gulped. "And the judge's own cloak!" she whispered in horror.

"Ah, no," replied her smiling friend; "and, any'ow, we don't goin' to pawnbreak *that*. But you, Abbee, you di' n' prayed laz' night for Père Raphaël to come?"

"I had never heard of Père Raphaël."

"Ah, yes; you never hear"; and yet ad the same time you di' n' bil-ieve he 's coming! Ah, Abbee, I dunno how you can be a so weak-head like that! Me, I would be af-raid. Mais wait there whiles I fedge some more of those thing'."

The next moment Abby, left alone, saw Dimitry reappear at the corner. Caroline was with him, but they parted; she came, he went. He crossed the street where Jules and the parson had crossed; but, unluckily, he had not seen them enter the parson's lodging-house, although it was in sight from the corner, and thinking they had passed on into and down the Rue Chartres, he hastened that way himself.

"Oh, yass 'm," said Caroline, again at the porte-cochère, "he be right back. He on'y gwine fine Miché Jules, to tell him fo' Gawd's



"BEHIND THE TWO WERE THEIR SERVANTS."

sake don't go gitt'n' money in no scan'lous way whilse we a-raisin' it faw him squah and clean."

When the breakfast-bell tinkled, and Florestine, busy as a bird with nestlings, stopped, caught her breath, and harkened, Fortune was kind, and the three seniors, worn with the cares of a sleepless night, sent excuses for their own non-appearance. So prospered the reckless scheme, and presently, while Abigail, cowering in the balcony alone, watched for her lover's reappearance, there came, instead, Jules St. Ange and Parson Jones, whom Dimitry had failed to find. They passed down street and out of sight. Florestine stepped into the balcony, and Abigail told of them.

"But there 's hope yet," she concluded, "for by the direction they took, Florestine, I know they're on their way to church. Oh, let's wait and see if they're not!"

"Wait," replied Florestine, "for Jules to go to church? Ah, no!"

Caroline slipped out at the porte-cochère, and passed up through the lattice the family's biggest market-basket, and while her mistress filled it Dimitry arrived.

"Now, Miss Abby," said the quadroon, "please to han' Miss Flo'stine dat ah big dud fo' to kyiver de load. Now, Miché Dab'zac, lead off, and de Lawd have mussy on ow souls!"

"Stop, stop!" pleaded Abigail. "Wait, oh, wait!"

"Mademoiselle," put in the lover, trying to speak with the tenderest reverence, but it was the first word he had ever spoken to her, and he burst into a blaze, "I break any law you want—even I keep any law you want; but to wait? My God! mademoiselle, sinze five hun'rade year' di' n' no Davezac wait for no-body! Allons, Caroline!"

With his aid the great load had risen to the slave girl's head, and as they went it rested there as jauntily as a flowered hat. The two friends watched them go in at the pawnbroker's door, and were watching still for them to emerge again, when Florestine in stealthy haste all at once dragged Abigail in from the balcony, and from one of the drawing-room windows showed her Mademoiselle St. Ange and Madam Merrifield issuing into the street by the front door.

"Tsh-sh!" whispered Florestine. "They thing we are there in my room as-leep together; Caroline tole that to them when yo' mama miss' you from yo' bed. Ah, Abbee, Abbee, yo' mama she 'ave her li'l sic-ret, too! She want to go and come back without

you finding that out, ha, ha, ha! that she 's been there."

"Where?" moaned the amazed daughter.

"Ah! only to mass. 'Cause she don't like to rif-use that to Tante, mais, ad the same time, she dunno if tha' 'z maybe a li'l bit wrong, and, of course, you know, the only way to fine that out 't is to try it. Then if you fine it wrong you be sorrie, and thad make it right." They came out again into the balcony, and after much anxious waiting Dimitry and Caroline returned. "W'at, Caroline, you 'ave the sick sto-mach, to smile like that?"

"Momselle, 'cept dis yeh old dud what you tell me be sho an' fetch back, de whole kit an' bilin' brung dess half what we bound to raise."

"Ah, mon Dieu! and if Tante fine those thing' gone!"

"Mesdemoiselles," interposed Dimitry, "look! I shall go at my room—bring h-all my thing'—raise thad balance in half an hour!"

"T is the h-only way, Abbee. Go, 'Sieur Davezac, go. God will pay you for that! Go! make quick biff'! Père Raphaël come fine uz all here together. Go! and same time send me that Jules St. Ange, while me I make Père Raphaël tell the judge you makin' you' possible to save his son."

A HALF-HOUR or so was all that remained of the Sabbath forenoon, and Judge St. Ange had not yet left his bedchamber, when the front door-bell rang, and Caroline went upstairs to announce to him the arrival of Père Raphaël.

"Yass, suh, an' he got a green shade ove' his eyes biggeh 'n yone," she said, with a distressed effort not to smile at the picture the two made in her mind.

The waiting visitor paced the drawing-room alone. The house was very still. Now and again, as the small figure, trim even in the rude draping of rope-tied gown and up-lifted cowl, came to the balcony windows, the deeply hooded eyes looked out, first down the street and then up. Thus they were presently drawn to a number of unwashed little girls near the next door, a door of the gambling-house. They were listening against it, giggling, trying to peep under it, starting away, wringing hands, and stealing back to listen again. Père Raphaël stepped out upon the balcony.

"T is Miché Jules," said a brazen youngster, with her eyes on the green shade and her apron in her teeth. "Yass, he pass in

yondeh wid a so beeg man, by front way, round cawneh, and beeg man don't want play card', and he yell' so loud till dey scared of him."

Père Raphaël went in, and, evidently weary, chose a chair and knelt beside it. But instantly again the suppliant sprang upright at sound of a footfall, and Judge St. Ange came slowly in.

"Caroline!" called the host, pausing just within the room. The maid came. "Mademoiselle Florestine—where she is?"

"Miché, she say Miss Abby got sich a pow'ful bad migraine she feel boun' to stay wid her ef you kin excuse her; yass, suh."

The judge turned to his visitor. Père Raphaël stood with eyes downcast behind their ugly screen, and with hands deferentially hidden in their big sleeves, until the host, with an affability which his own like disfigurement could not quite spoil, bade him be seated.

"Is that a fact, indeed," asked the judge, "that we 'ave the one maladié?"

"Ah," replied the little father, in a thin, obstructed voice, "with me 't is but a cold, and in the throat like-wise, till I was nearly priven'd the honor to come. They priv-end me many thing', those sore h-eye'. I cann' read those prayer', cann' write those sermon'; almoze they stop me playing those domino'—those card'."

"Ha-a-ah! you are fon' of those card'?"

"Ah, yes, I am verrie, verrie fon' to play those card'. Mais, same time, that save me something w'en I don't play, bic-ause those cock-fight', I never bet on *that*; tha' 'z only thing I ever bet on, me, those card'."

"And me the same," said the judge. But he was a man of despatch. "Père Raphaël, that young Davezac—he is one of those Davezac, I sue-pose, of the Côte d'Or, eh? You can speak good word for him?"

"Ah, that dip-and'. Me, I am a pries'; you, you h-are a judge. I dunno w'at goin' to be good word to you. 'Sieur Davezac got, any'ow, all those bad 'abit' nécessaire to a pairfec' Creole gen'leman."

"Aha! Well, to me tha' 'z mighty good word. For one pried thad be verrie bad; but for Creole gen'leman, you know—"

"Ah, yes. Mais, same time, there is one diffycultie, m'sieu'."

"Tha' 'z not mannie."

"Mais, I thing thad don't pliz you, m'sieu'. I 'ave the fear thad Madame Merrifel' she 'ave the 'ope 'Sieur Davezac he be willin' change his *ril*-igion. Mais I am compel' to tell you—w'at he tell me—rather than

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"WATCHED THEM GO IN AT THE PAWNBROKER'S DOOR."

change his *ril*-igion he sooner go to hell. Pardon, I am sorrie to tell you *that*, mais—" The speaker shrugged from ears to elbows.

The host hid his admiration under a cold smile. "Tha' 'z brave, yes."

"Brave—ah, tha' 'z another troub'—h-all the time fightingg, fightingg, or frien' of somebody fightingg!"

"Ah! but a gen'leman, those time'—! My faith! Père Raphaël, he shall 'ave everything w'at he want. For w'y he di' n' come with you?"

"M'sieu', he is af-raïd to be in debt to you."

"Ow he 's goin' be in debt to me? Impossible!"

"He say if you speak well for him to Madame Merrifel' he is in debt to you the res' of the life, and he don't want see you ag-ain till any'ow he *commance* to pay you, and he 's gone pawnbroken everything w'at he got—"

"Ah!—ah-h!—ah-h-h! My frien', oh-h, w'at that is for?"

"M'sieu', 't is for—pardon, to tell you that, 't is a diffycult; tha' 'z a verrie daily cat."

With his eyes helplessly dropped, the host straightened severely against the high back of his chair. "T is ab-out my son? Ah—go h-on."

"Well, you see, 'Sieur Davezac he hearin'

everybody talk 'bout *that*. And w'en he say he bet any-*bodie*—fight any-*bodie*—w'at say Judge St. Ange he don't trit his son all right, then every-*bodie* say, 'Oh, yes; the judge he *thing* he trit his son all right, mais if the judge know that ris-on his son don't pay those debt'—"

"Ris-on he don't pay—he don't want!"

"Yes; mais they *thing* 't is bic-ause yo' son he 's frien' of so many poor man, and every time one poor frien' cann' pay his debt' yo' son he pay that with his h-own monie."

The judge shook his drooping head mournfully. "I do not bil-ieve. I never fine one sign of that. If I 'ave see' that, my son he would sleep laz' night in his h-own bed, and me I would sleep in mine. Mon Dieu! Père Raphaël, tha' 'z a thing I don't like to talk ab-out, but—w'at I muz' find out—'ow that make 'Sieur Davezac take all his thing' pawnshop?"

"Ah, I tell you. He say he goin' find that Jules St. Ange, goin' lend him those monie, goin' *make* him pay h-all those debt'. Then he make him go at his papa, and say, 'At the end I 'ave commence' all right, I goin' to work.'"

The judge looked up sharply, but then sank his head lower than before. "I don't bil-ieve th' 'z a possib' to make. Same time already, me, I am in the debt to 'Sieur Davezac so long my life; if he succeed to finizh, or if he don't succeed to finizh, to me that be h-all the same; he 'ave commence'. To commence, 't is enough." His grip trembled on the arms of his chair, but his head came up.

"I thing tha' 'z verrie well, m'sieu'," said Père Raphaël, stirring as if to go. A strange voice was distracting both visitor and host with mad though remote and smothered bellowings. The judge, in apology, said that it came from the next house through the walls.

"I never year it loud like that biff'o'. Père Raphaël, I want you tell 'Sieur Davezac—and same time my son I don't want him fine that out—if 'Sieur Davezac he succeed, my son he 'ave planty to pay him back, bic-ause me I shall give my son twice w'at he spend to pay h-all those debt'—never biff'o' I di' n' year some noises come through thad wall."

"All right, m'sieu'; I tell him—if I see him. Mais there is one thing: 'Sieur Davezac he say maybe those monie he raise be not enough to pay h-all those debt'; well, any'ow, w'en you see yo' son *commence* to pay, you be

satisfy; to commence, 't is enough. Mais me, I—"

With a shrug the speaker rose, and the judge stood up very straight.

"Père Raphaël, no; tha' 'z all w'at I can say—no! For 'Sieur Davezac to commence 't is enough, yes; but for my son—and still, my God! with my son I be glad be recon-*cile*!—for him to commence, 't is too late; he muz' finizh." The speaker's tone, though grieved, was kind, and the raising of his voice was solely to divert his visitor from the noises that continued to search through the partition-wall. "Come at home here ag-ain this evening, will you? If that troub' with my son pass, or if it be worse, all the same I be wanting you bad—fellow-sufferer those sore h-eye'—to play me some card'."

The visitor promised to come, and bowed low for thanks, but both were giving all their heed to the hot altercation that searched through the solid masonry and was bringing the judge undisguised distress. Père Raphaël had faced toward the front door, the judge following and trying to flood the air with his own speech, when there came from the gambler's house a sound as of some one falling, and outcries in several voices. Then there was a jangle of the St. Ange door-bell. The ready Caroline flew to the door, and Madam Merrifield and Tante sprang in, casting wild glances behind them.

"There!" cried the hostess, with a sister's indignation in every inch of her bonnet and draperies. "Lis-ten! Look! Come there and look, you! You what cannod take advize! Oh, you what, sinze appointed jodge, got no time to be a father!"

The judge caught one outside glimpse and turned away with a groan. In the midst of a multiplying crowd the towering form of Parson Jones, between a burly red ruffian on one side and Jules St. Ange on the other, was being hurried away, swaying, bloody-headed, across the Rue Royale. The three men vanished into the cross-street.

"He fine his money gone," cried one child to another. "Dey say one niggah take it; dey gone hunt him up!"

"Caroline, my 'at and shoe!" exclaimed the judge, and would have torn the shade from his eyes, but the sister prevented him. A better thought came. "Père Raphaël,"—he tried to peer this way and that,—"Père Raphaël, go you, tell my son—ah, my God! where is that Père Raphaël?"

"Gone already!" joyously cried Caroline. "Lef' at de fus' beginnin'!" She turned to Florestine and Abigail, who stood clinging

to each other, one pale and grief-broken, the other a picture of suffering and alarm. "You see him go, bofe 'n you, did n' you? You did n'? He go by de po'te-cochère, yass, suh; and he cross, tow'ds de river, in Toulou's street, like he gwine head 'em off."

"Go you, Caroline!" said the judge, and Florestine spoke the same word, straightening from Abby's clasp. "Go, make quick! You shall fine him!"

But as the young mistress pushed her maid from the room, she added privately: "Fine Miché Jules! Jules! Jules! Fine Miché Jules!"

The judge turned to Madam Merrifield. "Yo' pardon! 'T was not to give you *that* troub' that those heaven' make you our prisoner; for you I 'ave a different news." Abby moved away, and he spoke on in a murmur. "Père Raphaël, as you 'ave seen—"

The lady received the information with due dignity and thanks, and presently turned to her daughter. "Come, my dear, the overflow has passed off. Put on your things and let us—"

Abigail was beseeching Tante to allow Florestine to go home with her, and when Madam Merrifield urged it the petition was granted.

"Here tha' 'z no place for her ad the presend," said the sister aside to her brother, with tremulous energy.

"Ah, verrie good!" was his reply. "For me, I goin' make my son fine out I am a judge!" And the moment he was alone he rang for a man-servant and sent him on an errand that filled the slave's face with consternation.

MADAM MERRIFIELD'S tall house, in which, this afternoon, she was taking some of the sleep owing to her from the night, stood flush with the sidewalk, with its garden on one side, at the corner of two streets. Through its oleanders and laburnums and its high wooden fence of graceful openwork one got a broken view of the rude Place Congo, in a part of which a great multitude were gathered on the board seats of Cayetano's amphitheater to see his buffalo-and-tiger fight.

Abigail and Florestine were in the garden. The sounds and glimpses they caught in their embowered hiding would have yielded few clear meanings, but Caroline, outside the double gate, went and came, describing and explaining. *That?* That was the up-river men jeering at the Latins. And *that?* That was the Latins snarling back at the Américains. Oh, there would be bloody trouble if

the show did not come off soon! *That?* That was the Américains singing. Yes, the tune was a hymn, the maid admitted to Abigail, "But you can dess thaynk Gawd you cayn't make out de words."

Once she came excitedly, saying she had seen, seated in the throng, at inaccessible distances and apart, Colossus and Baptiste. She hurried back in hope to discover Jules, the parson, or Dimitry; but as she vanished Dimitry came along, scanning every window of the house, and quite overlooking the garden until Florestine stepped from cover to the half-open gate. He strode in a step or two, lifted his hat, and with the glow of an aide-de-camp used it to point to the Place Congo.

"Mademoiselle, I cannot stop. I am cloze be'ind the track of 'Sieur St. Ange. Some-bodie pig' the pocket of that Posson Jone', and Posson Jone' and 'Sieur St. Ange they are pazz at that bull-fight to fine if 't is his niggah."

"But thad pawn-shop! 'Sieur Davezac, w'at you 'ave make ad that pawn-shop?"

The young man straightened with joy. "By those prayer' of my saint, thad monie is raise! 'T is now only to fine 'Sieur St. Ange and give it him. You 'ave the one moiety, me, I 'ave the other." He backed off.

"Wait, 'Sieur Davezac, wait! My faith! if Posson Jone' don't fine his monie, Jules sure to give those monie to Posson Jone'."

Dimitry paused agape while he took in the probability. "Mademoiselle, verrie well. I give him that moiety only w'en I see you give the other."

"But, 'Sieur Davezac, he is come yondeh, thad Père Raphaël, and the judge say 'h-all right.'"

The suitor flamed gratitude. "Hah! now to fedge that Jules St. Ange!" He sped away. Surely he might have been delayed a moment by some saint or angel with nothing else to do. Before Florestine and Abby had more than twined arms again, there came along the garden fence in the other street a boisterous crowd, forerunning, jostling, and following Jules and Parson Jones. The parson's words were pious, but his voice was loud with drink, and Jules and two others, palpable blacklegs, strove in vain to quiet him. Of a sudden the mob caught the thinned-out sounds of the amphitheater, the river-men jeering and singing, and the Latins demanding law, order, and "the bull, the bull!" The whole throng broke into a new and more hurried gait, and pressed on and into the turbulent scene.

Oh, Caroline, thou fiend of an absentee! are you killed? Are you calaboosed? Have you, O ingrate, once for all absconded? Or are you staying at the bull-fight? Nay, none of these. Presently the far tumult doubled, trebled; men and women of the decenter sort came by, fleeing the turmoil, and Caroline sprang into the leafy hiding of the two girls to tell of swarms of rioters breaking and fighting, and of Parson Jones, with the great cat in his arms, proclaiming the millennium. Before she could be done, the uproar was at hand. With cheers and shots, with fleeing and chasing feet, and with yells of anger, mirth, and terror, the riot burst into full view; and there was Jules St. Ange laughing and clapping hands, Dimitry huzzaing, the two gamblers trampled underfoot, and Parson Jones on the shoulders of the crowd, whooping and prophesying. All at once the mob flew hither and yon, Caroline slammed the gate, and in the emptied street Parson Jones was snatched by the police and followed away by Jules and Dimitry.

THE longest day in the life of Judge St. Ange was drawing to its end. Again the lamplighter passed, and his yellow lights twinkled from corner to corner. Above the darkened shops, and here and there between them, the balconied windows of one parlor after another grew luminous inside their curtains and under their widely overhanging eaves. Two servants in turn had the solitary judge mildly sent out of the drawing-room with their lighted lamps when they came tinkling in to relieve the melancholy dusk. The dark, he kindly told the second one, rested "those sore h-eye'."

But now came Caroline. Behind her followed the earlier two; each of the three bore tall, globed lamps, and at their side walked his sister.

"My brother," she said, "it is the Sabbath." And as the servants retired, she added, "Ah, have we not darkness enough, with all those lamp' we can light?"

His inquiry admitted the fact. "Florestine—she is rit-urn'?"

"Florestine she is rit-urn', yes; but better you leave her there w'ere she wild to be al-one—in her room. St. Ange, thad Florestine her soul—like mine—is in torment for thad boy, yo' son, my de' brother, oud there in the street."

"He is not in the street, my sister."

The sister clutched her brother's arm in tragic affright, and all at once he lost his self-command, and exclaimed, "My son!—

my span'threef!—vagab-ond!—robber of stranger!"

"W'ere he is, St. Ange? Ah, my God! w'at you 'ave done?"

"If that pol-ice 'ave done w'at I sen' them to do, he is in the calaboose."

With a moan as if she were stabbed, the sister sank into a chair and hid her face. The judge rose and pulled a bell-cord, and she hurried out. Before he could speak to the servant who responded, the door-bell rang imperiously.

"Go, you; that 'ave the soun' of M. Davezac. If yes—or if Père Raphaël—tell him come in. Anybody bis-side, I cann' see them to-night—bic-ause those sore h-eye'. Ah, my God!" he added to himself, "I wizh I 'ave not promize' to play those card'!"

M. Davezac entered with a head as high as if he came with a demand for surrender. What could it mean? At an austere distance he bowed low. Yet the judge made himself almost jovial. "Aha! ad the end you are there for that rip-lye, eh?"

"Rip-lye, m'sieu'?"

"Ah! thad news you wizh me to inform you from Madame Merrifel'. Sinze several hour' 't is waiting, thad news. But I like *that*, your dillybration; you will perchanze have the patienze if first I h-ask you some news—of my son."

"M'sieu', 't is for that I am biff'o' you. I h-owe you one debt—"

"Sieur Davezac, no. My God! if my son was a li'l' mo' like you—"

"If he was a li'l' mo' like me, m'sieu', he would be sleeping to-night in the calaboose, yes."

"My God! young man, you 'ave save' my son from the calaboose?"

"I 'ave save' who' I can, but yo' good neighbo' of the negs door—"

"Miguel and Joe?"

"They are in the calaboose."

"And Baptiste?"

"In the calaboose."

"And Posson Jone'?"

"In the calaboose."

"And that Colosse of Rhode'?"

"The devil only know'!"

"And Jules?"

"M'sieu', yo' son is ad yo' door."

The father half left his chair, but a painful thought forced him back again. "Young man, young man, you 'ave lent monie to my son—to ruin him worze than biff'o'?"

"Lend monie—my faith! I beg him till I sweat!—I beg him till I swear!—I beg him till I cry!—no use! I cannod make him to



"I LIKE TO WIN ME SOME MONIE."



borrow me. All he say, 'My conscien'! my honor! 'Ow they goin' let me pay those debt' of me with those monie of you?'"

Again the judge half left his chair, and again he restrained himself. "And my son he is yond' at my door to talk to me ab-out paying those—"

"No, m'sieu'; he's there to get that Posson Jone' let out from calaboose."

"Hah!—but any'ow tha' 'z well. Only he ought come mo' sooner. I never intan' Posson Jone' be put in calaboose."

"Ah, no, m'sieu'! was no use to come mo' sooner, till Posson Jone' he 'ave time to sleep off w'at he drink. Same time we try to fine his niggah. My soul! we are nearly dead with hunting thad black *imbécile*."

The judge stepped swiftly toward the door, and as he went, its bell gently tinkled; but when he opened it, there stood, not Jules, but Père Raphaël.

If M. Davezac had believed himself caught in a trap set purposely for him he could hardly have stared with more disconcertion. Suddenly, and with scarce a decent salutation to the newcomer, he said to the judge, "I shall go and fedge—"

But Père Raphaël detained him with a kindly gesture, while addressing the judge. "Yo' son? He was there; he is coming; only he rim-ember another plaze to look for thad *domestique* he's hunting, and he say tell 'Sieur Davezac wait till he come."

"Good!" exclaimed the judge, his formal suavity changed into pure gladness. "And to pazz the time whiles waiting—card', card', Père Raphaël, and the game a three-cornered till Jules make it a four."

Père Raphaël hesitated. "If monsieur," he said, "will pardon me not uncovering the

head?—bic-ause I left me be'ind that shed for those sore h-eye'." His speech was still difficult.

"Ah, you shall take mine!" cried the host. But it was not the kind of loan for a lender to insist upon, and they sat down to the game as they were. They were in it to the elbows when the door-bell sounded again, and they rose with Jules St. Ange before them. Father and son said good evening, the others bowed.

"Con-tinue, messieurs, ah, *con-tinue* the game. I am come only—"

"Ah, we know," said the judge; "but tha' 'z not a *nécessaire* presently. Come, you shall play, my boy. There is yo' chair, there are yo' counter', waiting sinze the biggening. Come!"

"Ah, no, papa. I like to play you thad game, messieurs, yes; and, beside', I like to win me some monie. To-night tha' 'z the firz' time I ever got use for monie; mais 'ow I 'm goin' to win me anything if all that time I dunno if I 'm goin' ged that paper for Posson Jone' to pazz out? Ah, no!"

"For w'at thad Posson Jone' is in calaboose, my son?"

"Papa, he is there for a verrie strange; he is lock' for his ril-igion."

"My son, for his ril-igion?"

"'T is for preaching the specious providence! I know, Père Raphaël, for you that would be a sin, to preach that in the church; but Posson Jone' he di' n' preach that in the church; he preach' it ad thad bull-ring. He thing it is right ad that bull-ring; well, then, ad that bull-ring it is right. Ah, if he 'ave the 'abit to thing that is right, well, he cann' he'p *that*; 't is his 'abit."

"Assuredlee," murmured Père Raphaël.

"Me, I don't care about those 'abit," cried the prodigal, with sudden warmth, "if a man stick to his ril-igion and pay his debt!"

"Ah!" cried the judge, in a glow.

"An' if he can fight like he preach!" exclaimed M. Davezac.

"Ah, bah!" laughed the judge. "Posson Jone' he fight w'en they try to stop him pritching?"

"Mais certainement," said Jules, "in that whole city there is not a priest to fight like that Posson Jone'—exceb'"—he saluted deferentially—"that be Père Raphaël. Bicause, my faith! I bil-ieve he fight juz' as good if he 'ave been sober. And same time cryin'—to pay his debt!"

"Jules, my boy,"—the judge pointed to an escritoire,—"*write me there for Posson Jone' to pazz from that calaboose so soon he want'.*"

"Also Baptiste, papa?" asked Jules, as he labored with the pen.

"Yes, likewise pud that—'also the mulatto boy Baptiste.' Give it me—and the pen."

Presently the pass was in the son's breast-pocket, and the four took up the cards. From the first Père Raphaël had played with a nerve that challenged the judge's admiration, and now at once began to lead the betting with a gentle and taciturn intrepidity. Dimitry followed with equal daring, the judge and his son laughed and kept their caution, and Jules dragged in the constant and startling losses of the reckless pair. It seemed but a hop, skip, and jump from the time they began until these two rose with an air of resignation.

"Ah!" cried the host, "*finish-ing?*" Me, I am loser al-so, but that luck boun' to turn. We are juz' commance'."

M. Davezac shrugged amusedly and spread his hands downward. "To commance 't is enough; I 'ave precisely los' all I 've got there with *me.*"

"Me the same," murmured Père Raphaël.

First one and then the other drew forth a wallet and laid its paper contents uncounted before Jules. The prodigal rose, made them into one wad, and with a gracious bow thrust them into the same pocket that held the parson's release. The father rose last, and stood in unconfessed but passionate suspense.

"Well, messieurs," said Jules, saluting as he backed away, "you will egscuse that hurry, with my frien' in that calaboose, and—"

"Jules," responded the judge, following

toward the drawing-room door, while Père Raphaël and Dimitry drew away together, "you don't need to go if you—" He felt a touch on his arm; his sister stood beside him.

"Jules," she interposed, "if you 'ave there already not quite enough to pud you out of debt—"

"Tante—papa,"—the son drew forth his gains,—"*I win that in yo' 'ouse, and from frien'. You thing that be honorab' to pay that to shopkipper? My faith! that is a secret.*"

Dimitry strode between him and his kindred, heaving with indignation. "M'sieu' St. Ange!"

Jules smiled fondly. "M'sieu' Davezac?"

"You know w'at I would say, me, if that was not yo' 'ouse here?"

"'T is not my 'ouse; w'at that is you would say?"

"I would say, take thad monie and pay those debt', or fight me under those h-oak', Bayou St. Jean, to-morrow sun-rise!"

"M'sieu' Davezac, I meet you there. My faith! tha' 'z the firz' time I ever got uze for money, and then you thing I'm goin' teck it and *pay my debt*? Ah, m'sieu', I be sorry to fighd you for that, but—'t is a matt' of conscien'!"

The speaker's last glimpse of the company as he left them showed his father turning fiercely upon the challenger, and his aunt heatedly arraigning her brother. Surely he would not have shut himself out had he seen his father, at the instant of the door's closing, saved from a fall only by the arms of Tante and Florestine, or had heard himself imperatively called by the weeping girl.

The judge recovered himself, lifted the shade from his eyes, and looking around the room, spoke with his habitual dignity. "M'sieu' Davezac—Père Raphaël—"

But not even Tante or Florestine remained to answer. Only Caroline responded: "Dey gone, miché; yass, suh, I dess let 'em out de po'te-cochère."

ONCE more the market-houses sparkled with candles and resounded with cheerful discords. Out on Bayou Road and in the sky that overarched suburb St. Jean the Sabbath night faded into dawn. Beneath one of the bayou's vast oaks stood Caroline, casting frightened glances everywhere.

"Dis yeh bound to be de place," she said; "yondeh de schooneh." But whether she spoke to herself or to some hidden confederate there was nothing to prove. "And now

de Lawd send Miché Jules an' his pahson quick, afo' de jedge an' momselle git here, else dere 's a yalleh gal gwine git whip' at de calaboose an' sold into de rice-fiel'! I thought our dough was cook' w'en I see 'em leave de house afo' day, but I praised Gawd ag'in when I see 'em tu'n aside to go look up Father Pierre. I hope—oh, Lawd!—the voice sank stealthily—"we catch' in a hole! yondeh de wrong man!"

The voice of some one unseen besought her to conceal herself, but she gave no heed; the newcomer had discovered her. "Mawnin', Miché Dab'zac; mawnin', suh."

With a stately frown the young man signed to her to speak more quietly, and she obeyed, though with a show of amusement.

"D' ain't no one wid me; and we all done ruin' now, anyhow, in one bunch, 'less 'n I can waylay dat ah Pahson Jone' and 'suade him for to not let Miché Jules give him dat ah money. Dass all Miss Flo'stine 'ould evah send me out here faw at dis scan'lous hour."

"Yes? Then go you back. Tell her he shall not give it him. I—am there!"

"Lawd, miché, but s'posin' he done gi'n it to him already!"

"He shall give it him back. Go you at home; tha'z nod the place for you here. My faith! *milatraise*, I bil-ieve you are there only to fine that villaine Baptiste."

"I swear I ain't! I ain't see' dat fool sence middle o' de night, when he set off ag'in to try scare up Pahson Jone' ole niggeh."

"Go you at home, Caroline."

"Miché Dab'zac, I see' Miss Abby sence I see' you las'."

The maid backed enticingly toward the trunk of the oak; the young man followed.

"Yass, seh; las' evenin', when y' all gone, Père Raphaël an' all, Miss Flo'stine writ me a pass an' slipp' me out fo' to run tell Miss Abby an' her ma how Miché Jules 'fuse to pay his debt', an' w'at pass mo'oveh 'twix' him an' you—"

"Ah, ah! she 'ave no ri-ight!"

"Hol' on! hol' on! De Lawd move' her to do it. I fine 'em confessin' dey conscience to one 'notheh, Madam Mayfiel' a-sobbin' 'caze she been to Catholic church, and Miss Abby 'caze o' de way we raise dat ah money; an' when I tell 'em o' dis yeh las' pickle you done got us in—"

"Me? me? me?"

"Oh, yass, suh; yass, suh; yass, suh! When you tell Miché Jules he got to pay or fight, ain't he dess djuty-bound to fight and

to not pay, fo' to p'otec' his honoh? You dess ax Miss Flo'stine!"

"Ah, bah! He can pay firz' and fight after."

The maid started with surprise, but then laughed. "My sakes! miché, he would n' think o' dat in fi-ive years. And when I told dem po' ladies what you done, dey dess drap' 'pon one 'notheh an' cry like dey heart—Lawd! yondeh Madam Mayfiel' now!"

"Diable! go you at home!"

"Too late; she done spied me. Oh, now we is done done it to de las' lick! Here she come to stop de djuel, an' fine nobody 'cep' we two togetheh! Fo' Gawd's sake! ef you got yo' djuelin'-tools hid away anywhuz round here, run fetch 'em out an' parade 'em all you kin!"

"Mawnin', Madam Mayfiel'. Lawd! you out here alone?"

"Oh, Caroline, where is my daughter? Where is Abigail? And why does Mr. Davezac avoid me?"

"Lawd! Madam Mayfiel', he think 't is Miché Jules comin', an' he dess gone git his djuelin'-tools."

He reappeared, bowing elegantly, but straightening with splendid resentment as he turned upon Caroline. "You stole me those sword' from the hole of thad tree, *miserable*?"

He bowed again to Madam Merrifield, lower than before, and then straightened higher. "Madame, if that is by yo' command—"

"Oh, no, sir, no! Spare your accusations; I'm already crushed under my own. Oh, who can tell me where is my daughter?"

"Lawd A'mighty, ain't she home in bed?"

"Bed? We 've neither of us touched one. As soon as it was light I left her and went out to market. Ah, Mr. Davezac, it was really in the hope of finding you—yes—yes—to say that I'll buy off that pawnbroker if only you'll not fight until we 've got everything back into the judge's house!"

"But yo' daughter! yo' daughter!"

"When I came back I found her note saying she had seen Father Pierre passing—from some visit to the dying—and had called him in and told him all; and she 's gone somewhere with him, writing me that I'd understand; but I don't, and I can't, and I'm frightened to death!"

"Madame, I tell you; she 's gone perchanze ad the judge. I'll go there and—"

He sprang to go, but at the second stride was arrested by the sight of Père Raphaël.

"Yo'ngg man," said the diminutive cowed figure, issuing from a clump of bushes di-

rectly into his path and holding up the missing weapons, "if you please. You thing you don't want to fight some mo'? You are finding eggsuze to leave?"

The young man snatched the swords and swelled for a furious retort; but before it could come Madam Merrifield and Caroline together flew to the disputants, gasping in fright and shame: "The judge, the judge! The judge and his sister!"

"Caroline," cried Tante and her brother, rushing into the company, she with her hair in her eyes, he with his green shade on his ear, "where—where—where is Florestine? Caroline, where is Florestine? Florestine is gone with Jules! Jules has rob' the 'ouse and gone with Florestine!"

To double the wildness of the confusion, Madam Merrifield sprang from the group with cries and tears of joy on beholding Father Pierre and her daughter in close pursuit of the frantic questioners, to whom Caroline was replying, while she sobbed and wrung her hands: "She all right, mawsteh! She safe, mistiss! Miss Flo'stine *all right!* I swear to Gawd she all right! You can ax Père Raphaël, on'y don't ax him now, for here come Miché Jules an' Pahson Jone'."

In the midst of these absorbing excitements Père Raphaël and Father Pierre glided together. A moment they stood in eager, suppressed converse, Père Raphaël swiftly informing and proposing, and Father Pierre agape with disconcertion, yet consenting.

As Jules and the parson came into view, engrossed in their own affair and in the welcome sight of the *Isabella* schooner, a common impulse moved their onlookers to urge each other into hiding, and Father Pierre, gathering his wits again, put the impulse to benevolent use. "Too mannie, ladies and gen'lemen. Back, if you please—and even you, judge. Père Raphaël and me we are plentie."

Père Raphaël was already moving toward Jules and his friend, and Father Pierre followed. Baptiste was at his master's elbow, and the three were debating the possibility that Colossus had got safely out of Sodom and fled to his native West Florida. At the vessel's side the parson paused to insist that his trusted servant would never rob him, and to promise Jules a lifelong affection if he would find the poor old negro; nay, whether he found him or not. Up to this point the judge had kept himself in hand; but when he witnessed the love and admiration his son had won from a stranger and

the remotest of aliens, his *sine qua non* crumbled at last, and to the bounding joy of all behind him, "Father Pierre!" he cautiously called, "a word! a word, not more! Say to Père Raphaël he can tell my son if he *say* he goin' pay those debt' with those monie everything be all right!"

With a glad nod Father Pierre waved him back and pushed nearer Père Raphaël. But before he could come close, Jules, following the schooner as with limp sails she moved along the shore, poled by her crew, stopped every breath, wrung every heart, by taking to himself all blame for the parson's mysterious loss and striving to force upon the loser his entire winnings at his father's table.

In desperation, the whole observing company started after them, but suddenly halted in an ecstasy of new hope as Parson Jones, in tears of penitence and gratitude, refused to touch the gains of gambling.

How they heard and saw the mighty parson discourse on the sure mercies of the Lord; how at a gentle filling of the sails he waved and chanted his tearful farewells to his friend; how they heard Jules draw from him the pledge, "the Lord willing," never to return to the temptations of the crowded town, and avow again and again his loving esteem for the sobered saint as the "so fighting and most ril-igious man" of his acquaintance; and how at this juncture Baptiste went wild and began to hurl clods at Colossus of Rhodes, emerging from the hold of the vessel, are part of an earlier history. How the West Floridian clasped his servant to his breast and roared with joy and thanksgiving; how Colossus, on his knees behind his kneeling master, punctuated with ecstatic shoutings the petitions of the whooping suppliant, not withholding even when a prayer went up for Jules; how, in response to the black man's urging, the parson at last prayed for God himself to restore the lost money, are things of which we may have read, but to Père Raphaël, and all who there followed Père Raphaël's lead, they were present happenings, full of the glow of sight and thrill of hearing.

At each succeeding incident the transported beholders fell into new pairs, followed as they gazed, halted, acclaimed, and gazed and followed again; and when the black man rose on tiptoe and into the suppliant's hat, where it had fallen to the deck, dropped the righteously stolen funds of Smyrna Church, their acclaims mingled with those of the schooner's crew, and hands found hands they had never pressed before.

They saw the rising parson discover, snatch, and kiss the priceless wad, and weep to heaven. They saw the prodigal himself shed tears, the schooner turn and catch the breeze, the crinkling waters trail down her long wake, and Jules stand gazing and yearning after the departing friend.

While the young spendthrift so stood, two or three, whom we will not name, heard his father, oblivious of all bystanders, his green shade lost and "those sore h-eye" forgotten, swear to himself that if ever Heaven should give him a friend of Parson Jones's religion he would cleave to him (or her) as long as he (or she) clave to it.

But if these things made that onlooking company happy, what words shall tell the raptures that filled them when they saw Jules turn and say, with the last night's winnings crumpled in his hand, "Baptiste, you know what I goin' to do wid dis money?"

"Non, miché."

"Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay all my debts."

He began a little song, if you remember; but while its opening measure was still on his tongue, at the first townward bend of the path, the whole glad bevy of his seekers, with his father at their front, stopped his way. "Papa!" cried the astonished son.

"Jules," cried the parent, "an egschange, a fair egschange! Yo' absolution for mine!" So they came into each other's arms. The next moment, "But, ah, where—" he began to ask, concerning Florestine, when, silenced by an amazement in Jules at something in the group behind him, he turned and beheld Père Raphaël frantically embracing and kissing—*kissing*, do you realize it?—kissing and embracing Tante, Abigail, Madam Merrifield, and even Caroline. But the cowl had been

crowded off the face and head, and these were the face and head of Florestine.

"Forgive you, my child?" the aunt was exclaiming. "Ah, better you ask somebody



THE JUDGE AND HIS SISTER.

else, not me; for me, I only fine that out, that robb'rie, when, too late, I commence' to make the same thing myself."

All moved homeward together, Florestine still in the priestly gown in which an older kinswoman, almost as fair as she, had once masqueraded, and none other so much harkened to.

Years and years afterward, in a beautiful old age, Madame Davezac used still to remind Madame St. Ange how, to the sweet delight of Tante and Father Pierre, and to the infinite comfort of her mother, herself, and Caroline, Florestine had said in sincere dejection, "That discourage' me to be weak-head any mo', those Providence get al-ong so well without."



C. H. ...

THE LOVERS.



A VENETIAN GARDEN.

BY H. G. DWIGHT.

BETWEEN the palace and the water-wall
Sway country tree-tops — green sea-
farers all—
And country flowers blow,
As if against the stones they could not hear
The passing of the tides; and one might fear
That Spring could never know
That lone, far-drifted garden-plot to find
Among dark palaces and windings blind
Where only sea-things go.

And one side, lavender-fringed alleys run—
With sudden, winding pauses—in the sun
From spangled bed to bed;
And royal roses of antique descent
Magnificently flaunt their splendor, blent
Of shell-glooms, white and red;
And midway, hung with scented moons,
there stands
A great magnolia, planted once by hands
That centuries are dead.

Tall pointed windows overlook a court
Where statues pose, with grave heroic port.
Thence opens, arrow-straight,
A green sun-splashed perspective, framed
in vine,
And at the end—where dancing waters
shine—
The Gothic water-gate.
And close against the wall the dusky green
Of ancient ivy hangs its burnished screen,
And oleanders wait.

And one side wander unsuspected ways
Past cypresses, and through a tangled
maze
Where scarce the sunlight creeps;
And marble benches loiter under trees
That murmur world-old secrets to a breeze
Some hidden jasmine steepes;
And happy Cupid, reckless of Time's
doom,
An armless Psyche in that gentle gloom
Heart-close forever keeps.

But best I love the little belvedere—
Wall-set among the locust-blooms that peer
Above the waterway—
Whence one might listen to the music low
On sea-changed marbles of the tides below
An endless summer day;
Or watch the sunken stars dawn, swaying deep
Between the shadow-palaces asleep
In haunting twilights gray.

Oh, centuries of suns in that green close
From dewy bud to fragrance-wasted rose
Have kissed light petals free!
And centuries of moons have woven pale
Their weird enchantment in the dreamy veil
Of pergola and tree!
And centuries of passions deep have writ
With sense of meanings tragic-exquisite
That garden by the sea!

MRS. THANKFUL'S CHARGE.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Washington in Lincoln's Time," "Tales of the Maine Coast," etc.

WHEN the Rev. Philo J. Mann was called to the pastorate of the Supralapsarian parish of our town, there was very general interest felt in the question, Is he married or single? The marriageable young men of Fairport were few and elusive. The limited material activities of the village and the temptations of wider fields kept the masculine contingent in a minority. An eligible, well-educated, and personable young man, such as the Rev. Philo had shown himself to be during his weeks of candidating, would be received with added cordiality (at least by the women of his flock) if he were unmarried.

It was not true that most of the younger women would be setting their caps for the new minister. Let no cynic suspect that such a sordid state of things exists in Fairport, or in any other rural town. There is always an affectionate interest clustering about any attractive young man who has before him the possibilities of a long wooing, with an ultimate wedding at the end of the vista. This interest is deepened when the wooer is a young clergyman. All the good women of Fairport, married and single, whether of the Supralapsarian parish or not, would unselfishly and impersonally enjoy such an episode. When it was made known that the Rev. Philo J. Mann was engaged to be married to Thankful Parker, only daughter of the Rev. Barzillai Parker, Hopkinsian pastor of Penobscot, the popular disappointment was evident and wide-spread. My own impression is that the Rev. Philo never fully recovered the ground lost by this premature engagement. He entered upon his new field handicapped, as it were. As a candidate his preaching had been highly acceptable. His early marriage surrounded him with a subtle and unacknowledged alienation.

Although, as every one knows, the dividing-line between the Supralapsarian and the Hopkinsian is exceedingly light and tenuous, it was justly felt in the port that Mr. Mann had not been discreet in his choosing for a helpmate one of a faith different from his own.

"What communion hath light with darkness?" quoted Dorcas Ann Webber, a strictly orthodox spinster member of the Supralapsarian parish. "Not that I believe

that the Hopkinsians are wholly reprobate and outside of the pale, but I do believe that they are wandering in darkness so long as they hold on to the creed of Hopkins. I believe in a minister's marrying in his own denomination. That's what I believe in." And Dorcas Ann, who was familiarly known as Dorcasan, resolutely set the stitches with which she was building a pair of trousers for the youngest of Mrs. Jeremiah Warner's six boys. Dorcas Ann was the village tailoress, carrying her needle, her industry, and the current news of the vicinage from house to house.

"Law me!" responded Mrs. Warner. "I'm sure Mr. Barzillai Parker is a real good man, even if he is a Hopkinsian minister. He has been thought good enough to preach a scriptural sermon in our pulpit after Mr. Ellis passed away, dear man! and we had n't got down to regular candidating. I don't know anything about Thankful, but I guess she is good enough for a minister's wife, seeing that she is a minister's daughter."

"Beware of ministers' sons and deacons' daughters," interpolated Dorcas Ann.

"Lands sakes alive! Dorcasan, that old saw does n't say anything about ministers' daughters. What are you a-thinking off? Darkness and light! Why, Dorcasan Webber, I'm real ashamed of you!"

Dorcas Ann grimly stitched in silence, revolving in her mind the possible instances of trouble coming to families and parishes in consequence of the ill-assorted marriages of pastor and parishioners. She could not recall such an untoward incident as the unequal yoking of a Supralapsarian with any other of alien faith; and she wisely but with difficulty held her peace.

Mrs. Warner, pursuing her advantage, added: "I should admire to have the new minister marry a Fairport girl in his own denomination; but there's no more harm in his marrying a Hopkinsian than there would be in his taking to wife a Methodist or even a Come-outer."

Barnabas Higgins, passing the open window of the living-room, in which this conversation was going on, caught the closing words of the housewife's remark, and, as he delivered a string of fish to the small girl who did duty as Mrs. Warner's "help,"

he saturninely smiled, and said: "Them 's Supralapsarian tomcods for Miss Dorcasan's dinner. Nothin' Hopkinsian about them."

The small housemaid speechlessly looked after Barnabas as his figure turned the corner of the house, lost in admiration of his easy mastery of the long titles which she was wont to hear clipped to irreverent "Supes" and "Hops." Barnabas was a steady Supralapsarian, and he believed in giving to each sect the full value of its full name.

"I heern you was up here, Miss Webber," he said, pausing before the open window as he went down the yard, "and knowin' how fond you was of tomcods, I took the liberty of bringin' up a mess to Mis' Warner; caught 'em myself not more than an hour ago. The new minister 's engaged to the Penobscot Hopkinsian parson's darter, I 've heern tell. Bad news for the Fairport gals that were 'lottin' on catchin' him. But, Dorcasan, you 'n' I don't care."

Dorcas Ann, surprised by the suddenness of Barnabas's appearance and departure, was unready with her reply; but, looking over her spectacles at the tall hollyhocks that screened the retreating fisherman, she severely said: "What business is it of his, the confirmed old bach, whether the new minister is married or single, I should like to know! He might have had the manners to bring those fish up to you without lugging in my name. But there! Barnabas Higgins has no manners, and never had. His talking so free about the minister's marrying! The idea!"

A faint tinge of color stole over the spinner's faded cheek as she spoke. Mrs. Warner looked up and smiled benignantly. All Fairport knew that Barnabas had for years past laid at the feet of Dorcas Ann the offerings of his despised devotion. Dorcas Ann's heart still remained unmelted, and she now resented his meddling with the sacred and delicate subject of the minister's matrimonial prospects and plans.

Something like this discussion was the burden of household talk all over Fairport on that day. Elihu Wardwell, journeying to the port from Penobscot with a load of farm produce for shipment on the Portland steamer, had brought the news of the minister's engagement. Elihu was a pillar of the Hopkinsian church in Penobscot; moreover, he was a man of few and weighty words, and nobody doubted the accuracy of his report. Penobscot was only ten miles away. Local intelligence was exchanged between the two towns without serious distortion.

Thankful Parker loved Philo Mann. Besides this, in her heart of hearts, she was a Supralapsarian. Even now, though many years have passed since these things happened, I write this charge of domestic heresy with some misgiving. It seems so incredible.

Thankful's natural disposition, manifested in her girlhood in a gentle but firm inclination to do the things not expected of her, and to refuse the doing of things expected of her, had ripened in her maidenhood into what her father silently regarded as an habitual attitude of demur. She was gentle, lovable, mild; but her constitutional tendency, it appeared, was in the direction of opposition. "Mighty independent and contrary," the neighbors said she was. Her father, while he respected, even admired, her conscientiousness, deplored her disposition to differ with the majority. Contrariness certainly was the lovely Thankful's strongest trait of character. And that was the reason why, in a Hopkinsian atmosphere, she was a firm Supralapsarian. Early in their courtship Philo had made this discovery.

I am not certain that Thankful was cognizant of the subtle change that went on in her heart and mind when she passed from Hopkinsianism to Supralapsarianism. Her instinctive objection to the creed in which she had been nurtured, rather than an attraction to the faith of the Supralapsarians, had effected this transformation. Her habit of opposition had unconsciously carried her into the other camp.

The ministrations of the new pastor were greatly liked by the Supralapsarians of Fairport, and the fact that his congregations were considerably larger than had been those of his predecessor, the Rev. Peletiah Ellis, apparently left nothing to be desired excepting, possibly, the denominational standing of his wife. She so distinguished herself in the parish by her bright and helpful spirit, her kindly appreciation of the moral and social condition of every man, woman, and child in the village, and by her sweet, sympathetic disposition, that she completely won the affections of everybody. Everybody was ready to indorse the dictum of Barnabas Higgins, who often declared, with emphasis, that she was "a rare, good woman."

As a minister's helpmate she was perfect. Censorious housekeepers, who distrusted on general principles every young wife, and who called at the parsonage at hours untimely for any but a visit of inspection, found nothing to criticize in the neatness and perfect order of the pastor's modest establishment.

Even the notable Mrs. Coombs, whose fame as a housewife had spread throughout the region round about Fairport and Penobscot, made no better bread, cake, and pies than the minister's wife. Thankful's lucent preserves were the admiration of the Hancock County fair, and a fond following of young women proclaimed abroad with fervor that the minister's wife "made her own dresses and trimmed her own bonnets." And mightily did Thankful's gowns and hats become her.

More important than all this, in the church, the Sunday-school, the sewing-circle, and all the other branches of religious and social activity, Thankful was the informing, vivifying, and sustaining spirit. The elderly women of the parish, who had always led in affairs, continued to lead; the young wife of the pastor revered their experience and deferred to their judgment. They were subtly flattered by her deference, while they accepted her suggestions and were guided by her diffident counselings.

Great was the rejoicing, therefore, when it was given out, after the Rev. Philo's first winter had been succeeded by another summer, that his wife had decided to enter the Supralapsarian fold. It was instinctively felt that Thankful, who was so sincere, so frank, and so severe with herself, would not have made up her mind to this important step from other than conscientious motives.

"She has come to see the error of her ways," commented Dorcas Ann Webber, with a slight tinge of her habitual grimness. "Not that she ever could have felt herself in the wrong in the leastest mite; but she has come to a realizing sense of the errors of the Hopkinsians and their articles of faith. She's too good a woman not to be a Supralapsarian." And Dorcas Ann breathed a sigh of self-gratulation and content. She believed there might be good women and men outside the pale of Supralapsarianism, but all the best were within that inclosure.

"We are greatly favored," said the comfortable Mrs. Coombs, unmindful of the successful rivalry of Mrs. Mann as a maker of household confections. "The minister's wife always was an angel; and now that she is really and truly one of us and one with us, I'm only afraid that something may happen to take her from us. She's too good to live."

But the possibility of loss appeared in a direction different from that indicated to the good woman's pessimism. As the summer waned, the Rev. Philo gently complained of a disorder that seemed to bewhat was known as "minister's sore throat." This untoward

incident(although it was only to his wife that the pastor confided the fear that he might have to give up preaching) cast a fleeting shadow over the parish. The Rev. Peletiah Ellis, it was recalled, "had gone that way," and the wise women of Fairport, who, without distinction of creed, urged upon the minister and his wife their simples, their compounds, and their sovereign remedies for affections of the throat and lungs, accompanied their offerings with secret prayers and tears that the danger might be averted.

"The minister ought to favor himself more," urged Barnabas Higgins, who, as a bachelor without responsibilities, led an easy life, fishing when he felt like it, and idling by the sunny shore when he felt like that. "The parson works too hard," he added. "He ought to hev a bar'l of sermons by this time. S'posen' he gives us one from the bottom of the bar'l now and ag'in? Nobody 'd know the difference, 'ceptin' it might be Dorcasan Webber. I do believe she's got 'em all labeled and dated in her mind. She's a master hand to remember things."

"What if we did remember that they was old ones?" replied his mate, "Cap'n" Rufe Grindle, one of those stranded hulks that may be met with anywhere along the coasts of Maine. "What if they did know they was old ones? I'd rather hev one of Parson Mann's old sarmons twice over than the best new one that Parson Ellis ever preached." The sea-worn sailor looked fearfully about him, as if alarmed lest some chance wayfarer should overhear this irreverent and possibly wicked reflection upon the preaching of the sainted Peletiah Ellis. He went boldly on: "Why, when I came home on my last v'y'ge on the *Callista Maria*, I heerd Parson Ellis preach a sarmon on the pre-severance of the saints that I heerd him preach the very Sunday afore I sailed. You ricollect, Barney, it was that v'y'ge I took to Surinam with a cargo of shooks from Bangor, bringin' home a cargo of merlasses. Same sarmon, sure. 'N' s' far I know, 't war n't wuth repeatin', nuther."

"If you will persist in preaching twice every Sunday, Mr. Mann," sharply said Dr. Stevens, the village physician, "you will have only yourself to blame for a bad attack of bronchitis that will put you permanently on the shelf. Why can't your people be satisfied with one sermon each Sunday? That is all we Unitarians get; and some of us think that is one too many." The doctor knitted his white eyebrows and affected a grimness intended to disguise his pleasantry.

"My parishioners have for years been accustomed to two sermons on Sunday," responded the preacher, "and I should be loath to introduce the daring innovation of one sermon, even though the exertion of delivering two sermons every Sabbath should bring on the bronchial affection which you dread for me." And he coughed slightly by way of emphasizing his remark.

The doctor scanned with satisfaction Thankful's comely face and figure, and a happy thought flashed in his brain.

"Why not have Mrs. Mann read one of your sermons for you occasionally, parson? It is not the preparation of the sermon, but its delivery, that is dragging you down. Your wife is such a helpmate that if you were to write and she were to read one of your sermons,—in the evening, say,—and you preach only in the morning, it would be a fair division of labor. If the parish did n't like it—well, they'd be very unreasonable."

"I have thought of offering to do that very thing," cried Thankful, with flushing cheeks and kindling eyes, "and I am glad you have suggested it, doctor, rather than I. I'm sure I should not be in the least afraid of that dear congregation; but I was just a little alarmed lest, if such a suggestion came from me, my husband would take fright and tell me not to mention it to anybody else. You are his friend as well as his medical adviser." And Thankful looked gratefully at the doctor and adoringly at Philo.

The minister made some objection to the novel proposition put forth by Dr. Stevens and so cordially adopted by Thankful; but, later, looking into her deep brown eyes with unutterable affection, and pressing the little hand that nestled in his own, he said: "Suppose we do try it, dearest? I will first talk the matter over with the deacons, and if they fully approve, I will write for you the best sermon on self-denial that I know how to construct. It will cost you something to take this novel step. I don't know how you will endure the mental and nervous strain, my darling girl. It is a strain, even to a man who has been schooled to the sacred task."

"For you and the blessed cause, my dearest," she said, "I am able to stand any strain." Philo regarded her with affection.

There was much grave discussion among the elders when it was proposed that Mrs. Mann should relieve her husband on Sundays by reading for him his evening sermon. He would conduct the service, leaving for her the labor, too severe for him, of reading

the sermon, usually some thirty or forty minutes long. Of course he would occupy the pulpit alone in the morning. He could not rely on casual visitors to come to his aid: the Supralapsarian denomination is not strong in that part of New England.

The scheme was received with enthusiastic favor by the young folks. It was the consideration of novelty that gave pause to the elders. Although the Supralapsarians are a progressive body, at that remote period they were so wholly unaccustomed to the sight of a woman in the pulpit or on the platform that they hesitated to sanction a proposition so startling, so original. The worthy Deacon Atherton, who was constitutionally opposed to everything new, shook his wise old head, and demurred.

"I never thought to live to see petticoats in the pulpit," he said mournfully. "But new times, new manners, I s'pose."

If Mrs. Thankful Mann had not been so well poised, so discreet and wise, her substitution for the pastor, even as a temporary makeshift, would not have been permitted. But the loyal heart of the Supralapsarian congregation was with her, and, after due discussion, public and private, it was solemnly voted that the pastor should have the slight relief he craved. Eventually, even those to whom the original suggestion had come with the shock of unexpectedness were surprised to find their objections melting away when their minds had endured without disaster the notion of a woman's occupation of a pulpit.

A soft September atmosphere, aromatic with odors liberated by the sun from fields, woods, and pastures, filled the Supralapsarian meeting-house on the morning when the Rev. Philo Mann was to give public notice of the new order of things. True, the important event in the change authorized by the parish was not to take place until evening; but there was so much eager and affectionate interest in the new departure from ancient ways that something like a suppressed excitement, decorous and well-nigh imperceptible, pervaded the meeting-house on the morning of that momentous Sabbath day. The congregation was larger than usual. The habitual frequenters of the sacred edifice were accustomed to see the pews comfortably filled with throngs attracted by the pleasing manners and simple eloquence of their pastor. To-day these were reinforced by the casual church-goers, whom Deacon Atherton cynically called "loose fish."

Dorcas Ann Webber, whose attention was equally divided between Mrs. Coombs's new fall bonnet and the pastor's unusually solemn appearance in the pulpit, was aware of a little thrill of expectation when she scanned the pale face of the minister, or the comfortable figure of Mrs. Thankful, who sat in the minister's pew. Dorcas Ann anticipated, with a certain sedate curiosity, the exercises of the evening; and as she regarded with critical judgment the crimson ribbons and purple blooms on Mrs. Coombs's bonnet, she once more wondered what Mrs. Thankful would wear in the sacred desk that evening. It had been whispered about the village that the new sermon-reader would appear hatless on that occasion. It was even said that she would wear her best gray pongee silk trimmed with garnet velvet, with lace in the neck and sleeves, and without other covering on head or shoulders.

Mrs. Coombs had heard of unfriendly comment by Deacon Atherton. Mrs. Atherton's hired girl had promptly carried it to her intimate friend, who ministered in the kitchen of the Coombs family; and the rest was easy. So now, as that mother in Israel sat in her pew, serene and content in the consciousness of a new crimson-and-purple bonnet and last year's silk pelisse turned, dyed, and made to look as good as new, she beamed with maternal approval on the comely and modest attire of the minister's wife.

"I suppose Deacon Atherton is about half-way right; he usually is," she mused as she munched a sprig of caraway. "But he is n't more than half-way right, and if it was n't Sunday I'd bet a cooky that even Deacon Atherton will be satisfied with what she does, no matter what it is."

Shocked at the vagrant thought of betting cookies which had flitted through her mind on the Lord's day, Mrs. Coombs turned for support to her well-worn book of prayer, fervently hoping that nobody in the congregation could possibly suspect what unseemly levity was concealed under her Sabbath finery.

Captain Grindle crushed in his ample hand a spray of southernwood, ravished in passing by Dorcas Ann's garden, to keep him awake during the "long prayer," always a snare to his heavy head, although he was ready to "vum" that nobody could sleep under one of Parson Mann's sermons. As the captain took a premonitory sniff at the bitter aroma of the herb, his eyes roved from the parson's pale and delicate face to the well-rounded

and peachy cheeks of Mrs. Thankful with an interest that was not altogether subdued to the sanctity of the day and the place.

"She's a helpmeet fit for seraphim and cherubim, I vum and declare," he meditated. Then dimly wondering whether seraphs and cherubs have need of helpmates, the worthy son of the sea partook freely of his sprig of southernwood and braced himself for the long prayer. The service had begun.

Nothing could have been better said than what was said by Mr. Mann when he briefly explained—what the people already knew—that, after much anxious and prayerful deliberation, it had been decided that the pastor should have as much relief as would come to him from having his evening sermon read by another. Mrs. Mann would do this work for him. There was a slight note of pathos in his voice.

A gracious drop of crystal coursed down the plump cheek of Mrs. Coombs and fell upon the renovated blue-black silk of her pelisse as the minister finished his remarks and began to read the hymn. Dorcas Ann Webber was aware that something in her eyes dimmed the luster of little Joe Warner's auburn head and the glories of Mrs. Coombs's new bonnet, both of which objects were in the range of her vision as she dropped her gaze from the pulpit and nervously felt about her for her hymn-book.

"She can wear in the pulpit whatever she pleases," thought the grim deacon to himself, as he looked from the pale minister to the minister's wife. "She'll do what's right, I'm sure. And she can wear what she pleases," he repeated with emphasis. A faint echo of his unregenerate youth almost said, "what she darn pleases," but from this profane suggestion the good man shrank with a shiver.

When the mild September day had given place to the cool and clear September evening, and "airly candle-light" had come, the Supralapsarian church was crowded to its utmost limits with those who were the regular attendants on the ministrations of the Rev. Philo J. Mann, as well as with men, women, and maids from all the other parishes of the village of Fairport. Mrs. Thankful was clad in a plain black silk gown, with a demure but delightfully becoming bonnet closely fitting her head, and a bright bit of goldenrod gleamed at her girdle. The spray of yellow efflorescence was felt to be another innovation. But all this was forgotten before the sermon was over.

The Rev. Philo Mann had kept his promise. His sermon for the evening was founded on the text, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." In the solemn hush that followed Mrs. Thankful's reading of these words, the congregation scanned the graceful figure, heavenly face, and becoming attire of the reader. Some of the least reconciled conservatives wondered if the novelty of the sight in the sacred desk, the womanly pleading of the reader, and the relegation of the pastor to the farther end of the haircloth-covered sofa behind her, would not so distract attention from the truth that few of the congregation would hold on to the hearing ear and applying conscience for which a sermon on self-denial was clearly intended. Attention was concentrated and fixed upon the preacher. She preached as if the words were all her own. Some of the thoughts were her own, as the sermon-writer well knew; and as she read on, her voice gained in clearness and fullness, all trace of embarrassment was gone, a celestial light illumined her countenance as she pleaded for that self-denial which sacrifices ease and even comfort for the good of humanity, makes life worth living, and is a perpetual benediction.

As she repeated the loving sentences that were enriched by her own gracious tenderness in voice and tone, more than one hard-featured listener looked up and recalled the words of the historian—"like it had been the face of an angel." The intent congregation no longer noted her dress, or even her manner; they heard the voice of the prophet, teacher, and shepherd calling them to richer fields and more alluring paths than any they had known. Vanished were the humble and familiar walls of their meeting-house; fled was the congregation; each rapt soul beheld green meadows flooded with heavenly light, and each drifted on amid angelic harmonies to take "the exceeding great reward of him who is faithful unto death—the crown of life."

With these words Thankful ended her reading, and as she sank back to her place upon the sofa, giving way to the Rev. Philo, who now took up the closing exercises, she was aware of a sudden, almost shocking, return to herself. She had been carried away by a great wave of feeling. She had been uplifted with the silent flock whose faces glowed with pious joy while she had talked with them in Philo's benignant and inspiring words. Now, as she heard his voice breaking into the pause that had followed her reading of the sermon, a deep revulsion

swept through her being. Through the tears that trembled on her eyelids she saw Dorcas Ann Webber furtively drying the corners of her eyes on her white lace mitts. The great-hearted spinster, catching the eye of Thankful there in the pulpit, touched with her lips the bunch of caraway in her hand, and boldly waved it before her face, a spicy tribute of affection and applause for the encouragement of the much-loved woman who was shrinking within herself where she sat. Dorcas Ann could not wait for the meeting to be dismissed before she offered her distant but sincere verdict of approval.

An unaccustomed rustling of Sunday attire, an unconscious relaxing of Sunday primness, a loosing of half-suspended breathing, had gently broken the stillness of the assembly when Thankful closed the Book, shutting the minister's manuscript within its massy lids. These subtle sounds died away, and, the service ended, Philo turned to his wife, standing behind him while he pronounced the benediction. He looked lovingly on her face, pale with spent emotion.

"Well, darling," was all he said.

"Wait till we get home," was all she replied.

They eluded as well as they could the cordial greetings of the people who flocked about them as they descended the pulpit stairs; but Dorcas Ann was not to be denied the strenuous hug which she bestowed on Thankful as she whispered in her ear, "It was beautiful, beautiful, heavenly!"

The minister and his wife, without seeming to be indifferent to the congratulations that were given heartily but with grave enthusiasm, sought rest and seclusion in their parsonage. The mild rays of the September moon transfigured the vine-covered, homelike mansion into a palace as they went up the walk. Thankful dimly wondered why she had never before noticed its dignified countenance, looking down across the common toward the shining harbor. Everything about the pastorate had taken on a new and lustrous aspect.

"My darling, it was nobly and beautifully done," he said as he took her in his arms. They were standing in the dim radiance of their own home.

"It was a noble and beautiful sermon," she said, clinging to him. "He must be a dull creature whose heart could not respond to such an appeal to all that is good in us. And, oh, I am so tired!"

"The nervous strain has been trying for you; no wonder you are tired. Let us

have some supper," replied the practical Philo.

And while they refreshed themselves, the dissolving congregation lingered in detached groups, talking over the events of the evening and their probable effect upon the future of their parish. It was agreed that Thankful's experiment had succeeded beyond everybody's expectations. Her part in the Sabbath-evening service was fixed beyond objection by the voice of all who had heard her read the minister's sermon.

Although the parish soon became so used to Thankful's preaching the evening sermon that the novelty of the thing wore off, it was remarked that the evening congregations continued to be larger than those of the morning. This had not been the rule while the Rev. Philo occupied the pulpit alone. The "old stand-bys," as they were called, went to church twice every Sunday as a matter of conscientious duty. The more frivolous usually had other engagements for Sunday evening. All this was now reversed. It was clear that Mrs. Thankful's ministrations of the means of grace were highly acceptable and attractive.

The minister's health grew less firm. It was with difficulty that he discharged that part of the preacher's duty which he had retained for himself. His bronchial apparatus, indeed, was in an alarming condition, in spite of the scientific treatment of Dr. Stevens and the less "regular" applications and panaceas of the good wives of the village. The doctor alarmed the parsonage household by advising Philo to quit all preaching for a while, and the news that he had given this counsel so moved the village that it was now suggested that the pastor's duties be still further lightened.

"Mis' Elnathan Coombs says the parson might as well give up all the evenin' sarvice 'ceptin' the benediction," said Captain Grindle. "Nobody but a reg'lar ordained minister can give out the benediction, you know. But it would be a mighty big lift for the parson if his wife could do for him all but that."

Barnabas Higgins was laboriously digging a path through the snow-drifts that had accumulated in his dooryard during the previous night. Captain Grindle leaned on the gate, secretly criticizing the movements of his ancient chum.

"That 'ere snow-shovel is too big for you, Barney," he commented. "You are growin' old and shaky—not what you useter be."

Barnabas painfully straightened his back as he rose from his stooping. "I'm a sight

spryer than you be, Rufus Grindle," replied Barnabas, with a slight tinge of asperity in his tone. "And ez for me, I should admire to have the parson's wife kerry on the hull sarvice from A to Izzard. She kin read like an angel; we all know that. Do you s'pose she kin make a good prayer in public?"

"Wal, Barney, I don't s'pose any woman kin be so gifted in pra'r as Parson Mann is; it would n't be nateral. But Mis' Thankful is so all-fired smart, so reel capable, that ez for me, 's fer ez I'm consarned, I'd be perfectly willin' to hev her heave ahead and go on with the hull business of the pulpit."

"If she's willin' to undertake it, she'll be capable to do it," said Barnabas, with philosophic confidence. "She won't go to tryin' no new experiments on us."

As he spoke, Miss Dorcas Ann Webber's tall figure hove in sight. She was sturdily wallowing through the snow-drifts, bound on an errand of mercy to one of the fishermen's cottages that skirted the edge of Oakum Bay. In answer to "Where bound, Miss Webber?" from Barnabas, she replied:

"Parson Mann says that Dr. Stevens says that Julia Maria Murch can't last through the day. The minister's been with her, off and on, with the doctor, all night. I'm just a-goin' to spell them now, if I'm wanted. 'T is n't right for Mr. Mann to be sittin' up with sick folks these cold nights, and he no better than a sick man himself."

"He's got a dret'ful hackin' cough on him, Dorcasan," said the captain, sympathetically. "What do you think of Mis' Coombs's notion that his wife should spell him with the hull evenin' sarvice, pra'r, hymns, and all?"

"Well, I dunno," replied Dorcas Ann, dubiously. "S'posen' she was to break down? She is n't made of cast-iron, even if she is so well built and solid-lookin'. Where would we be then, with a sick minister and a sick minister's wife to take care of?"

"The Lord will provide," remarked Barnabas, leaning heavily on his snow-shovel and regarding Dorcas Ann with solemn visage. "You'll ketch your death a-cold, Miss Webber, standin' there in the snow. Let me shovel off a place for you to step on to."

"Lands sakes alive! Anybody would suppose I was as feeble as the poor dear minister, the way you talk. But don't you fret; I'm going right along about my business and look after Julia Maria instead of standing here and gossiping with you two men." And the good woman strode off on her mission.

"A master hand she is in case of sickness," said Captain Grindle, looking admiringly after Dorcas Ann as she swiftly moved across the glittering snow. "And the idee of the parson's wastin' his strength on Julia Mariar Murch, and the hull parish hev to suffer for his squanderin' himself that way—it's ridic'ulous."

"The minister's a good deal like Dorcasan," replied Barnabas. "Both on 'em are given to visitin' the sick and the afflicted. I s'pose Dorcasan would jest keep a-goin' to such shif'less houses as Julia Mariar's, even if she wuz on her last legs; she's that contrary."

Captain Grindle, who, in deference to the gentler sex, had raised himself from his lounging attitude while Dorcas Ann was present, now folded his arms comfortably on the pickets of the fence and watched Barnabas as that ancient mariner cut the wind-packed snow into blocks and lifted them from his door-path. As silently Barnabas went on with his work, each man was busy with his thoughts.

"Dorcasan would make any man a fustrate helpmeet," said Barnabas, breathlessly tugging with a huge cube of snow.

Captain Grindle grinned as he regarded Barnabas's averted face. The captain had been considering the plight of the parish without its pulpit regularly supplied by a settled minister. The thoughts of Barnabas were evidently running in another direction.

"Better pop the question at once," cackled the captain. "You're gittin' old; so's she."

"Old? Nonsense!" replied Mr. Higgins, with sudden heat. "She has n't got a gray hair in her head!"

"And you're all gray," replied the captain, with a laugh which Barnabas thought unpleasant. "There she is now, goin' up Dyer's Lane; did n't stay long. I must overhaul her and find out how Julia Mariar is gittin' on."

"Better pop yourself," shouted Barnabas to his crony, who was hurrying after the spinster. "Better pop yourself, 'n' git the sack, ez I know you will."

The captain pursued his way, grinning, but not retorting. The old sailorman was a widower of many years' standing. Barnabas, being an old bachelor, was fair game for the rough jokers of the village.

"Julia Mariar's mother has come to take care of her, and the minister's wife is going to take charge of the whole service next Sunday night," said Dorcas Ann, when the

captain had overtaken her. "Dr. Stevens told me so. He has urged it on Mr. Mann; and there's not likely to be any objection. Things will go right on without any vote of the parish."

The news spread through the village, and when, at the close of the week, Thankful said a few words and offered a tender prayer at the funeral of the poor and discouraged Julia Maria, everybody who heard her approved the proposed enlargement of her pastoral duties.

Thus almost imperceptibly had Thankful passed from a mere reader of another's sermons to a post something like that of assistant pastor. Verily, as Deacon Atherton remarked, she was proving herself a thoroughly competent helpmate. As Philo's health became more infirm, and his appearance in the pulpit was more and more a tax upon his waning energies, Thankful's vitality and spirit rose to the occasion. She enjoyed the work. She had gradually taken upon herself much of the parochial visiting; and now that she could bear some further share of her beloved husband's burdens, she told him that she was "Thankful indeed."

Only one thing troubled her. Occasional statements of Supralapsarian doctrine struck her in the reading of the minister's sermons as being inconsistent with his and her own belief. She sometimes ventured to remonstrate with him as they went lovingly hand in hand over the discourse which she was to deliver to his flock. But he usually silenced her scruples, if he did not always convince her judgment, by an appeal to the Supralapsarian articles of faith. He was strictly orthodox.

"Perhaps I am not so well rooted and grounded in the true faith as I shall be after a while," she would say meekly, when the discussion had ended, as it always did, with her own discomfiture in the wordy debate. But when she came to the objectionable passage in her delivery of the sermon, she hurried over it in such a way as to bewilder her hearers—all except Philo, who sat near her in the pulpit, secretly tickled by what the Rev. Barzillai Parker had called her "habitual attitude of demur." If any one in the congregation noticed this frequent blurring of the more rigid tenets of Supralapsarianism, they gave cheerful assent to all that Thankful said and did. If the theory and practice of hypnotism had then been invented, we might think that Thankful had hypnotized the parish. Indeed, the grim senior deacon, once in a while wrenching

himself from his comfortable attitude of assent, pricked up his ears and complained to his wife that the minister was growing loose in his orthodoxy. But such mental struggles grew less frequent, and nobody dreamed that Mrs. Thankful, unconsciously to herself, was softening the harsher articles of Supralapsarian belief, mollifying her husband as well as her husband's expressions.

The general feeling of the parish would be best expressed in the sententious remark of Captain Grindle when he heard of the uneasiness of Deacon Atherton: "She's too good and too smart to lose her reckoning now," a nautical figure of speech, which Barnabas Higgins thus put into words:

"She's ez good a sky-pilot ez I shel ever want."

In this condition of things, with the parish following Thankful into the pleasant pastures and green fields of the Word, and the Rev. Philo receding more and more into the background, the good man was suddenly laid low by an acute attack of disease—disabled and silenced. Thankful, sorrowful and lamenting, yet cheerful in her discharge of duty to husband and parish, was now forced to take sole charge of all the Sabbath services. Deacon Atherton promised to see that some one of the laymen should assume the conducting of the mid-week prayer-meeting, and it was agreed that the congregation, in default of the customary apostolic benediction, should be dismissed with the singing of the long-meter doxology.

The Rev. Philo, good man! accepted this trying situation with the Christian patience with which he had borne all his previous crosses. His illness was not so severe as to prevent him from dictating his sermons; and as he and Thankful planned, sketched, filled out, and discussed each written discourse, they really enjoyed themselves very much. Seated in his easy-chair, with his eyes intent upon the golden-brown head of Thankful and her deftly moving fingers, and occasionally consulting a slip of paper on which he had scribbled a few notes, he dictated a short sentence. Thankful criticized. They weighed words and phrases, Thankful diffidently making suggestions; and when they had finished the elaborate production, she went carefully over it, leaving the work more homogeneous, and so polishing the seams that the joinings of thought should not be too obvious to a critical hearer. Then she read aloud the completed collaboration, which thus received the approval of the weary minister and was ready for delivery to

the people. If any change was thereafter made in the sermon, it was when Thankful (almost unwittingly to herself) may have substituted a spoken for a written word. Her mental tendencies were all in the direction of influences that give warmth and color. A rigid adherent to the truth as she understood it, she was, nevertheless, disposed to clothe that truth in the most alluring garb whenever she thought to make it appear more gracious and acceptable.

Very naturally Thankful, the minister's amanuensis and his messenger to the people, gave something of her own coloring to the message that she bore. She threw her soul into her work, and, whether she wrote or spoke, her deliverance throbbed with vitality; she glowed with holy zeal; her spirit expanded with a power and fervor that thrilled her with a divine afflatus. Her personality so impressed itself upon her hearers that they were borne along upon the current of her own enthusiasm and rapture. Sometimes, the sermon ended, the prayer said, and the singing of the choir giving her pause for a moment, her mind, released from its tension, flew back upon herself to the hard facts of her position. She wondered then how much of the evident effect of her discourse was hers and how much was Philo's. At such moments, with her own share in the sermon and its delivery yet fresh in her mind, she recalled with misgiving that the intonations of her voice, the slight shifting of emphasis from one word to another, and even the infrequent gestures that she had employed, might have so changed Philo's thought that his message to his people had been made totally unlike what he had intended it to be. Thereat she was filled with grievous compunctions. But when she confided her troubles to Philo, with many self-reproaches, he chided her fears away. He was certain that whatever she said or did was absolutely right.

Of course it follows that when the minister's state of health so crippled him that even the preparation of sermons became an impossible task, it was Thankful who took upon her shoulders still further responsibilities. She now saw that, in order to save him from utter prostration, she must undertake all his work. They agreed that none but themselves need know that the discourses prepared for delivery in the Supralapsarian meeting-house were virtually all her own. And as she read them over to him with scrupulous care and exactness, imploring his criticism and accepting his few suggestions,

they both felt assured that the sermons were really just as much the product of his brain as any of their predecessors had been.

A few uneasy spirits were disposed to murmur at the pastor's long relegation to desuetude. They asked why he should hold his sacred office only in name while his helpmate performed all its duties and labors; and when the winter had worn on toward spring, and the wife still remained the beloved and highly acceptable substitute for the minister, new significance was given to these whispered complaints by the formal ordination of Mrs. Thankful by a grave and reverend council of the Supralapsarian clergy of eastern Maine. There had been some regretted omissions in Thankful's ministrations—omissions that were inevitable because she was merely a lay reader, not an ordained minister. As Philo's health did not improve, it was felt that it would be unprofitable and inexpedient for the parish to be deprived any longer of the sacred offices which required only this chrisom, this laying on of hands, to invest his substitute with the right and power to discharge.

So when it was seen that the minister's wife was in all respects quite as efficient, zealous, and acceptable as the minister had been, and that she was now competent to exercise all the functions of a regularly ordained pastor, it was not surprising that some of the parishioners were disposed to grumble because she still remained a substitute.

"Not that I would say a single word against the poor, dear man's willingness and zealotness," said Dorcas Ann Webber, as she sat and stitched and talked in Mrs. Warner's living-room. "Oh, dear, no, indeed! The poor man is down sick, and if his wife chooses to do his work for him,—and goodness knows she's able to,—what do we care what arrangements they make between themselves about the salary?"

"Well, what are you driving at, Dorcas-an?" asked the good wife, with a puzzled look gleaming in her gold-bowed spectacles. "I thought you was argufying that Mrs. Thankful ought to have the minister's salary. I don't see what difference it makes whichever of the two gets it. It all goes into the parsonage for the benefit of the two of 'em."

Dorcas Ann's face assumed the superior look which it always wore when she was about to discharge her heaviest gun.

"Law me! Mrs. Warner," she said, after a pause to give her words due impressiveness, "I'm sure you must see that Mrs.

Thankful is really and truly our pastor; her husband is a cipher. Mind, I don't say this out of any disrespect to him, poor man! He's having an afflicting dispensation; but that don't change the case in the least bit. It's no matter, as you say, who gets the salary; it's little enough, anyhow. What I'm driving at is to set up the truth that Mrs. Thankful is our pastor, and nobody else is. Only she's never been installed."

Dorcas Ann said these last six words with great emphasis.

"Why, Dorcas-an Webber! You don't mean to tell me that you favor having the sick minister dismissed and his wife installed in his place?"

Dorcas Ann bent her head to bite off her thread, and said, in the folds of little Joe Warner's growing trousers, "That's just what I do mean."

"Lands sakes alive!" This was all that the astonished housewife was capable of saying; and when Dorcas Ann had explained that an invalidated pastor might be ranked as "emeritus," or "superannuated," or otherwise exempted from active service, and an assistant could be employed, Mrs. Warner's admiring surprise was great. She saw a new light upon the vexed problem of the minister's relations to the parish.

"Mrs. Thankful should be installed as well as ordained," argued Dorcas Ann. "I don't care what you choose to call her position. The minister could stay as 'emeritus,' if he likes; but I should be in favor of his resigning and retiring until he gets well—or something else happens to him."

"Seems to me you talk dre'tful heartless, Dorcas-an. Why, you fairly make my flesh creep. What's got into you, I should like to know?" asked the good wife, almost querulously.

"I want Mrs. Thankful to have her rights," replied the resolute spinster. "She's the minister, and she's the pastor, and everybody knows it. Why should n't she be so in name as well as in deed? That's what I want to know. I would n't have any injustice done to Mr. Mann, not for no money, but I do want to have justice done to his helpmeet, our dear Mrs. Thankful."

"Mebbe she would n't hear to any such change," muttered Mrs. Warner. Then she went on with her sewing, pondering all these things in her heart.

Dorcas Ann, in her industrial mission from house to house in the Supralapsarian parish, sowed more of the seed which she had casually dropped in the Warner house-

hold. Mrs. Elnathan Coombs told her that she had thought of the very same thing, but when she had hinted it to Elnathan, he, with every appearance of alarm, had told her not to think of it, much less mention it. Elnathan was so old-fashioned in his notions!

But the idea, once set forth, was propagated and spread abroad. It grew familiar to the minds of many people in the parish; and Deacon Atherton, who was reputed to be "close in money matters," while he did not commit himself to any part of the proposition, said that a woman minister could not expect to receive the same salary that was paid to a man occupying the same station. Something might in that way be saved to the parish.

"That's the way the pesky men always talk about a woman's wages," said Dorcas Ann, with righteous wrath, when the deacon's remark was carried to her ears. "If a woman can make a pair of trousers, or teach a school, or hoe a field of corn just as well as a man can, why should n't she be paid the same wages as a man would be paid for doing the same thing? Save on the minister's salary by hiring a female preacher! The idea! Great Scott!" Here Dorcas Ann, warned that her feelings were carrying her into the borders of profanity, stopped with a shudder. She could say no more.

In justice to the kindly though frugal Supralapsarian parish of Fairport, I must add that the deacon's economical notion did not meet with popular approval. But the discussion of the case in all its aspects, temporal and spiritual, went on without abatement. If the minister was likely to be a confirmed invalid, why should not somebody take his place? And if somebody, why not his wife, formally and fully?

Neither Thankful nor Philo had the least inkling of the talk that was simmering in the parish. In happy ignorance of this debate, Thankful went on planning and preaching, growing daily dearer and more dear to the hearts of the parishioners; and Philo endured with patience the painless languor of invalidism, serenely confident in the blessedness of Thankful's mission.

Months wore on while the project, so discreetly yet boldly formulated by Dorcas Ann, took solidity and shape in the minds of men and women of the Supralapsarian parish. The more the matter was talked over, the more feasible and reasonable it appeared.

In the midst of this discussion the Rev. Philo J. Mann surprised everybody by getting well.

The minister's wife was profoundly grateful for his recovery. Words cannot describe the elation with which she resumed her place in the pastor's pew and listened to the gracious truths that fell from the lips of the beloved Philo. Much as she herself had enjoyed preaching, far greater was the enjoyment with which she adoringly listened to the dear voice in which were now sounded from the pulpit the ennobling thoughts of the pastor. If there was mingled with her rapture a subflavor of discontent with the doctrinal portion of some of Philo's discourses, the detection of this was only momentary. She would have reproached herself if she had been aware of any feeling of aversion. She was grateful—grateful beyond expression—that her own dear husband was sound and well again, able to discharge all the duties of his place, competent to serve the parish, and ready to respond to every call made upon him by his parishioners. Surely this was joy enough to fill her heart; and not for a moment would she admit to herself that she might have preached a sermon better than he preached it, although she did sometimes say to herself, "When we are alone together I will tell him that the effect of that would have been better, perhaps, if he had modulated his voice a little, just a little, differently." But she never told him anything of the sort.

"It would be useless criticism now," she reflected. "If he were likely to preach that sermon over again, it might serve to tell him what I think about it." But Philo never repeated himself; he was accumulating that "bar!" of which Barnabas Higgins had expectations.

Captain Grindle, I regret to say, did not manifest the same satisfaction over the minister's resumption of his duties that had warmed the hearts of so many of his fellow-parishioners. The minister, with new vigor and fresh enthusiasm, had been preaching for several weeks when the captain astonished his old comrade with some observations that betokened a state of mental unrest.

"I'm goin' to leave this 'ere town," said he, one Monday morning. A foggy March night had been succeeded by a bright and beautiful day, with a westerly breeze dimpling the surface of the bay. But clouds suddenly rose up in the northwest, and rain began to fall on the soaked, half-frozen land. With his hands in his big pockets, and his complaining face turned to the gray sea, the captain had slouched along the beach to

where Barnabas was mending his lobster-pots; and that worthy man, surprised by so abrupt an announcement from his old chum, looked up quickly.

"Goin' to leave this 'ere town! What fer, mate?"

"The wind 's offshore 'n' it 's a-rainin'," said the captain, briefly. "Things hev come to a pretty pass when it rains with the wind to the west'ard. And here 's the parson back ag'in in his pulpit and preachin' decrees and damnation instid of the gospel. I 'm tired on 't."

"He don't preach any different from what he always did, does he?" asked Barnabas, soothingly.

"Yes, he does. I tell you, everythin' is goin' wrong, Barnabas Higgins. The minister's all wrong, and the wind and tide don't serve as they useter when you and I wuz younger than we be. There hain't been no mackerel seen in the bay yit, and here it is 'way into the last of March. I tell ye, things is out of j'int."

Barnabas laughed unctuously. The captain had often told him that he had an "oily" laugh. As he chuckled good-humoredly, he said: "This is blue Monday, cap'n. Nobody ever feels fust-rate day after Sunday. Why, my hands grow big and swelly because I don't never work Sundays, and nothin' tastes good Monday mornin'. Ye 'll feel more chipper, old man, come night. You 're off your grub, prob'ly."

"I ain't no older than you be, Barney Higgins," replied the captain, his grimness slightly relaxing. "Who are you callin' 'old man,' I 'd like to know? But that 's neither here nor there. Fact is, I 'm not so fond of the parson's preachin' as I am of Mrs. Thankful's. So there!"

The murder was out, and bluff Captain Grindle had been the first to put into the form of words what was in the minds of many of the Supralapsarian parish of the port. Undeniably the return of the Rev. Philo to his pulpit, although hailed with every demonstration of pleasure, as a matter of course (too much a matter of course, perhaps), did not give that permanent satisfaction which we had a right to expect of it. Captain Grindle had put into speech the unspoken thought; and now Barnabas, turning over a lobster-pot and narrowly inspecting its bottom slats before he spoke, mentally deprecated the bluntness of his mate's deliverance on a subject so delicate.

"I cal'late that this 'ere pot 'll hang together a spell longer," said he. "Beats all

how the tide drags 'em round. I shel hev to do a sight of mendin' this spring afore I 'm real good and ready. Heerd anybody say that they wuz out o' consate with the parson's preachin', cap?" he added cautiously.

"No; nobody has the grit to say so," rejoined the captain, sourly. "I know what they are all thinkin' of, though. You oughter seen Dorcasan sniff when the parson said what he did yistiddy about the perseverance of the saints. Did you twig that, Barney? No, of course not. You wuz sound asleep, 'n' you need n't deny it, nuther. Nobody never went to sleep under Mrs. Thankful's preachin', now did they?"

Barnabas stoutly maintained that although he may have just lost himself once or twice, he never did go to sleep in "meetin'"; he had followed the weft and warp of the sermon from beginning to ending. No, he had n't noticed Dorcasan's sniff. Ann Ophelia Stearns's big bunnit and 'Squire Hatch's white head had shut the spinster's face from his view. Dorcasan was always sniffing more or less. As for himself, he protested that he was satisfied with the minister's preaching; he had always been satisfied, and he reminded the captain of his having said "time and time ag'in that the Rev. Philo was the best sky-pilot that had ever come aboard at Fairport." Something had gone wrong with the captain's digestion. He would feel better to-morrow. Nothing had happened to change the parson. It was the captain who was changed.

"Then it 's Mrs. Thankful's preachin' that has changed me," he replied with an injured air. "I 'll own up that the parson's sarmons sound different, somehow, from what they useter before we heard Mrs. Thankful preach. He 's more thunder-like. There, now! the wind 's hauled round to the south'ard, and the rain 's held up. What sort of weather d' ye call that?" And the captain wandered away.

The worthy mariner was not the only member of the parish who "spoke out" as the weeks went by, and the minister, instead of being softened by his disciplinary illness, appeared to grow more and more thunder-like, as Captain Grindle had expressed it. Dorcas Ann, confiding her fears to Mrs. Elnathan Coombs, had referred to the Rev. Philo as "a regular Boanerges," and the comfortable Mrs. Coombs, lifting up her hands in horror at Dorcas Ann's unexpected defection, had said that, for her part, she "did n't see the least bit of change in the minister." He was, if anything, a little more

spiritual than before his sickness. It did appear as if he had profited by the dispensation that had silenced him for so many months.

The dissatisfaction grew in volume. Dorcas Ann Webber was a missionary of discontent. Circulating as she did throughout the parish, now that the spring sewing kept her busy, she "made no bones," as she herself said, of discussing among Supralapsarian families the subtle change that had come over the minister since his sickness. She steadily urged that not only were Mrs. Thankful's ministrations more acceptable to the hearers, but they were more to edification.

As we are always the last to hear what our friends and neighbors are saying about us, Philo and Thankful were the very last to learn that their relative merits as preachers of Supralapsarianism were being discussed in every household in the parish. Philo, who remembered, with secret amusement, his helpmate's recent and gradual passage from Hopkinsianism to Supralapsarianism, laughed aloud when Thankful, with many tears, told him that Dorcas Ann had brought her the astounding news that the parish, or at least many of the parishioners, felt that she was a more acceptable preacher of their faith than her husband was.

"This is dreadful, dreadful, my love," she said. "I wish I had never taken your place in the pulpit; but you know I did it only to spare you the trial and the work. Oh, dear! how can anybody be so blind, so unreasonable, as to prefer my feeble efforts to your grand sermons?" Thankful rested herself upon his knee, fondly looking into his mild blue eyes.

"It is the most natural thing in the world, my darling," he answered. "You have the gift that I have not—the gift of pinning men and women by the mere sound of your voice. You could charm the very birds to you; I would only scare them away."

"Oh, that is n't true, Philo, my dearest. You have a lovely, lovely voice. Father always said it was your chief charm of manner. You do not really think that I have been 'speaking smooth things' to your people, do you?" she added anxiously.

"Certainly not. When I was so ill that I could not read your discourses, you read them to me. Did n't I always indorse all you said—or wrote?"

"But the way I said those things you could not hear," she replied contritely. "There's such a difference made by chang-

ing the modulations of the voice. I was not conscious of varying those inflections when I came to the dear people with the message that you and I had agreed should be delivered. But I might have made very radical changes for all that. Perhaps I did." And Mrs. Thankful dolefully looked away from Philo's face. The idea that something she had said or done had made her a successful rival of her husband in the affections of his parish was something to her amazing, repulsive. She ventured to say so to Philo.

"Our parish, my love," he corrected her, with a smile. "You and I are associate pastors, you know." And he kissed her with unutterable fondness.

Deacon Atherton, who, with all his rigidity and conservatism, was an advocate of the things that make for peace, proposed a compromise. The covert discussion, after simmering beneath the surface for weeks, finally bubbled up and would no longer be disregarded. The deacons and the standing committee of the parish, steadying one another and keeping one another in countenance, officially waited on the pastor and his wife, and informed them that it was the wish of the congregation that they should return to the former order of things when Mr. Mann occupied the pulpit in the morning and Mrs. Mann took it in the evening. The proposition would have been a thunderbolt to both of them if Dorcas Ann had not prepared them when, bound in the spirit, she had gone to Thankful with her report of what the Supralapsarian parish was talking about.

It was with misgiving and tears that Thankful agreed to the plan suggested by the visiting committee and cordially indorsed by her husband. With sweet and sincere humility she deprecated the strange preference—strange it seemed to her—of the parish for her service over that of Philo's. Nevertheless, she was human. She found herself wickedly aware of a certain thrill of pleasure when she had heard that her poor efforts, that had cost her so many pains, were thought worthy to be compared with Philo's work. She had been gratified that she was considered capable of filling his place for a little while. Now she was brought face to face with the astounding proposition that she was preferred in honor over him!

It would be pleasant to record the fact that a return to the former order of things in the Supralapsarian parish completely satisfied everybody. But it did not satisfy

everybody; and if it had, we should have had no story to tell. The historic truth is that when the Rev. Philo Mann preached in the morning, the pews were well-nigh empty. Only those who went to meeting from a stern sense of duty appeared there to listen with grim unresponsiveness to the discourse. But in the evening, to his great mortification and to Thankful's real grief, the house was crowded. His congregations weekly grew smaller. Hers would have increased in numbers if there had been room for more people in the meeting-house.

Such a state of things could not long be endurable to a man of sensitive disposition; and Philo was so sensitive that he wrote his resignation as pastor of the Supralapsarian parish of Fairport, and sent it to the deacons and the standing committee. The crisis had arrived.

Mrs. Thankful did not know that Philo had handed in his resignation as pastor until he came to her and told her with a beaming smile that a parish meeting had been called to consider his letter. It must not be supposed that matters had reached this point without much parochial agitation. For a time the parish was divided into two hostile camps. The advocates of a single pastorate, with Mrs. Thankful alone in the field, far outnumbered those who insisted that Philo should be continued with his wife as his associate. The contention raged outside of the parsonage. Within that comfortable inclosure all was serene and fair. Philo and Thankful were able to look further into the future than their respective adherents could possibly see; and they were confident that all would come out right in the end. Thankful was willing to stay alone in the field, provided Philo's ultimate success and happiness might not thereby be put in jeopardy. And he was certain in his mind that that was the wisest course for both of them.

The heat of summer had driven many strangers from the cities to the cool shades of Fairport when the Rev. Philo J. Mann preached his farewell sermon. Thankful could not bear to hear that tender and touching discourse. From the open windows of the parsonage she heard with tumultuous feelings the choral singing floating from the meeting-house upon the drowsy air. She listened for the last notes of the village choir; and then she bowed her head upon the window-sill and wept while she waited through the still pause that preceded the minister's farewell to his flock.

Philo, too, was human, and deep dejection

was written upon his face, in spite of his heroic effort to appear cheerful, when, exhausted by the strain of the morning service, he came home to throw himself down to rest and to brood over this strange and baffling situation. It was then that the spirit of his true helpmate rose to the severe requirements of the crisis. She cheered his drooping heart and reminded him that the approaching separation could not be for long. She was willing to leave her post now and go with him, if he thought it best; but something would surely happen to solve the difficulty that seemed so insurmountable. He had insisted that it was her duty to remain; she complied, sorely against her will. She reminded him that in this hard case it was not possible that one who did his whole duty would be left unrewarded. All would yet be well with them.

"You are a sweet optimist," was all that he could say in reply.

Parishioners and strangers, attracted by the novelty of the situation, filled the Supralapsarian meeting-house in the morning when the Rev. Philo bade good-by to his parish. The larger congregation of the evening was slightly disappointed to find that the Rev. Thankful made no allusion whatever to the sensational circumstances under which she now began her sole pastorate. With severe yet sweet dignity she conducted the services, occasionally catching a swift glance at the face of her husband, who sat, manful and erect, in the pastoral pew. Never once did she recognize the familiar features of any one of the large audience before her. With perfect self-possession she preached to her concrete flock, beholding no individual therein, and apparently no more aware of their personal presence than she was of the soft fluttering of the giant moth that circled round and round the lamp swinging over her head. Dorcas Ann Webber went home in a state of utter bewilderment.

"She never once caught my eye," she murmured, as she pursued her solitary way homeward, irritated by the consciousness that Barnabas Higgins's lumbering tread was never very far behind her. "If she had been real put out because the minister is going away, she could n't have been more cool to us. But I guess she could n't trust herself to allude to the new condition of things, poor dear! It must be real trying to be separated from one's husband in that way. I'm almost sorry we undertook it."

Barnabas hove alongside. Dorcas Ann regarded him without any sign of welcome



DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"IF ANY MAN WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF."

in her face; and, after awkwardly venturing an observation on the state of the weather, which he thought was uncommonly cool for the time of year, he said: "They say that the parson has got a call to supply the Supralapsarian church at Deerport."

"Do tell!" replied Dorcas Ann, surprised out of her austerity by this unexpected news. "I should be dreadful glad if that was so. Deerport is only twenty miles from here, and it would n't be so hard on 'em if

they could be within hailing distance of each other like that. I hope it 's so. She did n't seem to say a word to-night about the change, did you notice? Perhaps she could n't trust herself to say anything about it, under the circumstances."

"That was it, that was it," cried Barnabas, briskly, and with hope rekindling in his bachelor heart at Dorcas Ann's confidential attitude. "She is that soft-hearted she 'd be sure to break down if she started in to

say anything about her husband's goin' away. 'T would be dre'tful mortifyin' for her to set her deck-pumps goin' fust off, you know."

"Nonsense!" shifted Dorcas Ann, with asperity. "What makes you suppose she would cry in the pulpit just because her husband's going to preach twenty miles away from here? For if he's going there, she knows it now, and would feel comforted. Are you sure that that is so? You men are such hands to gossip!"

The abashed mariner assured Dorcas Ann that Elnathan Coombs, who came down from Deerport on Saturday night, had been told by Deacon Buck, of the Deerport Supralapsarian parish, that "an invitation to supply" had been sent to Mr. Mann that very day. The letter must have come down by the same stage that had brought Elnathan home.

Dorcas Ann mused. She loved Mrs. Thankful, and she rejoiced that it might be possible for the pair to be "within hailing distance." Their separations need not be frequent. "He 'd be away only Sundays," she thought aloud.

"Jess so, jess so, Dorcasan. They are such a united and lovin' couple, it would be a pity to hev them sot very far apart. But a ride to Deerport is nothin'—nothin' at all to the parson, now that he's well and strong ag'in. 'N' what God has j'ined, let not man put asunder. That 's what the Scriptur' says."

Dorcas Ann vouchsafed no comment upon this dictum. Barnabas was on delicate ground, and she felt relieved when, the barrier of her own gate having been closed against him, she could dismiss him without giving him a chance to plunge, as he might readily plunge, into the subject of matrimony. The worthy and ingenious Mr. Higgins had a way of tacking all around a topic and then suddenly bearing down upon it, which made him dangerous at close range. To encourage him in this sort of conversational navigation would be extra-hazardous.

"Queer critter," soliloquized Barnabas as he rolled along his road homeward.

Elnathan Coombs's report of the invitation from Deerport was correct. The Supralapsarian pulpit in that town had been vacant for several months, and ministers of that faith were scarce in the region roundabout. The parish was fortunate in finding one who would act as temporary supply, with the possible contingency of a permanent pastorate in view. But Philo declined to accept at present any engagement longer than for four months. By the end of that

period, he reasoned, it would be possible for them to decide whether he, or they, desired any extension of his term of service.

Mrs. Thankful would have been very lonely in the parsonage, notwithstanding Philo's being at home at frequent intervals; but it happened "real providentially," as Mrs. Coombs declared, that the Rev. Barzillai Parker, weary of the constant nagging to which his over-critical and frugal parish of Penobscoot subjected him, suddenly resigned his charge and came down to Fairport.

"That will give color to the slanderous story that Mrs. Thankful made Hopkinsians of us while her husband was sick," remarked Deacon Atherton, when he heard that the Rev. Barzillai and his wife had taken up their abode in the Fairport parsonage.

The vigilant deacon's soul had been vexed by the report, current in other parishes, that the Supralapsarian minister's wife had (unconsciously, perhaps) slid back to her father's creed and had preached Hopkinsianism so insidiously that her parish had become Hopkinsian without being aware of it. Of course, nobody, not even the most conservative and "sot" Supralapsarian of them all, had intimated that this transformation had been accomplished by design.

It could not be denied, however, that, now that Mrs. Thankful was "on deck," as the nautical portion of the community put the case, her sermons grew more and more like her husband's; some said more and more like her father's. The matter and the manner of these discourses were unlike Thankful. The fickle-minded congregation was swift to mark the change, if there were any change.

"She's the fust woman I ever heard thunder in the pulpit," observed Captain Grindle.

"Well, she's the first woman you ever heard in the pulpit, anyway, cap'n," replied Dorcas Ann, acutely. "You men-folks, I suppose, think a woman has no right to preach anything but soft sawder—sugar-plums and such like."

"I know one woman that don't heave sugar-plums and soft sawder at us," interjected the captain, with a chuckle, "n' her name 's Dorcasan Webber."

The captain was out of the reach of Miss Webber's voice before she had time to rally from this thrust; and she contented herself with the reflection that Captain Rufus Grindle had no manners, and never had, and that the Rev. Thankful, good and loyal helpmate as she was, had resolved to pat-

tern herself more closely upon her husband. Dorcas Ann applauded this fidelity of the wife, although she felt uneasy when she considered the possible result.

Philo divided his time unequally between his old charge and his new one. He spent few days and nights in Deerport. Nevertheless, the counties of Penobscot and Hancock greatly wondered that a man should be preaching in Deerport, while his wife, who had apparently supplanted him, should be the pastor of another parish twenty miles away. Such a situation made scoffing groundlings laugh and the judicious grieve.

Although many members of the parish were so jealous of the sectarian exclusiveness of the parsonage that they appeared to dread the Hopkinsian influence therein, they were relieved to know that the Rev. Barzillai was also "within hailing distance" when, later that winter, something came to pass in the pastoral residence.

"They have a lovely Christmas present up to the parsonage to-day," said Dorcas Ann. "What d' ye guess it is, Cap'n Grindle?"

"Could n't guess," growled the captain. "Mebbe it's another Hop parson. Seems 's if they are runnin' to Hops up there." The ancient mariner employed this offensive abbreviation of the Hopkinsians with real enjoyment. He did not favor that sect.

"You've come pretty nigh it," triumphantly cried Dorcas Ann. "Only it'll be a Supralapsarian parson. It's a boy, and his name will be Philo."

"Sakes alive! Who 's a-goin' to preach next Sunday, I'd like to know! The baby's gran'ther, the Hop minister from Penobscot?" The captain laughed unpleasantly.

"Well, I declare to gracious! I never thought of that."

"You women-folks allers make such a towse over a new baby that you never think of anythin' else while one of 'em is round. I s'pose old man Parker will hev to preach, but it goes awfully ag'in' the grain for me to hev to go and hear him."

"Cap'n Grindle," said Dorcas Ann, with solemnity, "it does seem to me that you are dreadful hardened. You are no better than one of the wicked—at least, sometimes. But you will own up that it is lucky for us that Mrs. Thankful's father is here to take her place for a few Sundays. Mr. Mann's engagement in Deerport is not out until the middle of the month," she continued meditatively.

The pessimists of the parish were disposed to complain that they were having

more than their share of trouble with the pulpit. No other parish in the neighborhood had been so much bothered. The helpless, pink little atom of humanity that slumbered so peacefully in the parsonage cradle could never know how much he disturbed the tranquillity of his mother's people.

"Just as we are getting used to having a woman preacher she is laid aside with the cares of a mother," grumbled Deacon Ather-ton.

"It is too bad," mildly agreed Mrs. Ather-ton. "But there! a babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure"; and the good woman sighed gently. She was childless and a lover of the verses of Martin Farquhar Tupper. "I'm sure we ought to be grateful that Mrs. Thankful has got along so well. She's doing nicely, and the baby's a fine child, they say; weighs ten pounds, and has hair just like its mother's—gold and brown."

"I s'pose we shall have to put up with the preaching of Parson Parker for a spell," said the deacon. "Dr. Stevens says it should be several weeks before Mrs. Thankful takes hold again. For my own part, I wish we had her husband to fall back upon, instead of her father. I can't stomach a Hopkinsian, anyway."

But orthodox Supralapsarians, even to the straitest of their sect, had endured with patience the preaching of the Rev. Barzillai before now. They had stipulated that his sermon should be strictly scriptural, and not doctrinal. The good man was amenable to these jealous requirements, and had steered clear of the rocks and shoals of controverted points. His first discourse after he took the place of the pastor in Fairport was so genial, kindly, and spiritually elevating that even the difficult Captain Grindle was mollified. As the dispersing congregation lingered in the meeting-house entry after dismissal, a pleasant hum of approval and satisfaction went around.

"He can't hold a candle to Mr. Mann," rumbled the grum voice of the captain; "but I will say for 't that that wuz a fust-class sarmon he gin us this mornin'. What 's come over him, d' ye think, Mis' Warner?"

"I don't know, exceptin' it 's the baby; that 's the first grandchild, you know." Mrs. Warner was the proud and happy mother of six boys.

"Wal, if that 's the case, I know lots of ministers that ought to hev grandchildren." The captain cackled over his little joke.

The ministrations of the Rev. Barzillai Parker continued to be as acceptable to the

people of his daughter's parish as could be expected under the circumstances. The old minister was apparently inspired, although Barnabas Higgins humorously suggested that he had gone down to the bottom of his barrel for sermons that were preached when he was in the full flush of his youthful prime. Nevertheless, when he took Philo's place in the Supralapsarian pulpit of Deerport, exchanging as he did occasionally, the Fairport people welcomed their former pastor with enthusiasm and affection. Some of them went so far as to say that they wished he had never gone out from them. Not that they were in the least bit inclined to give up Mrs. Thankful; oh, no, they were impatiently waiting for her return to preaching; but they thought that Philo's few months of preaching in Deerport (which was a larger place than Fairport) had somewhat broadened him out, "sorter mellered him," Mr. Higgins said.

The Rev. Philo, unaware of the gentle stir which his infrequent returns to his old pulpit were causing, preached with fresh vigor. The coming of the babe had awakened new chords in his nature; his experience was fuller and richer than ever before; and his talks to his old parishioners were warmed and colored by the new life that had come into his own life.

Two mothers in Israel were exchanging opinions on this strange situation in their parish. "If we could only persuade Mr. Mann that it would be best for Mrs. Thankful for him to come back as associate pastor, do you suppose he would be willing to come, Mrs. Coombs?"

"Well, I don't know, but I'll tell you one thing: if we was to ask Mrs. Thankful, letting her know that it was the wish of the parish, she'd have him back quicker 'n you can say 'scat!' You may be as sure of that as your name is Sarah Ann Warner; so now!"

"I wish I knew how Deacon Atherton feels about it," said Mrs. Warner, settling herself comfortably for a long sitting. "The deacon's dreadful set in his notions; but if he could see his way clear to giving Mr. Mann a call to come back as associate to Mrs. Thankful, I'm sure the whole parish would approve. Don't you think so?"

"As I have said all along, it rests with Mrs. Thankful. If she was to set out to have her husband back again, he'd come back fast enough, provided the parish wanted him. She let him go only because the parish wanted him to go."

"No self-seeking about her," said the other, with bated breath.

"Not the leastest mite," rejoined Mrs. Coombs.

"She can wind him round her little finger," sighed Mrs. Warner, fond memory dwelling for an instant on the stubborn disposition and fixed notions of the late Jeremiah Warner, who had "ruled the roast" in his day, now forever set.

It was Dorcas Ann who solved the problem for the parish. New Year's day had come and gone when the spry spinster, her cheeks made rosy as winter apples by the frosty air, knocked at the door of the parsonage. Her heart, softer and less empty than gossips supposed, fluttered beneath her bodice as she let fall the shining hoop of the pastoral knocker. She had come on a momentous errand. The cordial greetings over, the little pink baby duly admired, and the state of the bright winter weather disposed of, Dorcas Ann hesitated, quavered, and then broke the ice.

"I wanted to know," she said, with slight circumlocution, "if you thought you might feel able to take up a part of your pastoral duties next week—Wednesday, say, for instance?"

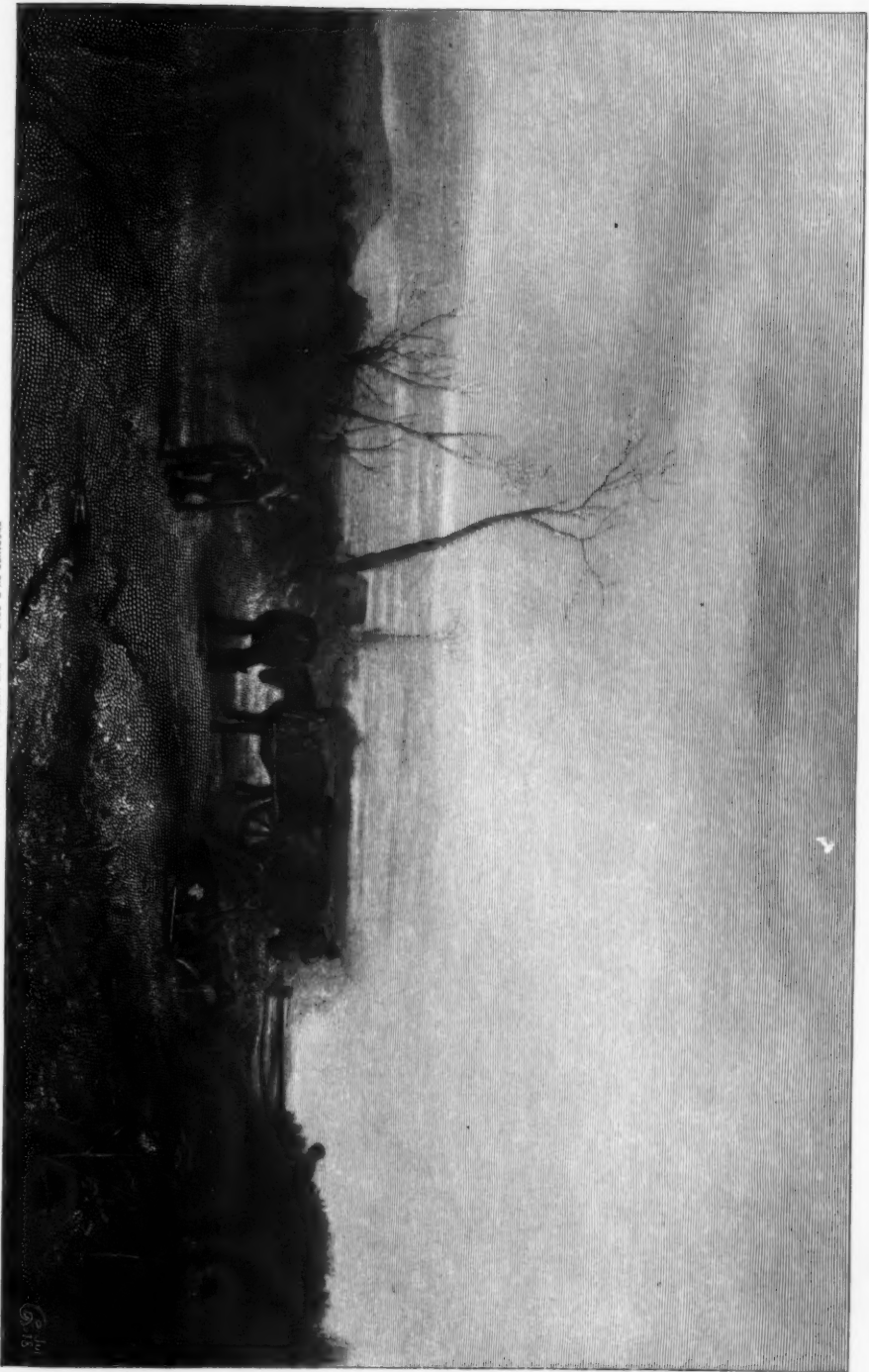
"Wednesday?" said Mrs. Thankful, surprised, and wondering if she had heard aright. "Why, our mid-week prayer-meeting comes on Thursday, you know, and the deacons are taking care of that."

"I meant if you could marry a couple," replied Dorcas Ann, now suffused with redness. "We might come here if that suits you any better. You see," she went on desperately, "Barnabas Higgins has pestered me so for years and years that I have made up my mind the best way to get rid of him is to have him. He's going to get the license to-morrow; so there 'll be an end of it. Only we are waitin' for you."

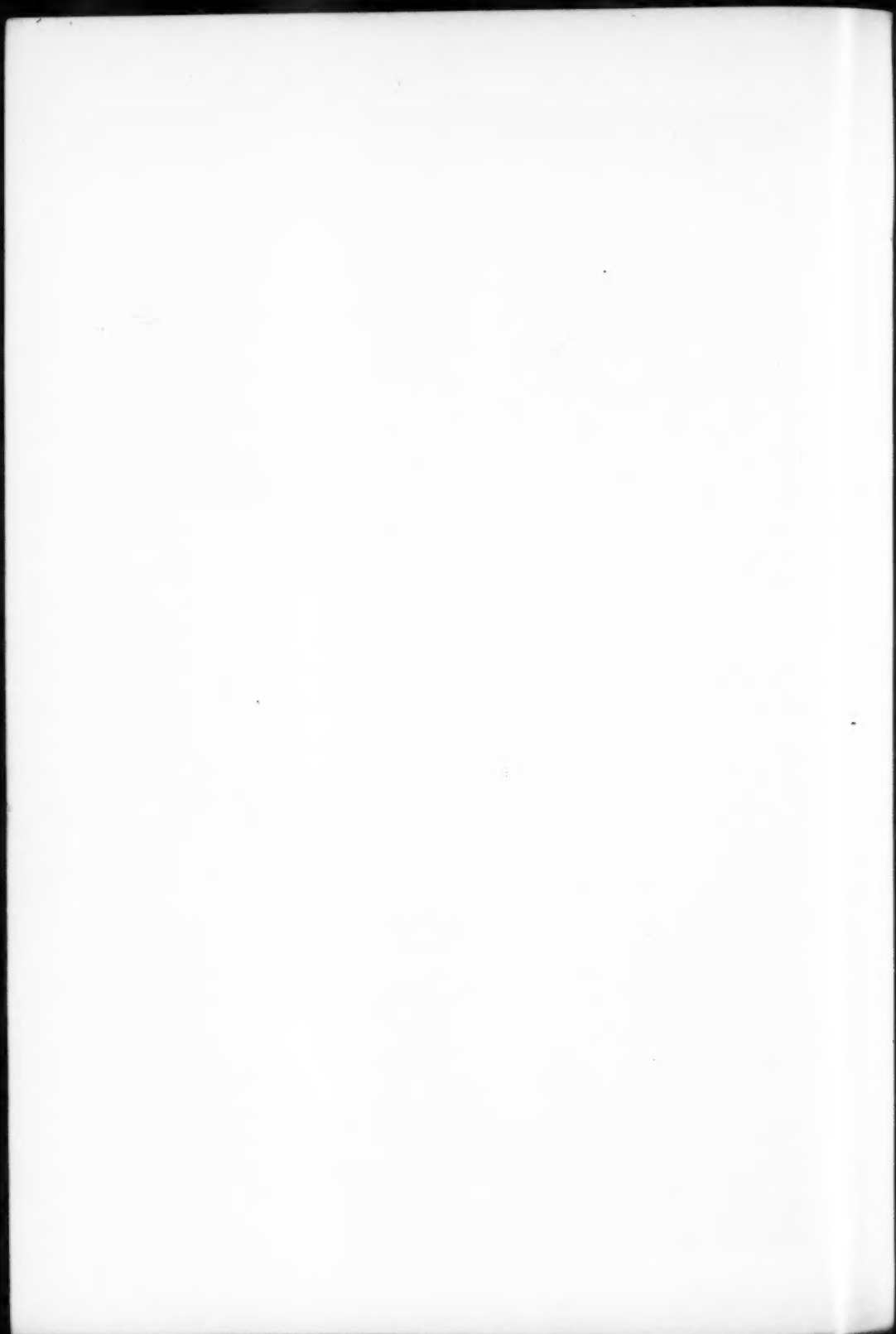
Mrs. Thankful drew down Dorcas Ann's head and kissed her on her delicate, rose-leaf cheek before she made reply. "My dear Dorcas, I cannot tell you how happy you have made me! Mr. Higgins is a kind, good man; he will make you a good husband, I am sure. I shall be delighted, blessed, to perform the ceremony for you. Strange, is n't it? That will be my first wedding ceremony—and the last."

"The last!" cried Dorcas Ann, in sudden panic. "Why, you are not a-going to leave your charge? Don't tell me that!"

Thankful turned down the filmy web that covered the face of her sleeping babe, and said, with a blissful smile, "I am done with experiments. This is my charge."



COLE'S ENGLISH MASTERS SERIES: A FROSTY MORNING. PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER.
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THE WANDERERS.

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

THE PRINCE. A MAN-AT-ARMS. A GIPSY.

Scene: *The edge of the forest.*

THE PRINCE.
MAN-AT-ARMS.
PRINCE.

So then I am crowned to-morrow?

Yes, my lord.

How fleet the time runs by! But yesterday
I played in the fountain with the great white hound.
My old, old nurse that died . . .

But all is changed.

I am a man now?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

So it seems, my lord.



PRINCE.

And I am king to-morrow.

Ah, dear saints!

This is the saddest day of all my life.

Farewell, farewell, sweet Yesterday! Farewell,
Thou once so sweet To-morrow! Thou for me
Shalt no more beckon down the widening road
That flows through all the forests and the fields,
That flowers into the sunset and the sea!
Henceforth companioned by the same To-day,
The dull, cramped state, the tired formality,
False thoughtfulness and feigned remembrances,
I yoke my life to one recurring task,
No sooner done than all 's to do again!
I would I were a child with one white hound
That lapped the fountain. . . .

Wherefore do you sigh?

Why are you sad? You need not be a king.

MAN-AT-ARMS.
PRINCE.

My lord, I love you.

I know it. Oh, my friend,

Listen, and I will tell you. Only you
Are friendly-souled in all this cruel court;



And that is strange, for you must ever dog me,
That I go not afield nor roam the woods.
Why may I not?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

My lord, it is forbidden.

PRINCE.

But why?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

I know not. What would you tell me, sir?

PRINCE.

Why, this.

Last night I leaned far out the tower
To catch the smell o' the woods and hear the birds
Quiet their young to sleep, and watch the stars
Slip one by one to sight, and feel the wind,
That blows so soft at night, come floating by.
And on my ear there fell a sudden song:
So throstle-sweet it was, so faëry-gay,
My heart stood still to hear it. It rose high,
And all my soul rose with it; it sank low—
My cheeks were wet with tears.

I tell you, friend,
My years slipped from me like a mantle dropped.
I felt the wonderful, the wild, sweet dreams
That blessed those nights when I, a little boy,
Trembled a moment on the forest brink,
Then flung myself into its dusky arms,
Swung in the billowy boughs and pressed the moss,
Drank from the pool beside the spotted deer,
And at the murmurous swaying of the pines
Wept in my childish sleep for joy too great.

(The Gipsy song is heard.)

*Oh, the goodwife turns the wheel at home,
And the bird will keep her nest,
But it 's ah me! for the world 's to see
Or ever my heart have rest!*

PRINCE.

There, there! You heard it? Ah, unhappy prince!
For me the green earth spreads her fields in vain,
The forest pleads in vain with dusky arms:
I shall die caged.

Ah, do you see him there?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

See whom, my lord?

PRINCE.

The stranger in the wood!
How brown, how bright! How gallantly it swings,
That tattered robe! And see his gleaming chain,
His scarlet berries!

Nay, I will not go!
Nay, if you touch me I shall kill you! Nay,
I will speak with him if I die for it!
He turns his eye upon me—

Ah, dear saints!

I mind me of my mother suddenly,
That died for sorrow when she brought me forth
To chain me to a throne. Ah me, ah me!
When did my mother die?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

The queen, my lord,
Left life behind her at the early dawn,
Just as the spring was coming on.

PRINCE.

And where?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

How can I tell?

PRINCE.

I know you will tell true.



MAN-AT-ARMS. My lord, the queen, your mother, grew distraught,
And ere her time was come she crept at night
Between her watchers while they drowsed, and found
A glade among the hills that spring had kissed,
And underneath green boughs she laid her down.
And I was born there?

PRINCE.

MAN-AT-ARMS.

Aye, my lord. Below
The first faint budding bough we found you there.

PRINCE.

You should have told me this.

See, he comes near!

(To the Gipsy.) God save you, sir!

I lie within his hand.

GIPSY.

PRINCE.

Where go you?

GIPSY.

Where the cool brown river runs,
Over the shining pebbles, through deep pools
The setting sun turns first to molten gold,



Then hues with pigeons' breasts, purple and pink,
Then fills with inky shadows where the moon
Plunges at midnight.

'Neath the glimmering stacks
Below the waiting stars I dream good dreams,
And catch the sky's faint blush, and bathe in the brook,
And tread the firm green grass and follow the clouds,
Till drowsy noon.

I sing before her door,
And the farmer's wife brings honey to me, and bread
And milk beneath the pink, sweet apple-boughs.
Will you not sing to me?

PRINCE.

(Gipsy sings.)

*The king he wooed the Gipsy maid
And kissed her to the throne;
She fell asleep; but blood runs deep,
And the forest claims its own!*

MAN-AT-ARMS. Leave us, I say!

PRINCE. You shall not threaten him!

MAN-AT-ARMS. Go, or I strike!

PRINCE. Where is your love for me?

MAN-AT-ARMS. Sir, if my care for you had matched my love
We two had long ago been far from here.
With every moment's lingering, my lord,
I move one step the nearer to my death:
Will you not come?

PRINCE. I cannot.

MAN-AT-ARMS. Then for me
Life is not long, it seems. I pray you, sir,
Remember always that I loved you well!

(Gipsy sings.)

*Ah, vain for him the diadem,
Heavy the scepter's load,
For he was lord o' the windy wood,
And prince o' the winding road!*

PRINCE. I come, I come!

Nay, weep not so, good friend!
This is no fault of thine; for you and me
God's plan is kindly. Never did I loose
The hare entrapped or set the song-bird free
But I had faith that he would serve me so!
Come with me: little love have they for us
In that hot, weary glitter of the court.
Hast thou not seen the new queen grudge at me
And nurse her son to scorn me?

Let them reign!

We 'll make a dearer court.

The trees shall bend
And bow to us, but not with flattery;
The little leaves shall whisper, but their lisp
Is clean of lies and slander; the sleek deer
Shall lead their tender fawns to kiss our hand,
Nor plot us evil with the soft caress;
The wind and rain shall be our councilors,
Nor urge us to do war, nor press the poor,
Nor waste our souls in bitter rivalries,
Nor match a petty kingdom with great powers
That smile at us for folly.

Let them reign!

(Gipsy sings.)

*And it's we will fling the world away,
And reap where God has sowed,
And we 'll roam for ay the windy wood,
And wander the winding road!*

PRINCE.

Friend, must I go alone?

MAN-AT-ARMS.

My lord, these hands
Lifted you first from where you lay and smiled
Beside the dead queen 'neath the hawthorn-tree.
I walked beside the horse when first you rode,
I set the hawk upon your little arm,
I have lain years before your door at night.
The death I stay to meet were not so hard
As life without you.

PRINCE.

Will you follow me?

MAN-AT-ARMS. To the death, my lord!

PRINCE.

Why, then, good friends, your hands!

We three are bound for the woods: God needs some souls
To love the world as he made it:

Come with me!



(They enter the forest ; the Gipsy song is heard.)

*Oh, the goodwife turns the wheel at home,
And the bird will keep her nest,
But it's ah me! for the world's to see
Or ever my heart have rest!*

A HALF-TIME BOY AND A GOAT.

(A HAMLET IN OLD HAMPSHIRE.)

BY ANNA LEA MERRITT.



FROM the leisurely processes of nature country folk have learned patience. Their forebears began to study the lesson centuries ago, and this generation is evolved with a fine inclination to patience. The conviction that seasons will move on at their own gait makes them leisurely and calm in all their undertakings.

Those hurried, harried city folk who come to live among them bring a foreign quickness and adroitness and an eager hurry to spur the march of time that surprise the calm rural mind. Country folk are used to set out mere cuttings around their inclosures and wait years for them to become hedges, to sow asparagus and wait four years to cut it, to plant young fruit-trees and train them year after year to fruiting branches. As time makes the objects of their care finer and stronger, they look on the passing years without misgivings or regret.

Bustling city folk, on the contrary, plant their fruit-trees fully trained, their hedges yard-high, their asparagus two years old at least, their roses at full growth, and after a time find that seedlings and cuttings and young trees have overtaken them. They are always afraid of losing time, though most of them, on Sundays, say they believe in life eternal.

When I first settled down in these quiet fields, that same feverish, town-bred impatience was still in my veins; but, luckily, I could not gratify it. My first invaluable lesson was to wait.

There was only one thing for which I could not wait. The eight pollard lime-trees in front of my cottage had been long neglected. Their top growths, escaping from all restriction, thrust their leaves into my windows, excluding light and air.

I hurried to the carpenter,—who else should cut trees?—and insisted that he should saw them off that very day. To my surprise, this office was considered unworthy of his particular craft, and a saw was not the proper tool, and one must wait until autumn. I insisted that to live in a tree-top

would give me asthma, and on this account was allowed to have my way; but a laborer, not the carpenter, came with a riphook and an ax, and chopped off the smothering branches. Then, gradually, my household affairs settled into place, and my energies were turned to the half-acre of rank grass and weeds called a garden. Part of it had been planted with potatoes and cabbages, but they were precisely the vegetables I never ate. At the end of the potato-patch were three very old apple-trees, decaying and leafless. One held up its two bare arms with an imploring gesture that wrung my sympathetic heart. In front of them a row of gooseberry-bushes, a single gigantic yew at one end of the row; at the other end a group of yews that once had been the shelter of a summer-house, but, for unknown years unclipped, had grown to a great height. A fine brick wall, lichen-stained, gray, and weathered to subdued color, surrounded the garden on the north and west sides. Its west side was festooned with masses of vine, rank, uncared for, and between them and the parallel row of gooseberries was a plot of rough, rank grass, full of daisies and buttercups, knee-deep in dewy verdure. It puzzled me how it should be kept cut. I fancied it would cost a fortune, my fortune at least, and even if I had a lawn-mower, the ground was much too rough. Why not find some little animal to eat it off quietly while walking regularly to and fro, so that by the time he had munched the last row, the first would again be ready to appease his appetite? How peaceful, I thought, to watch his complacent satisfaction!

Now, I had caught sight of a white goat somewhere in the village, and this little beast perhaps suggested my idea.

Johnny, whose assistance as half-time gardener I had accepted because public opinion indicated that course—Johnny said: "Yes, a nanny-goat she'd be a nice thing, that 'u'd eat all this grass."

"Well, Johnny, find me a goat."

But he did not find the goat. Somewhere there was a hitch, though I hurried him

every day. At last the goat was produced—a white nanny with a pretty kid. They belonged to the shrewd son of our smart builder, who built, painted, and patched in a circumference of ten miles, unrivaled and alone. He offered the goat for ten shillings; but the little kid must accompany her until able to lead an independent life, and the price did not include her leather collar. Ten shillings was paid down, the goat was mine, with my best shawl-strap shortened to fit her neck, whereby she was tied to a stake driven into the long grass, and immediately the mowing began. She did not proceed in even rows like the lawn-mowers at my friends' places. Contrary to my anticipations, her mowing was circular, in circles measured by the radius of her tether, and when she had made several of these round, bare patches, the long grass surrounding looked still more ragged and uncouth.

The little kid, during the first days, kept quietly near his mother. They made a satisfactory group, and a pretty effect of white in the too universal green and yellow of May. On the whole, they pleased me, although they firmly refused my overtures of friendship, and maintained the country etiquette, keeping themselves to themselves. For Johnny they had less reserve. The boy was exceedingly happy. It had been difficult to find occupation for him. His half-day began at seven, at eight he went home to breakfast, and afterward worked until noon. In that large part of the early morning which passed before my appearance, he had been observed by me to nibble currants and gooseberries, and to throw stones at birds' nests. Later on in the day he displayed apparent energy in preparing light kindling-wood, which occupied a couple of hours. But two hours were left idle on his hands, with Satan at his elbow. I urged him to pull up weeds, but his true masculine contempt for that work was already highly developed. I should have had to show him the particular weeds, and being then rather uncertain about them in their earlier appearance, it was a doubtful expedient.

For these reasons it was a relief to find a vocation for the boy. He asked permission to make a shelter for the goat. Strange to say, it had never occurred to me. Of course I gave him some old packing-cases and timbers, and for several days Johnny was off my mind. He produced a wonderful little shed, a lean-to on the only remaining wall of the old ruined stable, its roof thatched with branches trimmed off the limes, and its

entrance closed by a hurdle. It was certainly well done for a boy of ten years, and now I hoped he would somehow hurry the growth of peas and beans; but said Johnny: "Please, ma'am, can you let me have a little milking-tin? Because the goat ought to be milked, or else, when the kid is taken away, she'll run dry." This did not appear to me a calamity; indeed, my whole requirements from Nanny were that she should look pretty and keep the grass short; but I could not refuse the outlay of another shilling if she really proposed to supply milk. Johnny made his selection at the shop, and then, with the goat and the kid and the milking-can, retired into the privacy of the new stable, and closed the hurdle. He said it was necessary to get her against a wall, so that she could not escape. From the occasional sounds proceeding from the shed I thought Johnny very courageous. Hours passed, and it seemed a tedious milking; but at his dinner-hour the boy emerged, and the goat was permitted to return to her pasture. The milking-tin was brought to me with about a tablespoonful of strongly perfumed liquid at the bottom of it. Johnny's face was very red and hot, his hands very dirty, the milk suspiciously powdered with earth. Rather than incur the expense of building a dairy, I recklessly and generously gave Johnny the milk to divide with his five sisters.

"Where did you learn to milk, my boy?"

"I never did learn, ma'am; I never milked anything afore."

"And the goat, is she used to milking?"

"No 'm; that be her first kid."

The poor goat really deserved compassion, but her experience was repeated daily, though I declined to see again the milk produced under such difficulties.

Meanwhile the little kid frisked and bounded, developing most extraordinary activity. He could even climb into the notch of the old apple-tree, and showed precocious taste for my row of broad beans just in flower. I had to keep an eye upon him from my studio window, and make frequent sallies to save the vegetables, and this rather hindered my painting.

The bare circles in the grass were now pretty numerous; in fact, long, ragged, circular fringes of grass were now the leading feature, and Nan, most provokingly, manifested distaste for some very rich-looking leaves which I afterward learned were horse-radish run wild. She had not the impartiality of a mowing-machine. The stake to which she was tethered left deep holes in

the turf, very deep and many. Johnny suggested that it was time to plant turnips, as even now there was nothing for her to eat. What a surprise! She must finish the long

among my vegetables, I saw the wicked white goat and her equally unscrupulous kid.

It would be difficult to describe the chase that ensued, or how the strange creatures



DRAWN BY ANNA LEA MERRITT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.
THE HALF-TIME BOY AS AN ANGEL.

grass and lots of grape-vine trimmings. What better could she want? She did want more; she had observed the tender green of a row of peas and a little patch of lettuce, the hope of summer. With designing secrecy she concealed her notice of these promising delicacies, and waited until late on a moonlight night to break down her hurdle and run to her feast.

It just happened that I, dressed for bed, was taking a last look at the moonlight, when there,

capered like witches from one end of my ground to another. The kid attained a high place in the arms of the old apple-tree, whence he surveyed with approval the various assaults delivered by his mother. When she charged at me head down with great impetus from a long run, I acquired the utmost nimbleness in dodging. There was, indeed, a contest of courage and activity that many people would have enjoyed seeing — considering especially the moonlight night

and the costume of the old lady engaged in this unequal competition. All my efforts to catch that abominable nanny-goat were in vain, and the kid in the apple-tree laughed with glee, until I was glad to escape from the white witch's malice, and leave her in possession of the trampled vegetables.

Johnny, next morning, was very much grieved at the verdict passed upon his favorites—that they must go; but it was my last folly to intrust him with the negotiations for their departure. To my amazement, no one would have them. Not have a goat worth ten shillings? No; not even for one night would her former master give her shelter. The kid he had to take, as it was in our agreement, but even as a gift he would not take the goat. Johnny looked complacent, made purchases of turnips and hay for his beloved vixen (for which I paid), day after day made inquiries, but could hear of no one willing to purchase for a song this valuable

animal. At last I decreed that, unless a purchaser was found, she should go the very next day to the butcher. This cruel sentence stimulated him to greater efforts, and he quickly brought an offer of half a crown, this time to include the collar. Her destiny was very happy and useful, for she was given young orphan lambs to nurse.

This episode was the last of my great follies—at least, so I fancied until, some years later, I surrendered my liberty and independence to a dog. That was much worse.

As to the boy, the best work to be found for him was to pose as model for an angel, which kept him employed under my very eyes. It ultimately happened that this picture, carried a hundred miles away, served as a sort of testimonial to his character, and obtained for him his first proper situation as stable-boy and subgardener to a gentleman.

LINES TO FAUSTINE.

BY ARTHUR COLTON.

WHEN all the brooks have run away
 And the sea has left its place,
 And the dead earth to night and day
 Turns round a stony face,

Let other planets hold the strife
 And burden now it bears,
 The toil of ages, lifting life
 Up those unnumbered stairs,

Out of that death no eye has seen
 To something far and high;
 But underneath that stair, Faustine,
 How melancholy lie

The broken shards, the left-behind,
 The frustrate and unfit,
 Who sought the infinite and kind,
 And found the infinite!

When all the brooks have run away
 And ebb'd the latest tide,
 And the worn earth to night and day
 Rolls waste and cast-aside.





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TIRKEY.

"A HUNGRY BRAKEMAN MUST TROT HALF A MILE IN ZERO WEATHER TO 'FLAG.'"

WHAT A TRAIN-DESPATCHER DOES.

BY CHARLES DE LANO HINE.

WITH DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN.

ALFRED THE GREAT did not have train-despatchers in mind when delivering the dictum attributed to him that a man should spend eight hours in work, eight hours in eating and recreation, and eight hours in sleep. This division of the day, for the benefit of train-despatchers, into three eight-hour "tricks," as they are known in railway parlance, is one of the instances of following along the lines laid down by the monarch who could rule but, it is rumored, could not cook. Commercialism is rarely altruistic, and the railroads work their train-despatchers only eight hours because experience shows that the work is too exacting to permit of a more prolonged effort without disastrous results.

The despatcher is monarch of more than he surveys, and one of the few whose rule is absolute. His kingdom is charted on the train sheet before him. His subjects are the conductors and enginemen, the trains that they control, and the telegraph operators along the line who communicate his royal pleasure. The wisdom of some of his orders may be mentally questioned. The doubts of a weary freight conductor may even find oral expression in a lonely telegraph office at midnight to the effect that a ten-year-old boy ought to know better than to order two long freight-trains to "saw by" "Number Six" (the limited) at Millville; that it must be pretty comfortable in the office when the despatcher forgets that a hungry brakeman must trot half a mile in zero weather to "flag." Be that as it may, the sway of

the despatcher is so absolute that no one ever thinks of trying to evade obedience to a train order. Usually, when laws are severe, evasion follows as a corollary; but disaster is too certain and too apparent for this to be the case in the operation of trains.

A train is said to "saw by" when the side track is not long enough to hold the train or trains to be met or passed. The first train then pulls by the switch at one end of the siding, and stops just before reaching the switch at the other end, where cars of the second train reach out over the switch to the main track, and "foul the main." The second train then pulls through the siding, thus getting around the first. A third train may also follow the second and pull around the first. In case both the first and second trains are longer than the siding, we "make a double saw," a very pretty piece of work, though exasperating to all concerned from the delay it causes. The "double saw," involving the "cutting" of one train into two parts, so that the other may "take hold" of

one part, can easily be worked out by diagram on paper.

Railroad men are eminently practical, and their expressions and signals wonderfully suggestive and descriptive. The writer, as a green brakeman, once crawled over the tender of the engine to the cab, and with his switch-key in his teeth was going through the cab window to the foot-board along the boiler, when he glanced back and saw his conductor, on top of the first box-car, put his hand to his forehead. The brakeman had never before seen this signal,



A SWITCHMAN.

but it confirmed his idea as to the conductor's intentions, for it meant "head in," that is, to take the next siding by pulling in at the nearest switch. Had the conductor indicated "back in" by putting his hand on the small of his back, the train would have passed the nearest switch and backed in at the switch at the farthest end of the siding. A moment after the intelligent pantomime just described, the brakeman was riding on that portion of the engine known as the "pilot" to all except the dear old ladies from the country, who call it the "cow-catcher." Just then the train was "flagged" by a brakeman of another train; that is, the latter "swung him down" with a red flag, meaning "danger; stop!" "Him" or "he" is a generic term, referring to the engineer, or, as our English cousins more correctly say, the "engine-driver," while the locomotive, the thing driven, is appropriately designated "her" or "she." So "he put her over and called for 'em," which translated means that the engineman threw over the reverse lever of the engine into the backward motion and blew a sharp, warning blast of the whistle to apply the hand-brakes. That was before the Interstate Commerce Law required full control of freight-trains by automatic air-brakes, and when the "arm-strong" brake, operated by bone and sinew, was the main dependence. Fortunately, in this train there were more "cars of air a-workin'" than there were "bald heads" (cars without air-brakes), and the engineman "pinched 'em up for a pretty stop." The man on the pilot had measured with his eye the distance to the "ditch" (side of the track), and had prepared to "unload" (jump) if it turned out that the flagman had not come far enough to protect his train. With a nonchalance most reassuring, the said flagman wrapped up his flag and drew its stick across his arm, after the manner of a violinist wielding a bow. What could this mean but "saw by"? Then we sawed. People saw wood and say nothing, but railroad men saw trains and say things that are better left unprinted.

The despatcher "working a trick" has the increased prestige which accompanies unseen authority. He signs the initials of

the chief despatcher, or the train-master, or even of the mighty division superintendent himself. "Jim," the freight conductor, may address the despatcher, perhaps his next-door neighbor, as "Bill" when registering his train before leaving the office to start from the terminal on a trip. Jim may say with easy familiarity, "Bill, don't have us pick up any cars this side of Hill Top tonight, for the 309 has leaky flues, and that farmer of a fireman can't keep her hot." Let Jim reach the first telegraph office, and such a request over the wire would read:

Dk 1-19-01.

T. M.:

Can't move loads from Piedmont without doubling hill. Eng. 309 leaking & will not hold steam.

SMITH,

Train 89.



BIG ARTHUR, AN ENGINEMAN.

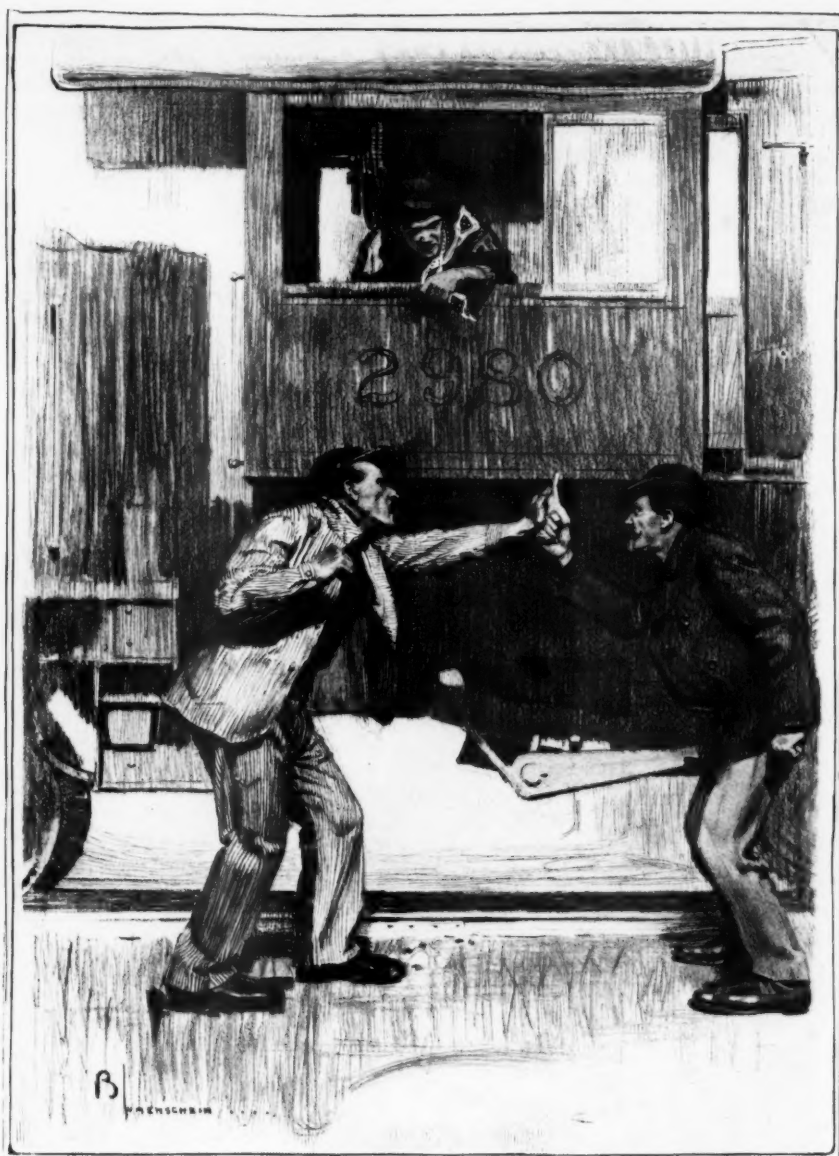
The despatcher leaves his key, steps into the train-master's office, and inquires: "Can I let Eighty-nine run the loads at Piedmont and have Ninety-three move 'em?"

The train-master replies: "You know, Bill, the general superintendent has been after the old man [superintendent] about our having a lower average train tonnage than any other division on the system last month."

"Yes, sir; but Smith's a good conductor. The engineers call him 'car-hungry,' he makes 'em pull so many, and he don't lay down for nothing. Ninety-three won't have a full train because we won't get the connection from the R., S. & P. road to-night. They had a wreck over there to-day and piled 'em up pretty bad. Then, too, if Eighty-nine stalls and leaves the hind end on the main to double into Hill Top, they'll probably lay out Number Five [delay the limited]."

The train-master decides in a hurry: "Let him run 'em, then. Maybe the motive-power department will get these old scrap heaps of engines in some kind of shape one of these days."

The train-master makes an entry in his vest-pocket note-book to talk with the superintendent and the master mechanic about this case. The despatcher now has five things to do: First, he wires the conductor:



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"THE DESPATCH IS RECEIVED BY THE CONDUCTOR AND ENGINEMAN WITH WORDS OF PROFANE SCORN."

Ab 1-19-01.

Ab 1-19-01.

Smith,

Y. M.,

89-Dk:

Xd:

Run work at Piedmont.

Run 93 in shape to move 10 loads, 430 tons,
from Piedmont.

T. M.

T. M.

Second, he wires the yard-master at the
terminal:

Third, he sends a message to the same
terminal yard office to be held until leaving-
time:

Cond'r 93, Ab 1-19-01.
 Xd: the imperturbable despatcher. He does not
 Move 10 loads, 430 tons, from Piedmont. have to consult his superiors to send the
 T. M. pointed instruction ticked off by the sounder
 at the other end:

Then double, but move the loads.

Or, more laconically and indefinitely:

Cond'r 93, Xd:
 Clean out Piedmont.
 T. M.

Fourth, he notes at the foot of the train sheet:

The despatch is received by the conductor and engineman with words of profane scorn, which the tears of the recording angel will blot out when men, not saints, are candidates for heaven. They do their best. The engineman goes to the village store and from his own pocket buys a sack of bran, which



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"THE DESPATCHER . . . GRABS THE TELEGRAPH-KEY."

No. 89 unable to handle full tonnage acc't eng. 309 leaking.

Fifth, on the list of engine failures for the day for the superintendent and the master mechanic, he puts:

Eng. 309 leaking, and could not handle full train from Piedmont.

It may be, however, that it is Conductor Jones, who has the name of a shirk, a "smooth article," who is always trying to avoid work, and who happens this time to have an engineman with a like propensity. The story of the leaky engine does not move

he lifts up to the fireman to mix with the water, saying: "Now keep her hot, sonny. This 'll help her; but the hotter she is, the tighter them flues 'll be. It's a wonder that cigar sign of a roundhouse foreman would n't 'a' corked [caulked] her when I put it on the book last trip." It is different when, a day or two later, the despatcher, the roundhouse foreman, and the engineman happen to meet near the roundhouse. The well-dressed engineman, puffing comfortably at a good cigar, as becomes the best-paid man of the three, remarks to the despatcher: "You sort o' put it to us on 89 the other night, but I s'pose you had to."

"Yes, John; you know they are after us hot-foot to keep up our tonnage record. You don't want the Summit division to beat us, do you?"

"What! them scabs that got aboard over there time of the A. R. U. strike in '94? Well, I guess nit," says the mollified engine-man. The roundhouse foreman brings more balm to Gilead by saying: "Got them flues nice and tight for the 309 this trip. She was leakin' like a sieve when she come in—almost died on the turn-table before we could get her in the house. Wanted to hold her in and fix her last trip, but it was a ground-hog case of double right out. You know the 310 laid down on the big hill and had to be towed in dead. Then the 208 threw a side rod and come in on one side. If the power keeps on fallin' down this good weather, I don't know what we 'll do when winter comes."



A CONDUCTOR.

"Power," in the vernacular, means engines. In this case influence is not the wife of power. Power also departs from general laws in that it may die or be killed many times over. An engine is "dead" when it has no steam or fire. If this condition occurs in the round-

house in the natural order of things, the engine is said to be "cold," a term also applied when the engine has not sufficient steam-pressure to move herself. To "kill" an engine is purposely to "draw" or extinguish the fire to make repairs, or to prevent an explosion of the boiler when the supply of water from the "tank" (tender) fails for any reason, such as the injectors not working or the pipes freezing. "Light power" is an engine without a train or with only a very small part of a full train.

The chief train-despatcher "handles the power," distributes the cars to the various stations, decides what freight-trains shall be run, and is in immediate charge of the countless details that arise in the operation of trains. The duties of the superintendent and the train-master keep them away from the office about half the time, traveling up and down the line, stopping overnight at important stations and terminals. The chief despatcher is always at headquarters, and is the man of details. He is assisted by a

"trick despatcher" for each despatching district. Like the sentinels at Gibraltar, the three trick despatchers never leave their post unguarded. It may happen for a few minutes some Sunday night that there is not a train running, "not a wheel a-turnin' on the division," as the men say; but there sits the despatcher, the ever-ready representative of the official staff, the incarnation of alert administration. Where business is heavy and the management is progressive, there is a night chief also, who thus renders the position of chief despatcher uninterrupted. These chiefs work twelve hours each, as the nervous tension is less than that of a trick despatcher, who is "glued to the train wire" his entire tour. In the absence of a night chief the details at night are looked after by the trick despatcher, whose work becomes much more responsible. The chief, in such a case, usually comes down after supper and maps out the night-work, and sometimes breaks in later with instructions on the train wire, which is "cut in" at his room. The railroad man is seldom entirely out of touch with his work. The telegraph sounder lulls the tired chief to rest, and wakes him in the morning. So trained is his ear that, if wanted at night, the despatcher has to "pound" the private call on the wire only a few times to elicit a response from the sleeping chief. On Sundays the chief is on hand most of the day, in obedience to the unwritten railroad commandment: "Six days shalt thou labor, and the seventh come down to the office and catch up." In most occupations, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but in railroading it makes him a bright boy, so stimulating and fascinating is the excitement of the work.

The chief despatcher "handles the power," that is, he sends the engines where they are needed. This is not so easy as it looks. It is far from profitable to "run light power," for the wages must be paid the train crew and the engine crew just the same, although the train is earning no money for "the company." The men always say "the company" when referring to the "soulless corporation" employing them, just as the commercial traveler says "the house," or the insurance man "the home office." The "standard pay" per mile in the freight service is four cents for enginemen, about two and one half cents for firemen, three cents for conductors, and two cents for brakemen. A day is counted as one hundred miles, the approximate length of short freight runs. A freight crew

consists usually of two brakemen, sometimes three, a conductor, an engineman, and a fireman, making a total daily wage-list of about thirteen dollars and a half. On many roads this is the largest single item of expense, and leaving aside the overtime paid on badly delayed trains, it is the same whether the engine pulls only the unprofitable caboose, or the full capacity, say fifty revenue-producing cars. The cost of fuel and locomotive supplies will vary directly with the load hauled. It would be easier if freight could be allowed to accumulate at one end of the line until enough "showed up" at the other to make full trains both ways. Sometimes this can be done in the case of grain, coal, ore, and other low-class freight, where the immense surplus at the point of receipt renders prompt movement unnecessary, if not undesirable. High-class freight, such as live stock, dressed meat, and fresh vegetables, must, from its perishable nature, be given prompt movement to prevent increased deterioration in transit. Other high-class freight, like merchandise, oil, and household goods, must move because needed by the consignees. Then, too, the volume of business handled for a powerful and exacting shipper in competitive territory may forbid delay. The writer as yard-master more than once "flagged supper" (went without) to help his company retain the business of a well-known soap firm, which had to float if all other traffic sank. Sometimes, too, freight has to be moved from a congested yard to make room for other freight that is "in sight" (reported by wire) from connecting roads or neighboring divisions.

The chief despatcher knows all this by practical experience. He probably began as a telegraph operator along the line when a mere lad. His alertness on the wire at night, when operators are prone to doze, attracted the attention of the despatcher, who mentioned him to the chief one day when an operator was needed to "copy" in the despatcher's office. A few years of "copying" messages from the wire at headquarters, next a day job, then an extra night despatcher, in turn a regular despatcher, and finally, in the prime of life, chief

despatcher, with the hope of becoming train-master next time, unless the best yard-master on the line or a bright young conductor lands the prize, or the civil engineer of the division, instead of the train-master, becomes superintendent. The busy, Topsy-like life of the chief despatcher has given him little time for study. He knows not the rules of political economy, the laws of trade, the principles of theoretical mechanics, but he does know every hump and hollow, every hill and sag, every curve and bridge on the "old pike" (railroad). He knows the disposition of every trainman, engineman, and operator on his line. He knows how fast each engine can run, how much she can pull, the height

of her drivers, the size of her cylinders, and the steam-pressure at which she "pops" (safety-valve blows off). More than that, he can tell how many cars each side track holds, how many cars will "block" (blockade) the various yards. He knows how many empty cars there should be at each station to handle the business offered. The weather report to him means good roads or bad roads, and he can guess pretty nearly how much grain and hay the farmers will haul to the stations next week. He knows what freight to hold to make trains of full tonnage, what to "rush" regardless of cost to save his immediate superiors a reprimand from the general offices. He knows where to get hold of extra passenger-cars for heavy travel, how long to hold fast trains for connections, when to start these trains on time and run a second section with the connection. He knows, without looking at the "detour map," what road to ask to handle his trains from any given point in case of a wreck or a washout. He has little time for church and prayer-meeting; but here again practical experience is his teacher. His whole training is direct, untrammelled by dogma or by creed. He knows that loyalty to the company and to the public who trust him means the approval of his own conscience and the good will of his fellow-men. The chief despatcher unconsciously adopts the belief of Martin Luther that to work is to pray, and so, without knowing it, becomes among the most devout of men.



A FIREMAN.



A ROUNDHOUSE FOREMAN.

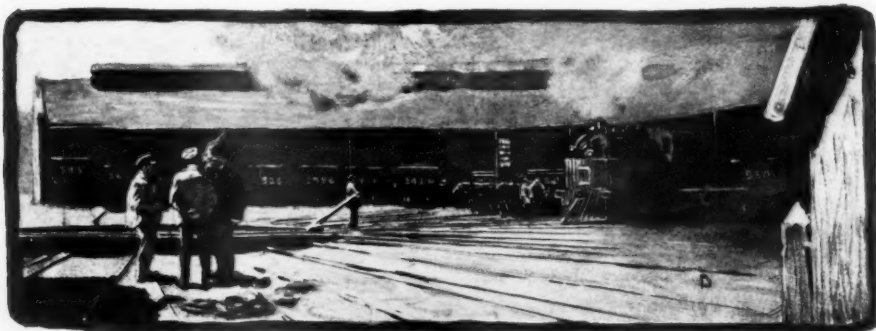


HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"THE TRAIN WAS 'FLAGGED' BY A BRAKEMAN OF ANOTHER 'TRAIN.'"

The chief despatcher, then, with his information, has to "figure" on his power. Railroad men use the verb "to figure" in its good old comprehensive sense of planning, devising, calculating, scheming, and using head-work generally. Political economists often claim that the so-called practical man of affairs is an obstacle to progress and reform. Whether this be so or not, the practical man is frequently hampered by the statistician, who, like other technical men, is prone to intrench himself behind a barricade of figures. So it is with the chief de-

spatcher. Business may be running very heavy east-bound without a corresponding volume west-bound. The chief may have to run six "lights" west to "protect" the movement of life stock expected from the West. Suppose previous west-bound trains have "cleaned out" the eastern terminal, but the stations and industries along the line have loaded sufficient cars west to make one train. It is a single-track road, and there will be some delay to even these light trains in waiting on side tracks to meet trains coming east. Common sense would dictate that the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"THE WELL-DRESSED ENGINEMAN . . . REMARKS TO THE DESPATCHER."

work of "picking up" these cars be divided among the six trains, certain stations being assigned to each to "clean out" where they are most likely to be delayed for other trains. In practice it is often possible to do this without appreciable delay, and all six, having only a small fraction of a full train, can "get over the road in good shape," closing up in groups of two or three at meeting or passing points. But no; as "lights" are omitted in computations of tonnage, this would spoil the average train-load per mile. The gentlemen who revel in statistics for the financial reviews would declare that the road was not well operated, that the new general manager was not pursuing a policy calculated to enhance the value of its securities. The writer as train-master sometimes had on a passing track at a junction-point a "light" which could not, under instructions, move some important loads from the business track adjacent. These had to wait for a following section, which was dragging along with a heavy train, and which arrived at the next terminal six hours behind the "light." The connections and other combinations of circumstances were such that this made a difference in final delivery of twenty-four hours, a considerable item to the "shipper," as all freight patrons are termed, who was putting up his good money for modern service.

The spasmodic character of railroad business adds to the difficulty of operation. To-day there will be a comfortable volume of business to handle. To-morrow it will come with a rush from apparently unrelated sources. The writer learned by experience, whenever a certain, southern connection reported a large consignment of bananas "in sight," to look for heavy shipments of building-stone from the western connection at the same junction-point. Another fact that was never satisfactorily explained was that, no matter what day the passenger department selected to advertise and run a couple of excursion trains, that very day witnessed the heaviest freight movement of the week. Every additional train adds to the strain on the nerves of the chief despatcher and the despatcher. The chief has to "figure" the cheapest way to get "power" and men ready to run the trains, and the despatcher has to get them over the road nicely after they are

ready. Most railroads in America are single-track, and to handle a train in each direction every hour is no simple task.

Train-despatching has been reduced to a scientific system, virtually uniform on all the roads of the country. All systems depend for successful operation on the ability of individuals, and in the case of train-despatchers that ability is not wanting. Movements of trains are based primarily on the "working time-table," the general law governing their rights and privileges—a very different-looking document from the handsome illustrated "folder" which enlightens the traveling public. The train orders issued by the despatcher are supplementary to the time-table. They reach the special cases not covered by the general law. East-bound

and north-bound trains are designated by the even numbers, west-bound and south-bound trains by the odd numbers. Trains are divided into classes, usually from two to four, so that a train of inferior class knows from the time-table to keep entirely out of the way of a superior train. Thus the fast passenger-trains are first-class, and their train numbers run, say, between one and twenty. The slow accommodation trains are second-class, and may be numbered in the twenties and thirties. The fast freights may

come in the third class, in the forties and fifties. The slow freights and way freights then become fourth-class, in the sixties and seventies.

On some large roads a hundred numbers are reserved for each class of trains. The present practice is to give a train the same number on all the roads over which it runs. Thus a traveler leaving New York on Number Eleven reaches St. Louis on Number Eleven the next evening, by which time another Number Eleven has left New York. No confusion results, as the train has passed over three different roads, with a total of nine time-table despatching districts. It has taken nine sets of despatchers and operators, five train crews, and probably seven engines to render this service, to say nothing of terminal work and track and bridge maintenance.

The traveler who attempts to compute the revenue of the train is apt to forget all this, and to magnify the reasonable rate he is charged for benefits conferred. He won-



A FIREMAN.

ders why the allied lines do not declare dividends of thirty or forty per cent.

With the classes of trains clearly in mind, it must be remembered that, as between two trains of the same class, direction gives precedence. East of the Rocky Mountains most roads make east-bound or north-bound the superior direction. On the Pacific slope, where the seaport is in the opposite direction, west-bound or south-bound is usually made superior. Thus, on an Eastern road with trains classified as above indicated, Number Two, Number Four, Number Six, etc., would have absolute right, under the time-table, to use the road regardless of all other trains. Regular trains, being creations of the time-table, are not allowed to run ahead of the time it prescribes at each station. Number One, Number Three, Number Five, etc., would have to keep off the time of the first-class trains in the superior direction, but could disregard all other classes of trains. The lower the class the greater the number of trains to remember and to keep clear of. This part is done by the conductor and engineman, who are held equally responsible for the safety of their own train. The conductor "runs train"; the engineman runs the engine and "pulls the train"; while the despatcher "runs trains."

An "extry" (extra train) has no time-table status. It derives its existence from a train order from the despatcher in the following form:

Eng. 2 will run extra from Manila to Dagupan.

Or, if a work-train:

Eng. 3 will work as an extra between Santiago and Siboney from 7 A.M. till 6 P.M.

This order gives the extra no right to use the main track on the time of any regular train. It must run only when it can dodge regular trains. It pays no attention to other extra trains unless required by train order to do so. To prevent confusion, an extra train is distinguished by two white flags, usually dirty, or two white lights on the

front of the engine near the headlight. In the handling of extra trains the despatcher must be most careful, since they are run entirely by telegraph. If he forgets and runs two extras in the same limits without a provision in orders for them to meet or to look out for each other, he has given the dreaded "lap order," which means a collision unless the trains happen to sight each other on straight track in time to stop. Some-

times after a lap order has been given, a fortunate circumstance, like a breakdown, prevents "gettin' 'em together." The feelings of a despatcher who discovers his error too late to remedy, but in time to order the wreck-train and surgeons to be ready before he knows just where the wreck has occurred or how many are killed or injured, are not enviable, to say the least. A decrepit old crossing-flagman, like most of his class a worn-out track-hand, was once recommended by the oculist for dismissal on the ground of color-blindness and insufficient intelligence. The writer had happened to be near when the old man's



A TELEGRAPHER.

quick wit and prompt flagging both ways prevented a collision after a lap order had been given. This practical test was allowed to outweigh all theoretical considerations, and the old man still keeps a faithful watch.

In case it is desired to run more than one train on the same time-table schedule, this train is run in as many sections as may be necessary, each section, *except the last*, being ordered to "carry" or display signals, which means that two green flags or two green lights are shown on the front of the engine near the headlight to indicate that a train of equal rank is following. The following section or sections may be held for connections and not be started for some time. Then the despatcher "helps" inferior trains along with an order reading:

2d No. 10 will run two (2) hours late from Mexico to Tula.

3d No. 10 will run three (3) hours and twenty (20) mins. late from Mexico to Salamanca.

The green "classification signals" on the engine should not be confused with the

green "markers" on the rear of every train. The markers simply indicate to engine-men and operators that the cars of the train are "all a-comin'"; that none have been lost off or obstruct the "block" (space between telegraph stations) in the rear.

The essential feature of modern train-despatching is the "double-order system," under which all trains affected receive, by telegraph, exact copies in manifold of the same order, thus minimizing the possibility of misunderstanding. To insure accuracy, each operator receiving the order repeats it back to the despatcher before taking further action. The conductor, and on some roads the engineman also, signs his name to the order. This signature is then wired to the despatcher, who, when convinced that the copy for the ruling or superior train is in proper hands, directs "Complete" to be written on the copy signed. Without the "Complete" the order must not be delivered or used, but becomes a holding order to keep the train from running until "Complete," assuring safety, is given by the despatcher. These are only the outlines of an elaborate system, built on the experience of disasters, to safeguard life and property against the fallibility of human agencies.

Every operator has to "o. s." (on sheet) a train when it leaves or passes his station; that is, he wires the despatcher's office the train number and the hour and minute of arrival and departure. On the train sheet in the despatcher's office this time is entered in the column which represents the particular train and on the line opposite the station name. The names of the stations are in a wide column in the middle, the east-bound

trains (columns) being on one side and the west-bound on the other. As the trains rush by the stations, the figures of one direction creep from bottom to top, of the other from top to bottom. The despatcher can thus see on the sheet the trains approaching each other. He can tell where, if let alone, they will overtake each other, or where they will meet. If every train could be kept exactly on time, if there were no additional sections, no extra trains, the problem would work itself out according to the time-table. There are too many variable elements in the equation to admit of such a solution. Delays may result from a thousand and one legitimate causes, and are as unavoidable as original sin in man. The moment a train "falls down" (becomes delayed) the despatcher must watch to see that opposing trains receive "help" by order. Perhaps he can help the train itself against a superior train which can stand a slight delay. So he "stabs" (delays) the superior train to prevent the inferior train being "snowed" (badly delayed by a combination of superior trains), knowing that a few minutes can be made up by the first, but that a further delay at this stage to the second cannot be overcome. While this is occurring, there may be another combination forty miles more down the line requiring an exactly opposite remedy, and a third fifty miles farther yet demanding a third kind of treatment. The despatcher, always clear-headed but coatless, takes a pull at the ever-present, nerve-soothing cigar, and hitching up his shirt-sleeves, grabs the telegraph-key to "jerk lightning," no less valiantly but much more discreetly than did Ajax of old.





D'RI AND I

A Border Tale of 1812 Being the Memoirs
of Colonel Ramon Bell

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden" "The Master of Silence" etc.

XIX.

D'RI and I left the château that afternoon, putting up in the red tavern at Morris-town about dusk.

My companion rode away proudly, the medal dangling at his waistcoat lapel.

"Jerushy Jane!" said he, presently, as he pulled rein. "Ain't a-goin' t' hev thet floppin' there so—meks me feel luk a bird. Don't seem nohow nat'ral. Wha' d' ye s'pose he gin me thet air thing fer?"

He was putting it away carefully in his wallet.

"As a token of respect for your bravery," said I.

His laughter roared in the still woods, making my horse lift and snort a little. It was never an easy job to break a horse to D'ri's laughter.

"It 's reedie'lous," said he, thoughtfully, in a moment.

"Why?"

"'Cause fer the reason why they don't no

man deserve nuthin' fer doin' what he 'd orter," he answered, with a serious and determined look.

"You did well," said I, "and deserve anything you can get."

"Done my derndest!" said he. "But I did n't do nuthin' but git licked. Got shot an' tore an' slammed all over thet air deck, an' could n't do no harm t' nobody. Jes luk a hoss tied 'n the stall, an' a lot o' men whalin' 'im, an' a lot more tryin' t' scare 'im t' death."

"Wha' d' ye s'pose thet air thing 's made uv?" he inquired after a little silence.

"Silver," said I.

"Pure silver?"

"Undoubtedly," was my answer.

"Judas Priest!" said he, taking out his wallet again, to look at the trophy. "Thet air mus' be wuth suthin'."

"More than a year's salary," said I.

He looked up at me with a sharp whistle of surprise.

"Ain' no great hand fer sech flummy-diddles," said he, as he put the medal away.

"It 's a badge of honor," said I. "It shows you 're a brave man."

"Got 'nough on 'em," said D'ri. "This 'ere rip'n the forehead 's 'bout all the badge I need."

"It 's from the emperor—the great Napoleon," I said. "It 's a mark of his pleasure."

"Wall, by Judas Priest!" said D'ri, "I would n't jump over a stun wall t' please no emp'ror, an' I would n't cut off my leetle finger fer a hull bushel basket o' them air. I hain't a-fightin' fer no honor."

"What then?" said I.

His face turned very sober. He pursed his lips, and spat across the ditch; then he gave his mouth a wipe, and glanced thoughtfully at the sky.

"Fer liberty," said he, with decision. "Same thing my father died fer."

Not to this day have I forgotten it, the answer of old D'ri, or the look of him as he spoke. I was only a reckless youth fighting for the love of peril and adventure, and with too little thought of the high purposes of my country. The causes of the war were familiar to me; that proclamation of Mr. Madison had been discussed freely in our home, and I had felt some share in the indignation of D'ri and my father. This feeling had not been allayed by the bloody scenes in which I had had a part. Now I began to feel the great passion of the people, and was put to shame for a moment.

"Liberty—that is a grand thing to fight for," said I, after a brief pause.

"Swap my life any time fer thet air," said D'ri. "I can fight sassy, but not fer no king but God A'mighty. Don't pay t' git all tore up 'less it 's fer suthin' purty middlin' vallyble. My life ain't wuth much, but, ye see, I hain't nuthin' else."

We rode awhile in sober thought, hearing only a sough of the wind above and the rustling hoof-beat of our horses in the rich harvest of the autumn woods. We were walking slowly over a stretch of bare moss when, at a sharp turn, we came suddenly in sight of a huge bear that sat facing us. I drew my pistol as we pulled rein, firing quickly. The bear ran away into the brush as I fired another shot.

"He 's hit," said D'ri, leaping off and bidding me hold the bit. Then, with a long stride, he ran after the fleeing bear. I had been waiting near half an hour when D'ri came back slowly, with a downhearted look.

"T ain' no use," said he. "Can't never git thet bear. He 's got a flesh-wownd-high

up in his hin' quarters, an' he 's travelin' fast."

He took a fresh chew of tobacco and mounted his horse.

"Terrible pity!" he exclaimed, shaking his head with some trace of lingering sorrow. "Ray," said he, soberly, after a little silence, "when ye see a bear lookin' your way, ef ye want 'im, alwus shute at the end thet 's towards ye."

There was no better bear-hunter in the north woods than D'ri, and to lose a bear was, for him, no light affliction.

"Can't never break a bear's neck by shutin' 'im in the hin' quarters," he remarked.

I made no answer.

"Might jest es well spit 'n 'is face," he added presently; "jest eggzac'ly."

This apt and forceful advice calmed a lingering sense of duty, and he rode on awhile in silence. The woods were glooming in the early dusk when he spoke again. Something revived his contempt of my education. He had been trailing after me, and suddenly I felt his knee.

"Tell ye this, Ray," said he, in a kindly tone. "Ef ye wan' t' git a bear, got t' mux 'im up a leetle for'ard—right up 'n the neighborhood uv 'is fo'c's'le. Don't dew no good t' shute 'is hams. Might es well try t' choke 'im t' death by pinchin' 'is tail."

We were out in the open. Roofs and smoking chimneys were silhouetted on the sky, and, half-way up a hill, we could see the candle-lights of the red tavern. There, in the bar, before blazing logs in a great fireplace, for the evening had come chilly, a table was laid for us, and we sat down with hearty happiness to tankards of old ale and a smoking haunch. I have never drunk or eaten with a better relish. There were half a dozen or so sitting about the bar, and all ears were for news of the army and all hands for our help. If we asked for more potatoes or ale, half of them rose to proclaim it. Between pipes of Virginia tobacco, and old sledge, and songs of love and daring, we had a memorable night. When we went to our room, near twelve o'clock, I told D'ri of our dear friends, who, all day, had been much in my thought.

"Wusthe letter writ by her?" he inquired.

"Not a doubt of it."

"Then it 's all right," said he. "A likely pair o' gals—them air—no mistake."

"But I think they made me miss the bear," I answered.

"Ray," said D'ri, soberly, "when yer shutin' a bear, ef ye want 'im, don't never

think o' nuthin' but the bear." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Won't never hev no luck killin' a bear ef ye don' quit dwellin' so on them air gals."

I thanked him, with a smile, and asked if he knew Eagle Island.

"Be'n all over it half a dozen times," said he. "'T ain' no more 'n twenty rod from the Yankee shore, thet air island ain't. We c'u'd paddle there in a day from our cove."

And that was the way we planned to go, —by canoe from our landing, —and wait for the hour at Paleyville, a Yankee village opposite the island. We would hire a team there, and convey the party by wagon to Le-ravsville.

WE were off at daybreak, and going over the hills at a lively gallop. Crossing to Caraway Pike, in the Cedar Meadows, an hour later, we stampeded a lot of moose. One of them, a great bull, ran ahead of us, roaring with fright, his antlers rattling upon bush and bough, his black bell hanging to the fern-tops.

"Don' never wan' t' hev no argyment with one o' them air chaps 'less ye know purty nigh how 't 's comin' out," said D'ri. "Al-wus want a gun es well es a purty middlin' ca-a-areful aim on your side. Then ye 're apt t' need a tree, tew, 'fore ye git through with it." After a moment's pause he added: "Got t' be a joemightyful stout tree, er he 'll shake ye out uv it luk a ripe apple."

"They always have the negative side of the question," I said. "Don't believe they 'd ever chase a man if he 'd let 'em alone."

"Yis, siree, they would," was D'ri's answer. "I 've hed 'em come right efter me 'fore ever I c'u'd lift a gun. Ye see, they 're jest es cur'us 'bout a man es a man is 'bout them. Ef they can't smell 'im, they 're terrible cur'us. Jes wan' t' see what 's inside uv 'im an' what kind uv a smellin' critter he is. Dunno es they wan' t' dew 'im any pertic'lar harm. Jes wan' t' mux 'im over a leetle; but they dew it *awful careless*, an' he ain't never fit t' be seen no more."

He snickered faintly as he spoke.

"An' they don't nobody see much uv 'im efter thet, nuther," he added, with a smile.

"I 'member once a big bull tried t' find out the kind o' works I hed in me. 'T wa'n' no moose—jest a common ord'nary three-year-ol' bull."

"Hurt you?" I queried.

"No; 't hurt 'im," said he, soberly. "Sp'ilt 'im, es ye might say. Could n't never bear the sight uv a man efter thet.

Seem so he did n't think he wus fit t' be seen. Nobody c'u'd ever git 'n a mild o' th' poor cuss. Hed t' be shot."

"What happened?"

"Hed a stout club 'n my hand," said he. "Got holt uv 'is tail, an' begun a-whalin' uv 'im. Run 'im down a steep hill, an' passin' a tree, I tuk one side an' he t' other. We parted there fer the las' time."

He looked off at the sky a moment.

Then came his inevitable addendum, which was: "I hed a dern sight more tail 'an he did, thet 's sartin."

About ten o'clock we came in sight of our old home. Then we hurried our horses, and came up to the door with a rush. A stranger met us there.

"Are you Captain Bell?" said he, as I got off my horse.

I nodded.

"I am one of your father's tenants," he went on. "Ride over the ridge yonder about half a mile, and you will see his house." I looked at D'ri and he at me. He had grown pale suddenly, and I felt my own surprise turning into alarm.

"Are they well?" I queried.

"Very well, and looking for you," said he, smiling.

We were up in our saddles, dashing out of the yard in a jiffy. Beyond the ridge a wide mile of smooth country sloped to the river margin. Just off the road a great house lay long and low in fair acres. Its gables were red-roofed, its walls of graystone half hidden by lofty hedges of cedar. We stopped our horses, looking off to the distant woods on each side of us.

"Can't be," said D'ri, soberly, his eyes squinting in the sunlight.

"Wonder where they live," I remarked.

"All looks mighty cur'us," said he.

"'T ain' no way nat'ral."

"Let 's go in there and ask," I suggested.

We turned in at the big gate and rode silently over a driveway of smooth gravel to the door. In a moment I heard my father's hearty hello, and then my mother came out in a better gown than ever I had seen her wear. I was out of the saddle and she in my arms before a word was spoken. My father, hardy old Yankee, scolded the stamping horse, while I knew well he was only upbraiding his own weakness.

"Come, Ray; come, Darius," said my mother, as she wiped her eyes; "I will show you the new house."

A man took the horses, and we all followed her into the splendid hall, while I was

filled with wonder and a mighty longing for the old home.

XX.

It was a fine house—that in which I spent many happy years back in my young manhood. Not, indeed, so elegant or so large as this where I am now writing, but comfortable. To me, then, it had an atmosphere of romance and some look of grandeur. Well, in those days I had neither a sated eye, nor gout, nor judgment of good wine. It was I who gave it the name of Fairacres that day when, coming out of the war, we felt its peace and comfort for the first time, and, dumfounded with surprise, heard my mother tell the story of it.

"My grandfather," said she, "was the Chevalier Ramon Ducet de Trouville, a brave and gallant man who, for no good reason, disinherited my father. The property went to my uncle, the only other child of the chevalier, and he, as I have told you, wrote many kind letters to me, and sent each year a small gift of money. Well, he died before the war,—it was in March,—and, having no children, left half his fortune to me. You, Ramon, will remember that long before you went away to the war a stranger came to see me one day—a stout man, with white hair and dark eyes. Do you not remember? Well, I did not tell you then, because I was unable to believe, that he came to bring the good news. But he came again, after you left us, and brought me money—a draft on account. For us it was a very large sum, indeed. You know we have always been so poor, and we knew that when the war was over there would be more and a-plenty coming. So, what were we to do? 'We will build a home,' said I; 'we will enjoy life as much as possible. We will surprise Ramon. When he returns from the war he shall see it, and be very happy.' The architect came with the builders, and, voilà! the house is ready, and you are here, and after so long it is better than a fortune to see you. I thought you would never come."

She covered her face a moment, while my father rose abruptly and left the room. I kissed the dear hands that long since had given to heavy toil their beauty and shapeliness.

But enough of this, for, after all, it is neither here nor there. Quick and unexpected fortune came to many a pioneer, as it came to my mother, by inheritance, as one may see if he look only at the records of one court of claims—that of the British.

"Before long you may wish to marry," said my mother, as she looked up at me proudly, "and you will not be ashamed to bring your wife here."

I vowed, then and there, I should make my own fortune,—I had Yankee enough in me for that,—but, as will be seen, the wealth of heart and purse my mother had, helped in the shaping of my destiny. In spite of my feeling, I know it began quickly to hasten the life-currents that bore me on. And I say, in tender remembrance of those very dear to me, I had never a more delightful time than when I sat by the new fireside with all my clan,—its number as yet undiminished,—or went roistering in wood or field with the younger children.

The day came when D'ri and I were to meet the ladies. We started early that morning of the 12th. Long before daylight we were moving rapidly down-river in our canoes.

I remember seeing a light flash up and die away in the moonlit mist of the river soon after starting.

"The boogy light!" D'ri whispered. "There 't goes ag'in!"

I had heard the river folk tell often of this weird thing—one of the odd phenomena of the St. Lawrence.

"Comes alwus where folks hev been drowned," said D'ri. "Thet air 's whut I've hearn tell."

It was, indeed, the accepted theory of the fishermen, albeit many saw in the boogy light a warning to mark the place of forgotten murder, and bore away.

The sun came up in a clear sky, and soon, far and wide, its light was tossing in the ripple-tops. We could see them glowing miles away. We were both armed with saber and pistols, for that river was the very highway of adventure in those days of the war.

"Don' jes like this kind uv a hoss," said D'ri. "Got t' keep whalin' 'im all the while, an' he 's apt t' slobber 'n rough goin'."

He looked thoughtfully at the sun a breath, and then trimmed his remark with these words: "Ain't eggzacly sure-footed, nuther."

"Don't require much feed, though," I suggested.

"No; ye hev t' dew all the eatin', but ye can alwus eat 'nough fer both."

It was a fine day, and a ride to remember. We had a warm sun, a clear sky, and now and then we could feel the soft feet of the south wind romping over us in the river—

way. Here and there a swallow came coasting to the ripples, sprinkling the holy water of delight upon us, or a crow's shadow plowed silently across our bows. It thrilled me to go cantering beside the noisy Rapides de la Plate or the wild-footed Galops, two troops of water hurrying to the mighty battles of the sea. We mounted reeling knolls, and coasted over whirling dips, and rushed to boiling levels, and jumped foamy ridges, and went galloping in the rush and tumble of long slopes.

"Let 'er rip!" I could hear D'ri shouting, once in a while, as he flashed up ahead of me. "Let 'er rip! Consarn 'er pictur'!"

He gave a great yell of triumph as we slowed in a long stretch of still, broad water. "Judas Priest!" said he, as I came alongside, "thet air's rougher 'n the bog trail."

We came to Paleyville with time only for a bite of luncheon before dark. We could see no sign of life on the island or the "Canuck shore" as we turned our bows to the south channel. That evening the innkeeper sat with us under a creaking sign, our chairs tilted to the tavern-side.

D'ri was making a moose-horn of birch-bark as he smoked thoughtfully. When he had finished, he raised it to his lips and moved the flaring end in a wide circle as he blew a blast that rang miles away in the far forest.

"Ef we heppen t' git separated in any way, shape, er manner 'cept one," said he, as he slung it over his shoulder with a string, "ye 'll know purty nigh where I be when ye hear thet air thing."

"You said 'in any way, shape, er manner 'cept one,'" I quoted. "What do you mean by that?"

My friend expectorated, looking off into the night soberly a moment.

"Guess I did n't mean nuthin'," said he, presently. "When I set out t' say suthin', don't never know where I 'm goin' t' land. Good deal luk settin' sail without a compass. Thet 's one reason I don't never say much 'fore women."

Our good host hurried the lagging hours with many a tale of the river and that island we were soon to visit, once the refuge of Tadousac, the old river pirate, so he told us, with a cave now haunted by some ghost. We started for the shore near ten o'clock, the innkeeper leading us with a lantern, its light flickering in a west wind. The sky was cloudy, the night dark. Our host lent us the lantern, kindly offering to build a

bonfire on the beach at eleven, to light us home.

"Careful, boys," said the innkeeper, as we got aboard. "Aim straight fer th' head o' th' island. Can't ye see it—right over yer heads there? 'Member, they 's awful rough water below."

We pushed off, D'ri leading. I could see nothing of the island, but D'ri had better eyes, and kept calling me as he went ahead. After a few strokes of the paddle I could see on the dark sky the darker mass of tree-tops.

"Better light up," I suggested. We were now close in.

"Hush!" he hissed. Then, as I came up to him, he went on, whispering: "T ain' bes' t' mek no noise here. Don' know none tew much 'bout this here business. Don' callate we 're goin' t' hev any trouble, but if we dew— Hark."

We had both heard a stir in the bushes, and stuck our paddles in the sand, listening. After a little silence I heard D'ri get up and step stealthily into the water and buckle on his saber. Then I could hear him sinking the canoe and shoving her anchor deep into the sand. He did it with no noise that, fifty feet away, could have been distinguished from that of the ever-murmuring waters. In a moment he came and held my canoe, while I also took up my trusty blade, stepping out of the canoe into the shallow water. Then he shoved her off a little, and sank her beside the other. I knew not his purpose, and made no question of it, following him as he strode the shore with measured paces, the lantern upon his arm. Then presently he stuck his paddle into the bushes, and mine beside it. We were near the head of the island, walking on a reedy strip of soft earth at the river margin. After a few paces we halted to listen, but heard only the voice of the water and the murmur of pines. Then we pushed through a thicket of small fir-trees to where we groped along in utter darkness among the big tree-trunks on a muffle-footing. After a moment or so we got a spray of light. We halted, peering at the glow that now sprinkled out through many a pinhole aperture in a fairy lattice of pine-needles.

My heart was beating loudly, for there was the promised lantern. Was I not soon to see the brighter light of those dear faces? It was all the kind of thing I enjoyed then, —the atmosphere of peril and romance,—wild youth that I was. It is a pity, God knows, I had so little consideration for old

D'ri; but he loved me, and—well, he himself had some pleasure in excitement.

We halted for only a moment, pushing boldly through a thicket of young pines into the light. A lantern hung on the bough of a tall tree, and beneath it was a wide opening well carpeted with moss and needles. We peered off into the gloom, but saw nothing.

D'ri blew out a thoughtful breath, looking up into the air coolly, as he filled his pipe.

"Consarned if I ever wanted t' hev a smoke s' bad 'n all my born days," he remarked.

Then he moved his holster, turned his scabbard, and sat down quietly, puffing his pipe with some look of weariness and reflection. We were sitting there less than five minutes when we heard a footfall near by; then, suddenly, two men strode up to us in the dim light. I recognized at once the easy step, the long, lithe figure of his Lordship in the dress of a citizen, saving sword and pistols.

"Ah, good evening, gentlemen," said he, quietly. "How are you?"

"Better than—than when we saw you last," I answered.

D'ri had not moved; he looked up at me with a sympathetic smile.

"I presume," said his Lordship, in that familiar, lazy tone, as he lighted a cigar, "there was—ah—good room for improvement, was there not?"

"Abundant," said I, thoughtfully. "You were not in the best of health yourself that evening."

"True," said he; "I—I was in bad fettle and worse luck."

"How are the ladies?"

"Quite well," said he, blowing a long puff.

"Ready to deliver them?" I inquired.

"Presently," said he. "There are—some formalities."

"Which are?" I added quickly.

"A trifle of expenses and a condition," said he, lazily.

"How much, and what?" I inquired, as D'ri turned his ear.

"One thousand pounds," said his Lordship, quickly. "Not a penny more than this matter has cost me and his Majesty."

"What else?" said I.

"This man," he answered calmly, with a little gesture aimed at D'ri.

My friend rose, struck his palm with the pipe-bowl, and put up his knife.

"Ef ye 're goin' t' tek me," said he, "better begin right off, er ye won't hev time 'fore breakfast."

Then he clapped the moose-horn to his lips and blew a mighty blast. It made the two men jump and set the near thicket reeling. The weird baritone went off moaning in the far wastes of timber. Its rush of echoes had begun. I put my hand to my saber, for there in the edge of the gloom I saw a thing that stirred me to the marrow. The low firs were moving toward us, root and branch, their twigs falling. Gods of war! it made my hair stand for a jiffy to see the very brush take feet and legs. On sea or land I never saw a thing that gave me so odd a feeling. We stood for a breath or two, then started back, our sabers flashing; for, as the twigs fell, we saw they had been decorating a squad of the British. They came on. I struck at the lantern, but too late, for his Lordship had swung it away. He stumbled, going to his knees; the lantern hit the earth and went out. I had seen the squad break, running each way, to surround us, and D'ri grabbed my hand as the dark fell. We went plunging through the little pines, hitting a man heavily, who fell grunting. We had begun to hear the rattle of boats, a shouting, and quick steps on the shore. We crouched a moment. D'ri blew the moose-horn, pulling me aside with him quickly after the blast. Lights were now flashing near. I could see little hope for us, and D'ri, I thought, had gone crazy. He ran at the oncomers, yelling, "Hey, Rube!" at the top of his lungs. I lay low in the brush a moment. They rushed by me, D'ri in the fore with fending saber. A tawny hound was running in the lead, his nose down, baying loudly. Then I saw the truth, and made after them with all the speed of my legs. They hustled over the ridge, their lights flashing under. For a jiffy I could see only, here and there, a leaping glow in the tree-tops. I rushed on, passing one who had tumbled headlong. The lights below me scattered quickly and stopped. I heard a great yelling, a roar of muskets, and a clash of swords. A hush fell on them as I came near. Then I heard a voice that thrilled me.

"Your sword, sir!" it commanded.

"Stop," said I, sharply, coming near.

There stood my father in the lantern-light, his sword drawn, his gray hair stirring in the breeze. Before him was my old adversary, his Lordship, sword in hand. Near by, the squad of British, now surrounded, were giving up their arms. They had backed to the river's edge; I could hear it lapping their heels. His Lordship sneered, looking at the veteran who stood in a gray frock of

homespun, for all the world, I fancy, like one of those old yeomen who fought with Cromwell.

"Your sword, sir," my father repeated.

"Pardon me," said the young man, with a fascinating coolness of manner, "but I shall have to trouble you—"

He hesitated, feeling his blade.

"How?" said my father.

"To fight for it," said his Lordship, quietly.

"Surrender—fool!" my father answered. "You cannot escape."

"Tut, tut!" said his Lordship. "I never heard so poor a compliment. Come in reach, and I shall make you think better of me."

"Give up your sword."

"After my life, then my sword," said he, with a quick thrust.

Before I could take a step, their swords were clashing in deadly combat. I rushed up to break in upon them, but the air was full of steel, and then my father needed no help. He was driving his man with fiery vigor. I had never seen him fight; all I had seen of his power had been mere play.

It was grand to see the old man fighting as if, for a moment, his youth had come back to him. I knew it could not go far. His fire would burn out quickly; then the blade of the young Britisher, tireless and quick as I knew it to be, would let his blood before my very eyes. What to do I knew not. Again I came up to them; but my father warned me off hotly. He was fighting with terrific energy. I swear to you that in half a minute he had broken the sword of his Lordship, who took to the water, swimming for his life. I leaped in, catching him half over the eddy, where we fought like madmen, striking in the air and bumping on the bottom. We were both near drowned when D'ri swam out and gave me his belt-end, hauling us in.

I got to my feet soon. My father came up to me, and wiped a cut on my forehead.

"Confound you, my boy!" said he. "Don't ever interfere with me in a matter of that kind. You might have been hurt."

We searched the island, high and low, for the ladies, but with no success. Then we marched our prisoners to the south channel, where a bateau—the same that brought us help—had been waiting. One of our men had been shot in the shoulder, another gored in the hip with a bayonet, and we left a young Briton dead on the shore. We took our prisoners to Paleyville, and locked them overnight in the blockhouse.

The channel was lighted by a big bonfire on the south bank, as we came over. Its flames went high, and made a great, sloping volcano of light in the darkness.

After the posting of the guard, some gathered about my father and began to cheer him. It nettled the veteran. He would take no honor for his defeat of the clever man, claiming the latter had no chance to fight.

"He had no foot-room with the boy one side and D'ri t' other," said he. "I had only to drive him back."

My father and the innkeeper and D'ri and I sat awhile, smoking, in the warm glow of the bonfire.

"You're a long-headed man," said I, turning to my comrade.

"Kind o' thought they'd be trouble," said D'ri. "So I tuk 'n' ast yer father t' come over hossback with hef a dozen good men. They got three more et the tavern here, an' lay off 'n thet air bateau, waitin' fer the moose-call. I cal'lated I did n't want no more slidin' over there 'n Canady."

After a little snicker, he added: "Hed all 't was good fer me the las' time. 'S a leetle tew swift."

"Gets rather scary when you see the bushes walk," I suggested.

"Seen whut wus up 'fore ever they med a move," said D'ri. "Them air bushes did n't look jst as nat'ral as they'd orter. Bet ye they 're some o' them bushwhackers o' Fitzgibbon. Got loops all over their uniforms, so ye c'u'd stick 'em full o' boughs. Jerushy! never see nuthin' s' joemightyful cur'us 'n all my born days—never." He stopped a breath, and then added: "Could n't be nuthin' cur'user 'n thet."

XXI.

WE hired team and wagon of the innkeeper, and a man to paddle up-river and return with the horses.

I had a brief talk with our tall prisoner while they were making ready.

"A word of business, your Lordship," I said as he came out, yawning, with the guard.

"Ah, well," said he, with a shiver, "I hope it is not so cold as the air."

"It is hopeful; it is cheering," was my answer.

"And the topic?"

"An exchange—for the ladies."

He thought a moment, slapping the dust off him with a glove.

"This kind of thing is hard on the troussers," he remarked carelessly. "I will consider; I think it could be arranged. Meanwhile, I give you my word of honor, you need have no worry."

We were off at daybreak with our prisoners; there were six of them in all. We put a fold of linen over the eyes of each, and roped them all together, so that they could sit or stand, as might please them, in the wagon-box.

"It's barbarity," said his Lordship, as we put on the fold. "You Yankees never knew how to treat a prisoner."

"Till you learnt us," said D'ri, quickly. "Could n't never fergit thet lesson. Ef I hed my way 'bout you, I'd haul ye up t' th' top o' thet air dead pine over yender, 'n' let ye slide down."

"Rather too steep, I should say," said his Lordship, wearily.

"Ye would n't need no grease," said D'ri, with a chuckle.

We were four days going to the Harbor. My father and his men came with us, and he told us many a tale, that journey, of his adventures in the old war. We kept our promise, turning over the prisoners a little before sundown of the 16th. Each was given a good room and every possible comfort.

I arranged soon for the release of all on the safe return of the ladies. In the evening of the 17th his Lordship sent for me. He was a bit nervous, and desired a conference with the general and me. De Chaumont had been over to headquarters that day in urgent counsel. He was weary of delay and planning an appeal to the French government. General Brown was prepared to give the matter all furtherance in his power, and sent quickly for the Englishman. They brought him over at nine o'clock. We uncovered his eyes and locked the door, and "gave him a crack at the old Madeira," as they used to say, and made him as comfortable as might be at the cheery fireside of the general.

"I've been thinking," said his Lordship, after a drink and a word of courtesy. I never saw a man of better breeding or more courage, I am free to say. "You may not agree it is possible, but, anyhow, I have been trying to think. You have been decent to me. I don't believe you are such a bad lot, after all; and while I should be sorry to have you think me tired of your hospitality, I desire to hasten our plans a little. I propose an exchange of—of—"

He hesitated, whipping the ashes off his cigar.

"Well—first of confidence," he went on. "I will take your word if you will take mine."

"In what matter?" the general inquired.

"That of the ladies and their relief," said he. "A little confidence will—will—"

"Grease the wheels of progress?" the general suggested, smiling.

"Quite so," he answered lazily. "To begin with, they are not thirty miles away, if I am correct in my judgment of this locality."

There was a moment of silence.

"My dear sir," he went on presently, "this ground is quite familiar to me. I slept in this very chamber long ago. But that is not here nor there. Day after to-morrow, a little before midnight, the ladies will be riding on the shore pike. You could meet them and bring them out to a schooner, I suppose—if—"

He stopped again, puffing thoughtfully.

"If we could agree," he went on. "Now this would be my view of it: You let me send a messenger for the ladies. You would have to take them by force somehow; but, you know, I could make it easy—arrange the time and place, no house near, no soldiers, no resistance but that of the driver, who should not share our confidence—no danger. You take them to the boats and bring them over; but, first—"

He paused again, looking at the smoke-rings above his head in a dreamy manner.

"First," my chief repeated.

"Well," said he, leaning toward him with a little gesture, "to me the word of a gentleman is sacred. I know you are both gentlemen. I ask for your word of honor."

"To what effect?" the general queried.

"That you will put us safely on British soil within a day after the ladies have arrived," said he.

"It is irregular and a matter of some difficulty," said the general. "Whom would you send with such a message?"

"Well, I should say some Frenchwoman could do it. There must be one here who is clever enough."

"I know the very one," said I, with enthusiasm. "She is as smart and cunning as they make them."

"Very well," said the general; "that is but one step. Who is to capture them and take the risk of their own heads?"

"D'ri and I could do it alone," was my confident answer.

"Ah, well," said his Lordship, as he rose languidly and stood with his back to the fire,

"I shall send them where the coast is clear—my word for that. Hang me if I fail to protect them."

"I do not wish to question your honor," said the general, "or violate in any way this atmosphere of fine courtesy; but, sir, I do not know you."

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the Englishman, as he ripped his coat-lining and drew out a folded sheet of purple parchment. "I am Lord Ronley, fifth Earl of Pickford, and cousin of his Most Excellent Majesty the King of England; there is the proof."

He tossed the parchment to the table carelessly, resuming his chair.

"Forgive me," said he, as the general took it. "I have little taste for such theatricals. Necessity is my only excuse."

"It is enough," said the other. "I am glad to know you. I hope sometime we shall stop fighting each other—we of the same race and blood. It is unnatural."

"Give me your hand," said the Englishman, with heartier feeling than I had seen him show, as he advanced. "Amen! I say to you."

"Will you write your message? Here are ink and paper," said the general.

His Lordship sat down at the table and hurriedly wrote these letters:

PRESOTT, ONTARIO, November 17, 1813.
TO SIR CHARLES GRAVLEIGH,
The Weirs, above Landsmere, Wrentham,
Frontenac County, Canada.

MY DEAR GRAVLEIGH: Will you see that the baroness and her two wards, the Misses de Lambert, are conveyed by my coach, on the evening of the 18th inst., to that certain point on the shore pike between Amsbury and Lakeside known as Burnt Ridge, there to wait back in the timber for my messenger? Tell them they are to be returned to their home, and give them my very best wishes. Lamson will drive, and let the bearer ride with the others.

Very truly yours,
RONLEY.

To whom it may concern.

Mme. St. Jovite, the bearer, is on her way to my house at Wrentham, Frontenac County, second concession, with a despatch of urgent character. I shall be greatly favored by all who give her furtherance in this journey.

Respectfully, etc.,
RONLEY,
Colonel of King's Guard.

For fear of a cipher, the general gave tantamount terms for each letter, and his Lordship rewrote them.

"I thought the name St. Jovite would be as good as any," he remarked.

The rendezvous was carefully mapped. The guard came, and his Lordship rose languidly.

"One thing more," said he. "Let the men go over without arms—if—if you will be so good."

"I shall consider that," said the general.

"And when shall the messenger start?"

"Within the hour, if possible," my chief answered.

As they went away, the general sat down with me, for a moment, to discuss the matter.

XXII.

HEREIN is the story of the adventures of his Lordship's courier, known as Mme. St. Jovite, on and after the night of November 17, 1813, in Upper Canada. This account may be accepted as quite trustworthy, its writer having been known to me these many years, in the which neither I nor any of my friends have had occasion to doubt her veracity. The writer gave more details than are desirable, but the document is nothing more than a letter to an intimate friend. I remember well she had an eye for color and a taste for description not easy to repress.

WHEN I decided to go it was near midnight. The mission was not all to my taste, but the reward was handsome and the letter of Lord Ronley reassuring. I knew I could do it, and dressed as soon as possible and walked to the Lone Oak, a sergeant escorting. There, as I expected, the big soldier known as D'ri was waiting, his canoe in a wagon that stood near. We all mounted the seat, driving pell-mell on a rough road to Tibbals Point, on the southwest corner of Wolf Island. A hard journey it was, and near two o'clock, I should say, before we put our canoe in the water. Then the man D'ri helped me to an easy seat in the bow and shoved off. A full moon, yellow as gold, hung low in the northwest. The water was calm, and we cut across "the moon way," that funneled off to the shores of Canada.

"It is one ver' gran' night," I said in my dialect of the rude Canuck; for I did not wish him, or any one, to know me. War is war, but, surely, such adventures are not the thing for a woman.

"Yis, mahm," he answered, pushing hard with the paddle. "Yer a friend o' the cap'n, ain't ye—Ray Bell?"

"Ze captain? Ah, oui, m'sieu," I said. "One ver' brave man, ain't it?"

"Yis, mahm," said he, soberly and with

emphasis. "He 's more 'n a dozen brave men, thet 's whut he is. He's a joemightyful cuss. Ain't nuthin' he can't dew—spryer 'n a painter, stouter 'n a moose, an' treemenjous with a sword."

The moon sank low, peering through distant tree-columns, and went out of sight. Long stubs of dead pine loomed in the dim, golden afterglow, their stark limbs arching high in the heavens—like mullions in a great Gothic window.

"When we git nigh shore over yender," said my companion, "don't b'lieve we better hev a grea' deal t' say. I ain't a-goin' t' be tuck—by a jugful—not ef I can help it. Got me 'n a tight place one night here 'n Canady."

"Ah, m'sieu', in Canada! How did you get out of it?" I queried.

"Slipped out," said he, shaking the canoe with suppressed laughter. "Jes luk a streak o' greased lightnin'," he added presently.

"The captain he seems ver' anxious for me to mak' great hurry," I remarked.

"No wonder; it 's his lady-love he 's efter—faster 'n a weasel t' see 'er," said he, snickering.

"Good-looking?" I queried.

"Han'some es a pictur'," said he, soberly.

In a moment he dragged his paddle, listening.

"Thet air 's th' shore over yender," he whispered. "Don't say a word now. I 'll put ye right on the p'int o' rocks. Creep 'long careful till ye git t' th' road, then turn t' th' left, the cap'n tol' me."

When I stepped ashore my dress caught the gunwale and upset our canoe. The good man rolled noisily into the water, and rose dripping. I tried to help him.

"Don't bother me—none," he whispered testily, as if out of patience, while he righted the canoe.

When at last he was seated again, as I leaned to shove him off, he whispered in a compensating, kindly manner: "When ye 're goin' ashore, an' they 's somebody 'n the canoe, don't never try t' tek it with ye 'less ye tell 'im yer goin' tew."

There was a deep silence over wood and water, but he went away so stealthily I could not hear the stir of his paddle. I stood watching as he dimmed off in the darkness, going quickly out of sight. Then I crept over the rocks and through a thicket, shivering, for the night had grown chilly. I snagged my dress on a brier every step, and had to move by inches. After mincing along half an hour or so, I came where I

could feel a bit of clear earth, and stood there, dancing on my tiptoes, in the dark, to quicken my blood a little. Presently the damp light of dawn came leaking through the tree-tops. I heard a rattling stir in the bare limbs above me. Was it some monster of the woods? Although I have more courage than most women, it startled me, and I stood still. The light came clearer; there was a rush toward me that shook the boughs. I peered upward. It was only a squirrel, now scratching his ear, as he looked down at me. He braced himself, and seemed to curse me loudly for a spy, trembling with rage and rushing up and down the branch above me. Then all the curious, inhospitable folk of the timber-land came out upon their towers to denounce me. I made my way over the rustling, brittle leaves, and soon found a trail that led up over high land. I followed it for a matter of some minutes, and came to the road, taking my left-hand way, as they told me. There was no traveler in sight. I walked as fast as I could, passing a village at sunrise, where I asked my way in French at a smithy. Beyond there was a narrow clearing, stumpy and rank with briers, on the upside of the way. Presently, looking over a level stretch, I could see trees arching the road again, from under which, as I was looking, a squad of cavalry came out in the open. It startled me. I began to think I was trapped. I thought of dodging into the brush. But no; they had seen me, and I would be a fool now to turn fugitive. I looked about me. Cows were feeding near. I picked up a stick and went deliberately into the bushes, driving one of them to the pike and heading her toward them. They went by at a gallop, never pulling up while in sight of me. Then I passed the cow and went on, stopping an hour later at a lonely log house, where I found French people, and a welcome that included moose-meat, a cup of coffee, and fried potatoes. Leaving, I rode some miles with a traveling tinker, a voluble, well-meaning youth who took a liking for me and went far out of his way to help me on. He blushed proudly when, stopping to mend a pot for the cook at a camp of militia, they inquired if I was his wife.

"No; but she may be yet," said he; "who knows?"

I knew it was no good place for me, and felt some relief when the young man did me this honor. From that moment they set me down for a sweetheart.

"She 's too big for you, my boy," said the general, laughing.

"The more the better," said he; "can't have too much of a good wife."

I said little to him as we rode along. He asked for my address, when I left him, and gave me the comforting assurance that he would see me again. I made no answer, leaving him at a turn where, north of us, I could see the white houses of Wrentham. Kingston was hard by, its fort crowning a hilltop by the river.

It was past three by a tower clock at the gate of the Weirs when I got there. A driveway through tall oaks led to the mansion of dark stone. Many acres of park and field and garden were shut in with high walls. I rang a bell at the small gate, and some fellow in livery took my message.

"Wait 'ere, my lass," said he, with an English accent. "I 'll go at once to the secret'ry."

I sat in a rustic chair by the gate-side, waiting for that functionary.

"Ah, come in, come in," said he, coolly, as he opened the gate a little.

He said nothing more, and I followed him—an oldish man with gray eyes and hair and side-whiskers, and neatly dressed, his head covered to the ears with a high hat, tilted backward. We took a stone path, and soon entered a rear door.

"She may sit in the servants' hall," said he to one of the maids.

They took my shawl, as he went away, and showed me to a room where, evidently, the servants did their eating. They were inquisitive, those kitchen-maids, and now and then I was rather put to it for a wise reply. I said as little as might be, using the dialect, long familiar to me, of the French Canadian. My bonnet amused them. It was none too new or fashionable, and I did not remove it.

"Afraid we 'll steal it," I heard one of them whisper in the next room. Then there was a loud laugh.

They gave me a French paper. I read every line of it, and sat looking out of a window at the tall trees, at servants who passed to and fro, at his Lordship's horses, led up and down for exercise in the stable-yard, at the twilight glooming the last pictures of a long day until they were all smudged with darkness. Then candle-light, a trying supper-hour with maids and cooks and grooms and footmen at the big table, English, every one of them, and set up with haughty curiosity. I would not go to the table, and had a cup of tea and a biscuit there in my corner. A big butler walked in

hurriedly awhile after seven. He looked down at me as if I were the dirt of the gutter.

"They 're waitin'," said he, curtly. "An' Sir Chawles would like to know if ye would care for a humberreller."

"Ah, m'sieu! he rains?" I inquired.

"No, mum."

"Ah! he is going to rain, maybe?"

He made no answer, but turned quickly and went to a near closet, from which he brought a faded umbrella.

"There," said he, as he led me to the front door; "see that you send it back."

On the porch were the secretary and the ladies—three of them.

"Ciel! what is it?" one of them whispered as I came out.

The post-lights were shining in their faces, and lovelier I never saw than those of the demoiselles. They stepped lightly to the coach, and the secretary asked if I would go in with them.

"No, m'sieu," was my answer; "I sit by ze drivaire."

"Come in here, you silly goose," said one of the ladies in French, recognizing my nationality.

"Grand merci!" I said, taking my seat by the driver; and then we were off, with as lively a team as ever carried me, our lights flashing on the tree-trunks. We had been riding more than two hours when we stopped for water at a spring-tub under a hill. They gave me a cup, and, for the ladies, I brought each a bumper of the cool, trickling flood.

"Ici, my tall woman," said one of them, presently, "my boot is untied."

Her dainty foot came out of the coach door under ruffles of silk. I hesitated, for I was not accustomed to that sort of service.

"Lambine!" she exclaimed. "Make haste, will you?" her foot moving impatiently.

My fingers had got numb in the cold air, and I must have been very awkward, for presently she boxed my ears and drew her foot away.

"Dieu!" said she. "Tell him to drive on."

I got to my seat quickly, confident that nature had not intended me for a lady's-maid. Awhile later we heard the call of a picket far afield, but saw no camp. A horseman—I thought him a cavalry officer—passed us, flashing in our faces the light of a dark lantern, but said nothing. It must have been near midnight when, as we were going slowly through deep sand, I heard the clang of a cow-bell in the near darkness. Another sounded quickly a bit

farther on. The driver gave no heed to it, although I recognized the signal, and knew something would happen shortly. We had come into the double dark of the timber when, suddenly, our horses reared, snorting, and stopped. The driver felt for his big pistol, but not in the right place: for two hours or more it had been stowed away in the deep pocket of my gown. Not a word was spoken. By the dim light of the lanterns we could see men all about us with pikes looming in the dark. For a breath or two there was perfect silence; then the driver rose quickly and shouted: "Who are you?"

"Frien's o' these 'ere women," said one I recognized as the Corporal D'ri.

He spoke in a low tone as he opened the door.

"Grâce au ciel!" I heard one of the young ladies saying. "It is D'ri—dear old fellow!"

Then they all hurried out of the coach and kissed him.

"The captain—is he not here?" said one of them in French. But D'ri did not understand them, and made no answer.

"Out wi' the lights, an' be still," said D'ri, quickly, and the lights were out as soon as the words. "Jones, you tie up a front leg o' one o' them hosses. Git back in the brush, ladies. Five on 'em, boys. Now up with the pike wall!"

From far back in the road had come again the clang of the cow-bell. I remember hearing five strokes and then a loud rattle. In a twinkling I was off the seat and beside the ladies.

"Take hold of my dress," I whispered quickly, "and follow me."

I led them off in the brush, and stopped. We could hear the move and rattle of cavalry in the near road; then presently the swish of steel, the leap and tumble of horses, the shouting of men. My companions were of the right stuff; they stood shivering, but held their peace. Out by the road lights were flashing, and now we heard pistols and the sound of a mighty scuffle. I could stay there in the dark no longer.

"Wait here, and be silent," I said, and ran well arm around me.

(To be concluded.)

"like a madwoman," as they told me long after, for the flickering lights.

There a squad of cavalry was shut in by the pikes. Two troopers had broken through the near line. One had fallen, badly hurt; the other was saber to saber with the man D'ri. They were close up and striking fiercely, as if with broadswords. I caught up the weapon of the injured man, for I saw the Yankee would get the worst of it. The Britisher had great power and a saber quick as a cat's paw. I could see the corporal was stronger, but not so quick and skilful. As I stood by, quivering with excitement, I saw him get a slash in the shoulder. He stumbled, falling heavily. Then, quickly, forgetting my sex, but not wholly, I hope, the conduct that becomes a woman, I caught the point of the saber, now poised to run him through, with the one I carried. He backed away, hesitating, for he had seen my hat and gown. But I made after him with all the fury I felt, and soon had him in action. He was tired, I have no doubt; anyway, I whirled his saber and broke his hold, whipping it to the ground. That was the last we saw of him, for he made off in the dark faster than I could follow. The trouble was all over, save the wound of the corporal, which was not as bad as I thought. He was up, and one of them, a surgeon, was putting stitches in his upper arm. Others were tying four men together with rope. Their weapons were lying in a little heap near by. One of the British was saying that Sir Charles Gravleigh had sent for them to ride after the coach.

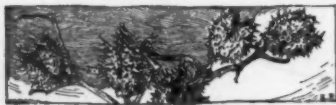
"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" said the man D'ri. "Never see no sech wil'cat uv a woman es thet air."

I looked down at my gown; I felt of my hat, now hanging over one ear. Sure enough, I was a woman.

"Who be ye, I'd like t' know?" said the man D'ri.

"Ramon Bell—a Yankee soldier of the rank of captain," I said, stripping off my gown. "But, I beg of you, don't tell the ladies I was ever a woman."

"Judas Priest!" said D'ri, as he flung his

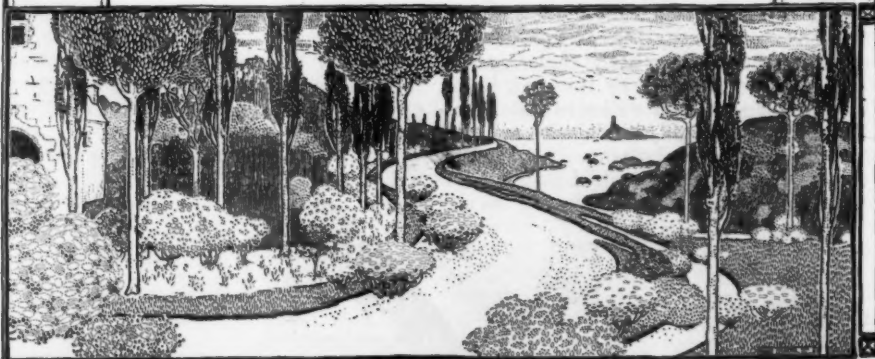




IN CITY PENT.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

OH, sweet at this sweet hour to wander free,
 Or follow some invisible-beckoning hand,
 Among the moody mountains, where they stand
 Awed with the thought of their own majesty!
 Sweet, at the folding-up of day, to be
 Where, on the tattered fringes of the land,
 The uncourted flowers of the penurious sand
 Are pale against the pale lips of the sea.
 Sweetest to dream, on easeful earth reclined,
 Far in some forest's ancient idleness,
 Under the shadow of its bossy boles,
 Beyond the world's pursuit and Care's access,
 And hear the wild feet of the elfin wind
 Dancing and prancing in mad caprioles.



THE SIMPLIFICATION OF ENGLISH SPELLING.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



N a communication to a London review, Professor W. W. Skeat remarked: "It is notorious that all the leading philologists of Europe, during the last quarter of a century, have unanimously condemned the present chaotic spelling of the English language, and have received, on the part of the public generally and of the most blatant and ignorant among the self-constituted critics, nothing but abusive ridicule, which is meant to be scathing, but is harmless from its silliness"; and it cannot be denied that the orthographic simplifications which the leading philologists of Great Britain and the United States are advocating have not yet been widely adopted. In an aggressive article in a New York review an American essayist has sought to explain this by the assertion that phonetic reform "is hopelessly, unspeakably, sickeningly vulgar; and this is an eternal reason why men and women of taste, refinement, and discrimination will reject it with a shudder of disgust." Satisfactory as this explanation may seem to the essayist, I have a certain difficulty in accepting it myself, since I find on the list of the vice-presidents of the Orthographic Union the names of Mr. Howells, of Colonel Higginson, of Dr. Eggleston, of Professor Lounsbury, and of President White; and even if I were willing to admit that these gentlemen were all of them lacking in taste, refinement, and discrimination, I still could not agree with the aggressive essayist so long as my own name was on the same list.

What strikes me as a better explanation is that given by the president of the Orthographic Union, Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, who has suggested that phonetic reformers have asked too much, and so have received too little; they have demanded an immediate and radical change, and, as a result, they have frightened away all but the most resolute radicals; they have failed to reckon with the immense conservatism which gives stability to all the institutions of the English-speaking race. As Mr. Smith puts it, "there is a deep-rooted feeling that the existing printed form is not only a symbol, but the *most fitting*

symbol of our mother-tongue, and that a radical change must impair *for us* the beauty and spiritual effectiveness of that which it symbolizes."

A part of the unreadiness of the public to listen to the advocates of phonetic reform has been due also to the general consciousness that pronunciation is not fixed, but very variable indeed, being absolutely alike in no two places where English is spoken, and perhaps in no two persons who speak English. The humorous poet has shown to us how the little word "vase" once served as a shibboleth to reveal the homes of each of the four young ladies who came severally from New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Kalamazoo. The difference between the pronunciation of New York and Boston is not so marked as that between London and Edinburgh, or between New York and London. And the pronunciation of to-day is not that of to-morrow; it is constantly being modified, sometimes by imperceptible degrees and sometimes by a sudden change like the arbitrary substitution of "eyther" and "neyther" for "eether" and "neether." Now, if pronunciation is not uniform in any two persons, in any two places, at any two periods, the wayfaring man, though a fool, is not to blame if he is in doubt, first, as to the possibility of a uniform phonetic spelling, and, second, as to its permanence even if it was once to be attained.

A glance down the history of English orthography discloses the fact that however chaotic our spelling may seem to be now or may seem to have been in Shakspeare's day, it is and it always has been striving ineffectively to be phonetic. Always the attempt has been to use the letters of the word to represent its sounds. From the beginning there has been an unceasing struggle to keep the orthography as phonetic as might be. This continuous striving toward exactness of sound-reproduction has never been radical or violent; it has always been halting and half-hearted; but it has been constant, and it has accomplished marvels in the course of the centuries. The most that the spelling reformer can hope to do is to help along this good work—to hasten this

inevitable but belated progress, to make the transitions as easy as possible, and to smooth the way so that the needful improvements may follow each other as swiftly as possible. He must remember that a half-loaf is better than no bread, and he must remind himself frequently that the greatest statesmen have been opportunists, knowing what they wanted, but taking what they could get. "Orthography," wrote Sainte-Beuve, thirty years ago, when it was proposed to improve the spelling of French—"orthography is like society: it will never be entirely reformed, but we can at least make it less vicious." And in the same article Sainte-Beuve quotes from Voltaire the dictum that "writing is the painting of the voice, and the closer the likeness the better."

We have got to face the fact that in no language is a sudden and far-reaching reform in spelling ever likely to be attained; and in none is it less likely than in English. The history of the peoples who use our tongue on both sides of the Atlantic proves that they belong to a stock which is wont to make haste slowly, to take one step at a time, and never to allow itself to be overmastered by mere logic. By a series of gradations almost invisible, the loose confederacy of 1776 developed into the firm union of 1861, which was glad to grant to Abraham Lincoln a power broader than that wielded by any dictator. Even the abolition of the corn-laws and the adoption of free trade in Great Britain, sudden as it may seem, was only the final result of a long series of events.

The securing of an absolutely phonetic spelling being impracticable,—even if it were altogether desirable,—the efforts of those who are dissatisfied with the prevailing orthography of our language had best be directed toward the perfectly practical end of getting our reform on the instalment plan. We must seek now only to have the most flagrant absurdities corrected. We must be satisfied to advance little by little. We must begin by showing that there is nothing sacrosanct about the present spelling either in Great Britain or in the United States. We must make it clear to all who are willing to listen—and it is our duty to be persuasive always, and never dogmatic—that the effort of the English language to rid itself of orthographic anomalies is almost as old as the language itself. We must show those who insist that the present spelling shall not be disturbed that in taking this attitude they are setting themselves in opposition to the

past, which they pretend to respect. The average man is open to conviction if you do not try to browbeat him into adopting your beliefs; and he can be induced to accept improvements one at a time if he has it made plain to him that each of these reforms is but one in a series unrolling itself since Chaucer. We must convince the average man that we want merely to continue the good work of our forefathers, and that the real innovators are those who maintain the absolute inviolability of our present spelling.

Even the vehement essayist from whom I have quoted already, and who is the boldest of later opponents of phonetic reform, is vehement chiefly against the various schemes of wholesale revision. He himself refuses to make any modification,—except to revert now and again to a medievalism like "pædagogic,"—but he knows the history of language too well not to be forced to admit that a reform of some sort is certain to be achieved in the future. "The written forms of English words will change in time, as the language itself will change," he confesses. "It will change in its vocabulary, in its idioms, in its pronunciation, and perhaps to some extent in its structural form. For change is the one essential and inevitable phenomenon of a living language, as it is of any living organism; and with these changes, slow and silent and unconscious, will come a change in the orthography." As we read this admirable statement we cannot but wonder why a writer who understands so well the conditions of linguistic growth should wish to bind his own language in the cast-iron bonds of an outworn orthography. We may wonder, also, why he is not consistent in his own practice, and why he does not spell "phenomenon," as Macaulay did only threescore and ten years ago.

Underneath Professor Peck's energetic objection to any orthographic simplification in English, and underneath the plaintive protests of Mr. Andrew Lang and other British men of letters against "American spelling," so called, lies the assumption that there is at the present moment a "regular" spelling, which has existed time out of mind, and which the tasteless reformers wish to destroy. For this assumption there is very little warrant indeed. The orthography of our language has never been stable; it has always been fluctuating; and never has any authority been given to anybody to lay down laws to regulate it. For a convention to have validity it must have won general ac-

ceptance at some period; and the history of English shows that there has never been any such common agreement, expressed or implied, in regard to English spelling. Some of the unphonetic forms which are most vigorously defended, as hallowed by custom and by sentiment, are comparatively recent; and others, which seem as sacred, have had foisted into them needless letters conveying false impressions about their origins.

That there is no theory or practice of English orthography universally accepted to-day is obvious to all who may take the trouble to observe for themselves. The spelling adopted by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is different from that to be found in "Harper's Magazine"; and this differs, again, from that insisted upon in the pages of "The Bookman." THE CENTURY has gone a little in advance of American spelling generally, as seen in "Harper's"; and "The Bookman" is intentionally reactionary. In the United States orthography is in a healthier state of instability than it is in Great Britain, where there is a closer approximation to a deadening uniformity; but even in London and Edinburgh and Dublin those who are on the watch can discover many a divergence from the strict letter of the doctrine of orthographic rigidity. For example, the London "Times," in using the metric system, would probably spell "metre" and "litre" and "gramme," but the British government officially spells these words "meter" and "liter" and "gram."

And just as there is no system of English spelling tacitly agreed on by all men of education using the English language at present, so there is also no system of English spelling consistently and continually used by our ancestors in the past. The orthography of Matthew Arnold differs a little, although not much, from the orthography of Macaulay, and that, in turn, a little from the orthography of Johnson. In like manner, the spelling of Dryden is very different from the spelling of Spenser, and the spelling of Spenser is very different from the spelling of Chaucer. At no time in the long unrolling of English literature from Chaucer to Arnold has there been any agreement among those who used the language as to any precise way in which its words should be spelled, or even as to any theory which should govern particular instances. The history of English orthography is a record, still incomplete, of incessant variation; and a study of it shows plainly how there have been changes in every generation, some of them logical

and some of them arbitrary, some of them helpful simplifications and some of them gross perversities.

Thus we see that those who defend any existing orthography which they choose to regard as regular, and outside of which they affect to behold only vulgar aberration, are setting themselves against the example left us by our forefathers. We see, also, that those of us who are striving to modify our spelling in moderation are doing exactly what has been done by every generation that preceded us. To repeat, in other words, what I have said already, there is not any system of English orthography which is supported by a universal convention to-day or which has any sanctity from its supposed antiquity.

The opponents of spelling reform have been greatly aided by the general acceptance of this assumption of theirs that the advocates of spelling reform wanted to remove ancient landmarks, to break with the past, to introduce endless innovations. The best part of their case will fall to the ground when it is generally understood that the orthography of our language has never been fixed for a decade at a time. And this understanding of the real facts of the situation is likely to be enlarged in the immediate future by the wide circulation of the many recent reprints of the texts of the great authors of the past in the exact spelling of the original editions. So long as we were in the habit of seeing the works of Shakspeare and of Steele, of Scott and of Thackeray and of Hawthorne, all in an orthography which, if not uniform exactly, did not vary widely, we were sorely tempted to say that the spelling which was good enough for them is good enough for us and for our children. But when we have in our hands the works of those great writers as they were originally printed, and when we are forced to remark that they spell in no wise alike one to another, and that such uniformity of orthography they may have seemed to have was due, not to any theory of the authors themselves, but merely to the practice of the modern printing-offices and proof-readers—when these things are brought home to us, any superstitious reverence which we may have had for the orthography we believed to be Shakspeare's and Steele's and Scott's and Thackeray's and Hawthorne's bids fair to vanish.

And one indirect result of this is that men of letters and lovers of literature—two classes hitherto strangely ignorant of the history of the English language and of the

constant changes always going on in its vocabulary, in its syntax, and in its orthography—will at least have the chance to acquire information at first hand, and their resistance to spelling reform ought to become less irreconcilable. Just now they are rather like the Tories, who, as Aubrey de Vere declared, wanted to uninvent printing and undiscover America. As Dr. Johnson put it harshly, "Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar men to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend."

The most powerful single influence in fixing the present absurd spelling of our language was undoubtedly Johnson's Dictionary, published in the middle of the eighteenth century. We cannot but respect the solid learning of Dr. Johnson and his indomitable energy; but the making of an English dictionary was not the task for which his previous studies had preëminently fitted him. Probably he would have succeeded better with a Latin dictionary; and, indeed, there is something characteristically incongruous in the spectacle of the burly doctor's spending his toil in compiling a list of the words in a language the use of which, in a friend's epitaph, he held to be disgraceful. Johnson was, in fact, as unfit a person as could be found to fix English orthography, a task calling for a science the existence of which he did not even suspect, and for a delicacy of perception he lacked absolutely. In all matters of taste he was an elephantine pachyderm, and not a few of his principles of criticism are now disestablished.

In many of the spellings he preferred he was as illogical as he was arbitrary; and the later British lexicographers have all departed widely from the canon he set up. Not so very long before the publication of the dictionary, a certain word was spelled "musique"; Johnson catalogued it as "musick"; but I am aware of no recent dictionary in which it does not appear as "music." This is one instance, at least, of Dr. Johnson's failure to petrify an unsatisfactory spelling. Again, from some inconceivable whim, he sought to establish a difference of form between "exterior" and "posterior," on the one hand, and "interiour" and "anteriour," on the other; and his later editors have made the latter two words conform in termination to the former two. So Johnson wilfully spelled "orateur" and "governour" and "horroure" and "errour" and "emperour"; and from all these words British custom now expels the needless and mislead-

ing *u*, while wantonly retaining it in "colour" and "honour."

The usual reason given for this last orthographic freakishness by those who persist in it is that it preserves for us the history of these words, which were derived not directly from the Latin, but indirectly through the French. If this reason is valid, then consistency requires its advocates also to spell "errour" and "emperour," since all four of these words—"color" and "error," "honor" and "emperor"—are alike taken from the Latin through the French. But this reason is not valid, as it is not the proper function of orthography to preserve a record for the etymologist, for whose use there is abundant and indestructible material elsewhere. And the spelling of "harboyr" and "neighbour," which Johnson indulged in, and which many of his British followers still retain, is etymologically misleading, since neither "harbor" nor "neighbor" is derived from the Latin, either directly or indirectly through the French.

Any one whose reading is at all varied, and who strays outside of books printed within the last quarter-century, can find abundant evidence of the former chaos of English orthography. In Moxon's "Mechanick Exercises," published in 1683, for example, we read that "how well other Forrain languages are Corrected by the Author, we may perceive by the English that is Printed in Forrain Countries"; and this shows us that the phonetic form "forrain" is older than the unphonetic "foreign." In the "Spectator" (No. 510) Steele wrote "landskip" where we should now write "landscape"; in Addison's criticism of "Paradise Lost," contributed to the same periodical, we find "critick," "heroick," and "epick"; and whether Steele or Addison held the pen, "ribbons" were then always "ribands."

On the title-page of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe," published in 1719, we are told that we can read within "an account of how he was at last strangely delivered by Pyrates." Fielding, in the "Champion" in 1740, tells us that "dinner soon follow'd, being a gammon of bacon and some chickens, with a most excellent apple-pye." In the same essay Fielding wrote that "our friends exprest great pleasure at our drinking"; and in "Tom Jones" he wrote "profest" for "professed" (as we should now spell it). Here we discover that the nineteenth century is sometimes more backward than the eighteenth, "profest" and "exprest" being the very spellings which

reformers are now advocating. Fielding also wrote "Salique" where we should now write "Salic," as Wotton had written "Dorique" for "Doric" in a letter to Milton. And here the advantage is with us; and so it is also in our spelling of a word in the playbill of the third night of Mr. Cooper's engagement at the Charleston theater, Friday, April 18, 1796: "Smoaking in the Theatre Prohibited."

Attention has already been called to Ma caulay's "phænomenon" (and to Professor Peck's "pædagogue"). The abolition of the diphthong has been a protracted enterprise not yet completed. In a translation of Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," published in London early in the nineteenth century, I have found "æra" for "era"; and in the eighteenth century "economics" was "œconomics." "Esthetic" has not yet quite expelled "æsthetic," although "anesthetic" seems now fairly established. "Metre" is still struggling with "meter," especially in Great Britain, in spite of the universal acceptance of the compounds "diameter" and "thermometer." With a like lack of logic, "programme" is fighting for its life, while victory already crowns "epigram" and "telegram."

The Greek *ph* is also a stumbling-block. We write "phantom" on the one hand, and "fancy" on the other, and either "phantasy" or "fantasy"; yet all these words are derived from the same Greek root. Probably "phancy" would seem as absurd to most of us as "fantom." Yet "fantasy" has only recently begun to get the better of "phantasy." The Italians are bolder than we are, for they have not hesitated to write "filosofia" and "fotografia." To most of us "fotografer," as we read it on a sign in Union Square, seems truly outlandish; and yet if our great-grandfathers were willing to accept "fancy," there is no logical reason why our great-grandchildren may not accept "fotografy." There is no longer any logical basis for opposition on the ground of scholarship. Indeed, the scholarly opposition to these orthographic simplifications is not unlike the opposition in Germany to the adoption of the Roman alphabet by those who cling to the old Gothic letter on the ground that it is more German, although it is, in reality, only a medieval corruption of the Roman letter. With those who speak German, as with those who speak English, the chief obstacle to the accomplishment of proposed improvements in writing the language is to be found in the general ignorance of its history—or perhaps rather in that conceited half-knowledge

which is always more dangerous than modest ignorance.

To diffuse accurate information about the history of English orthography is the most pressing and immediate duty now before those of us who wish to see our spelling simplified. We must keep reminding those we wish to convince that we want their aid in helping along the movement which has in the past changed "musique" to "music," "riband" to "ribbon," "phantasy" to "fantasy," "æra" to "era," "phænomenon" to "phenomenon," and which in the present is changing "metre" to "meter," "æsthetic" to "esthetic," "programme" to "program," "technique" to "technic."

There never has been any "accepted" spelling, any "system" of orthography sustained by universal convention. To assume that there is anything of the sort is adroitly to beg the very question at issue. There are always in English an immense number of words the spelling of which is not finally fixed; and these doubtful orthographies Professor Peck, for example, would decide in one way and Professor Skeat would decide in another. The most of Professor Peck's decisions would result in conforming his spelling to that which obtains in the printing-office of the London "Times," but in several cases he would exercise the right of private judgment, spelling "pædagogue," for example, and "Vergil." But if he chooses to exercise the right of private judgment, he is estopped from denying this right also to Professor Skeat; and the moment either of them sets up the personal equation as a guide, all pretense of an "accepted system" vanishes.

The spelling reformers will do well also to show how it is a wholesome thing that there is no accepted system, and how the orthography of our language should be free to modify itself in the future as it has in the past. It is this absence of system which gives fluidity and flexibility and the faculty of adaptation to changing conditions. The chief justice of England, when he addressed the American Bar Association, recorded his protest against a cast-iron code in law as tending to hinder legal development; and our language, like our law, must beware lest it lose its power of conforming to the needs of our people as these may be unexpectedly developed. Just as the conservatism of the English-speaking stock makes it highly improbable that any sweeping change in our spelling will ever be made, so the enterprise of the English-speaking stock, its energy

and its common sense, make it highly improbable that any system will long endure which cramps and confines and prevents progress and simplification.

Finally, the spelling reformers must bend their energies to combating the notion that, as Mr. Benjamin E. Smith has put it, "the existing printed form is not only a symbol, but the *most fitting* symbol of our mother-tongue." There is an almost superstitious veneration felt by most of us for the spellings we learned at school; they seem to us sanctified by antiquity; and perhaps even an inquiry into the history of the language is not always enough to disestablish this reverence for false gods. Yet knowledge helps to free us from servitude to idols; and when we are told that the "accepted spelling" has "dignity," we may ask what dignity there is in the spelling of "harbour" with an inserted *u* which is not pronounced, which has been thrust in comparatively recently, and which is etymologically misleading.

In his effective answer to Mr. Herbert Spencer's argument against the metric system,—which, oddly enough, is like spelling reform in that it finds its chief opponents in Great Britain,—President Mendenhall remarked that "ignorant prejudice" is not so dangerous an obstacle to human progress, nor so common, as what may be called "intelligent prejudice," meaning thereby "an obstinate conservatism which makes people cling to what is or has been merely because it is or has been, not being willing to take the trouble to do better, because already doing well, all the while knowing that doing better is not only the easier, but is more in harmony with existing conditions. Such conservatism is highly developed among English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic." It is just such conservatism as this that must be overcome by those of us who wish to see our English orthography continue its lifelong efforts toward simplification.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

THE EAST OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY HENRY C. POTTER.

IF one were asked to express in a single phrase that which exists in the Western mind as its distinctive conception of the land and the people included within the geographical boundaries of what we are wont to describe as India, it would oftenest be done, I imagine, by calling it the land of mystery. Western peoples are ordinarily, it may be presumed, as ignorant of China or Japan as they are of India; and travelers have probably been as often obliged to correct their earlier impressions of either of these countries in the light of a fuller knowledge. But no other people have in them so much that has been inscrutable, and that continues to be so, as those various tribes and states that extend from the Russian frontier to the Indian Ocean.

And the interesting thing is that this element of mystery does not disappear with closer observation or more intimate acquaintance. It would be a small thing to say that my Bengali servant was inscrutable to me after several weeks of his constant companionship by day and by night, in travel,

rest-houses, dak-bungalows, and inns, on shipboard, and in those frequent and quite unreserved conferences which are indispensable in travel between a foreigner and one who is guide, valet, and interpreter all in one. Any traveler would say, doubtless, that to understand the occult mental processes and cryptographic speech of any foreign servant is easily beyond the cleverness of the most experienced mind-reader. But this inability to comprehend, and still more to forecast, the mental processes of these Orientals is, I have found, unreservedly admitted even by those who have known them for a generation. Indeed, the dramatic element of British rule in India largely consists in that absence of certainty as to the character, motives, or possible conduct of those over whom they are set which I have often heard admitted on the part of their rulers.

It is this that must needs lend to the land and to its people an exceptional and perennial interest. As in the costumes and customs of other Eastern nations there is

forever wanting that note of almost startling picturesqueness which salutes the stranger in India, so it is with all that costume and custom stand for. Prodigal wealth, Oriental splendor, subtlety in speech and action, inexhaustible craft, unwearied furtiveness, swift and secret revenges, hot passion and its reckless blow, far-seeing purposes and their marvelous adroitness of scheme and instrument, the tragedies of racial or tribal ambitions, the carelessness of life in warfare; the unspeakable perfidies of intrigue in the lives of kings and courts, the surface gentleness and obsequiousness, and the hard glitter of undying hatreds that gleam beneath them—these are some of the elements that long ago made up life in that strange land, and that are a long way from having vanished out of it to-day.

Under these circumstances, the presence of British rule in India, and the story of its achievements, is of its kind one of the most wonderful things in human history. It does not in the smallest degree matter that what has come to pass was not always a thing of forecast or the fruit of a set purpose in the beginning; the marvelous thing is that, with no hesitating or unequal steps, it has come to pass. And, indeed, this is, in its way, one of the most impressive and significant features of the whole Anglo-Indian historic evolution. The "Honorable East India Company" came into existence somewhere about the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was when Elizabeth was queen, and when that great renaissance which stirred England coincidentally with her emancipation from Latin ecclesiastical traditions and the benumbing influence of Latin standards of morals and conduct was throbbing through the veins of a great people and kindling all the avenues of her life, domestic, social, civic, and commercial, with the glow of a new and nobler life. "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies," as the corporation was styled, began in a modest way by sending out to the East a few ships to purchase silks, spices, and other Indian products. As the trade grew, an ambassador was sent by King James to Jahangir to conduct such negotiations with the Indian ruler as should best protect and foster the nascent commerce. That was the beginning. What a splendid galaxy of sailors, soldiers, rulers, statesmen, merchants it has been that, step by step, has built up the great empire of to-day! In tracing its history it is instructive, and especially for Americans, who have but lately embarked

upon a similar enterprise, to see that that history was clouded by features as little honorable as they were equitable. The earlier Indian governor had no salary, and the art of the "grand squeeze," as the Chinese describe it, was remorselessly applied, too often, by one who was the depository of a largely irresponsible power. The Honorable East India Company was for more than two hundred years a corporation whose British servants obtained and held their places largely by pure favoritism, and whose methods, it must be owned, were often eminently characteristic of officials holding place quite independent of their merits. Under these circumstances, the only wonder is that the "Honorable Company" was able so successfully to hold what from time to time it acquired, and to push its enterprises and its acquisitions to such large and enduring successes. The explanation must be found in the fact that, corrupt and unscrupulous as the earlier methods of the East India Company may often have been, on the whole they were on a higher plane than those of the native princes whom they supplanted.

Of the rule of these, it must be owned, the story was ordinarily a tragic and cruel one. The first British settlers in India found the land rent and divided by internal dissensions, and its ruling powers in a state of constant warfare upon one another. In these wars the native princes learned, after a time, to seek the aid of those small bodies of the East India Company's troops, both European and native, which the company had found it necessary to organize for the protection of its own settlements. When, however, such aid was given, it had to be paid for in one way or another; and thus the grants of land were made on which, afterward, were built Bombay, Calcutta, etc. As the student of Indian history will remember, these were not always securely held, and caste prejudice, racial prejudice, and the conquering propensities of tribal leaders led occasionally to attacks upon the English settlements, such as the sacking of Calcutta by Sirāj-ud-Daulā, Nawab of Bengal, with all the consequent horrors of the prison called the Black Hole, into which one hundred and forty-six Europeans were driven at night, and out of which only twenty-three persons were taken alive the next morning. But during the following year (1757) Clive won the battle of Plassey, the English were supreme in Bengal, and India began to see the beginning of the end.

Of the end, did I say? But who will be bold enough even to-day to prophesy the

end? I shall speak later of the reasons which would seem to make it impossible, with any considerable degree of certainty, to forecast that end; but in the meantime I wish to refer to some of the conspicuous features of British rule in India which make it, as I conceive, the greatest object-lesson in colonial government in the history of the world.

And in order to appreciate the situation, both as it existed originally and as it exists to-day, it must be remembered that India is not in any sense a homogeneous country. The Indian empire contains 1,560,000 square miles and a population of two hundred and eighty-seven millions, and these extend from the eighth to the thirty-seventh degree of north latitude, and from 67° east to 99° east longitude.

It follows, of course, that there are great diversities of climate, soil, custom, and language, as there are also of native rule and religion. Even to-day the languages of the north and south are wholly different, and when I asked my Bengali servant, who was a native of central India and had traveled with me there, to accompany me to the southern provinces, he very properly urged that he could be of little or no use to me, because he could not speak the languages of those provinces. More than this, as the modern student will see if he looks at a map of India and traces the ancient sovereignties for which its provincial names once stood, these various sections of the Indian peninsula were divided from one another by a score of petty sovereignties whose mutual hatreds were at once deep and malignant. Indeed, the way in which these survive to-day in India, where, superimposed upon them all, is the strong hand of British rule, is at once tragic and pathetic. The traveler in India is early arrested, in his scrutiny of the natives, by the curious mark painted down, or across, their foreheads—a round red disk, a yellow bar with displayed ends, three white stripes, and the like, in an endless variety of combinations. These are very commonly mistaken by the foreigner as designations of caste, but they are nothing of the sort. They are tribal designations, and they still assert themselves, though the tribal ruler—prince, nawab, raja, whatever he may have been—has long ago been dethroned, or is to-day—as, if he exists at all, he so often is—no more than the stuffed and bedizened simulacrum of a tribal ruler. Such signs are a dramatic witness to the intensity of that tribal bond with which, in the future

history of India as in the past, the conquering power must reckon.

It was with this vast and heterogeneous, not homogeneous, people that the Anglo-Saxon had to deal when the East India Company began to trade with the Indian peninsula, and among whom it has won its most splendid successes. I do not speak of other colonial settlements in India, French, Dutch, or Spanish, because they have largely disappeared, and because the survival of that other power which has superseded them has been eminently a survival of the fittest. One of these days,—the time has not come for it yet,—some dispassionate student will write a comparative history of colonization, and will point out the elements that have contributed, where colonization has succeeded, to its success. It is quite certain that originally, in the case of India and the East India Company, they did not in any considerable degree exist, any more than, in the case of the French colonies, they exist in Algeria to-day. The first aim of a great commercial corporation was, naturally enough, commercial gain; and while Warren Hastings was undoubtedly not the monster that Burke painted him, yet so long as the East India Company had large and undefined and exclusive rights in India, it is not surprising that they should have abused them. The British Parliament did wisely when it annulled the East India Company's charter of 1600, and later followed the lead of Pitt, in 1784, in passing his India bill, and, later still, in taking those successive steps that transferred the custody of India to the crown.

It is difficult for one who visits India for the first time to realize that this was done so lately as 1858. That was the year following the Mutiny; and the bloody history of the Mutiny prepares the modern student to understand something of the Indian mind and temper. As Sir W. Hunter, than whom no higher authority in Indian history exists, has put it:

During seven hundred years the warring races of Central Asia and Afghanistan filled up their measure of bloodshed and pillage to the full. Sometimes they returned with their spoil to their mountains, leaving only desolation behind; sometimes they killed off or drove out the former inhabitants and settled down in India as lords of the soil; sometimes they founded imperial dynasties, destined to be crushed each in its turn by a new host sweeping into India through the Afghan passes. The precise meaning of invasion in India during the last [eighteenth] century may be gathered from the following facts: It signified

not merely a host of twenty to a hundred thousand barbarians on the march, paying for nothing and eating up every town and cottage and farm-yard; burning and slaughtering on the slightest provocation, and often in mere sport. It usually also meant a grand final sack and massacre at the capital of the invaded country.

And besides these wars from without were the intestine conflicts in which Hindu fought with Hindu, Mohammedan with Mohammedan, and each with the other. The readers of Macaulay will remember his description of the unspeakable brutalities of the Marhattas. The story of the bloody ravages of Pindarees, of the Sultan Mohammed Shah of Gulbarga, and of the Hindu Maharaja of Vijayanager (the first-named of whom swore an oath on the Koran that he would not sheathe the sword until he had put to death a hundred thousand infidels), is told by Meadows Taylor in his "Indian History" with a ghastly detail that no one who has read it can recall without a shudder.

It was amid such a condition of internecine warfare and unrest as this that the first English settlers in India found themselves. I may not attempt to trace here the successive steps by which British rule has built up in that land the present structure of order, peace, and security. But however men may differ about the wisdom or originality of those successive steps, there can be no question as to that which is their foundation-stone. I was exceptionally fortunate, while in India, in coming into more than ordinarily close contact with educated natives, both Hindu and Mohammedan, who spoke to me often with marked unreserve of the rule under which they lived, and of the rulers who administered it. I suppose nobody who reads these pages will expect me to say that they spoke always with enthusiasm of the one, or with affection of the other. They did nothing of the sort; and indeed I have observed that in our own beloved land and under our own honored rulers it cannot be said to be an invariable experience that we refer to the law or to the administrator of the law in terms of either admiration or approval. In other words, criticism and fault-finding, whether concerning the rule or the ruler, would appear to be considered as a primary function of the modern citizen. Well, it is not greatly different in India. Why should it be? It is a land of newspapers, of free speech, and of much public and published fault-finding of officials and their decisions, great and small. We should say that among ourselves this is wholesome

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and normal, and far more to be desired than smothered discontent or a concealed smoldering hostility. I do not see why it should not be so in India, especially when one takes into consideration an additional element in the situation there which is, in fact, of all the most important.

As I have said, I conversed with great unreserve with many natives concerning British rule in India, and influential men among them expressed themselves to me with great freedom. They had grievances to rehearse and officials and their acts to criticize, but this one thing, from first to last, always and everywhere, was plain—that they recognized that with the maintenance and permanence of British rule in India marched the safety of life and property, freedom to go about unmolested on one's honest errands, the peace and good order, in one word, of the social fabric. They would like to see the old dynasties, sovereignties, greater or lesser principalities and powers with which in other days their race or family had been identified, restored? Yes, perhaps, if it could be done without too great a cost. But the cost? To face that it was plain enough they had no stomach. Under the present conditions the humblest Indian servant knows this one fact, which of all others is of paramount consequence to him: he is no longer the creature of another man's whim; his life, his property, his right to go to and fro, his family ties, his task or employment—all these things are within his own control. *That he knows.* And he knows that British rule in India has given this to him and secured it to him. He knows that underneath all the dealing of this alien race with him and his there lies the broad stone of justice; that no man, stranger or home-born, may wrong him with impunity; and that, however weak he may be, he need be the favorite of no prince, the fawning tool of no capricious rule, in order to secure for himself and those dear to him their rights and his own.

Now, then, carry this consideration from the lowest to the highest in the Indian social scale. With a consummate tact and wisdom which cannot be too highly praised, the present ruling power in India, instead of sweeping into oblivion with its strong hand the various powers which it had superseded, has dealt with each one of them, great and small, in accordance with this large law of equity. If a state or a ruler had in them anything to conserve, the imperial authority has conserved it. If a maharaja

showed himself amenable to reason, and willing to hold such power as was intrusted to him from a power above him which was strong enough to maintain his just right, some *modus vivendi* was speedily devised by which the *status quo ante* was maintained. Around the person of the Viceroy of India, by gradual but sure progressions, the great Indian princes have been drawn in a Council of State for the consideration of common interests and the maintenance of common rights. Doubtless there are sometimes restlessness, impatience of the dry Western rule, resentment, and smoldering enmity. But suppose that the powers which once ruled India could recover their old sovereignties, there is not one of them that does not know that the next step would be to fly at one another's throats. It does not seem to have occurred to people who are fond of prophesying that British rule cannot hope to maintain itself in India, because it is an alien rule, and who sagely remind us that when once the man is found from among themselves who can unite the various Indian states and nationalities of the elder time, this united India will be strong enough to sweep the Saxon out of his country, root and branch—it does not, I say, seem to have occurred to these clever seers that the present rule in India has built up a strong and wide-spread constituency to whom such a prospect is only and wholly distasteful. For when some such great revolutionary movement had accomplished its purpose and the last Briton had been either butchered or expelled from India, then there would arise the question which to-day the educated and, above all, the wealthy native would ask himself, in the spirit of a modern Frenchman, "Et après?" A great Indian merchant with whom I became acquainted, and who felt, I suppose, that he might express himself to an American with such freedom as he might not otherwise indulge in, referred with some feeling to the fact that, except under limited and special conditions, the people of India were not trusted with arms, nor allowed to govern themselves. "But, then," he said, with that quick mental turn which is so curious a characteristic of the Oriental mind, "if we were permitted to govern ourselves, it would take a great deal of money and time and involve a great many risks, while, now, British imperialism does it all for us and leaves us free to go about our business with, perhaps, a greater sense of security than we should otherwise have." As a matter of fact, there was no "per-

haps" in his mind whatever. He was a rich man, and he *knew*—there was no slightest question of surmise—that if British rule were to vanish out of India, security for him and his would speedily vanish with it.

An observer of romantic tendencies might easily deplore this, and ask, "Is the old heroic, if often barbaric, spirit of India a vanished quantity?" I may not undertake to answer that question. One thing is certain: British rule in India has taught its people to value peace, the safety of life and property, and the privilege of going quietly and securely about one's business. I am not sure that we who call ourselves of the superior races are indifferent to these things.

But that rule has taught the people of India a great deal more. I suppose that to a certain class of minds the temper that prompts one to fly at his neighbor's throat and to resent an injury with a blow will always be regarded as the "heroic" spirit; but there is another view of heroism which it is to be hoped will continue to have its disciples, and which holds that self-restraint and courageous endurance, self-reliance and a noble patience under injuries, that temperance, frugality, industry, and discontent only with ignorance, evil, and injustice, may also have in them some element of heroism. At any rate, that is the lesson which British imperialism has been teaching India, and which India most needed to learn.

Let me here anticipate the traveled critic who has seen the short, brusque, and sometimes violent ways of the British soldier or the British cad with a native servant or coolie or inferior of whatever class. Nobody who has been in India needs to be told that, with the relations existing there, such things are inevitable, but nobody who knows anything about the facts needs any more to be told that such acts are limited by an authority and punished with an impartiality which in the case of the government of a conquered people by the conquering nation is absolutely unique. There is, in this connection, if any one desires it, an opportunity for comparison in the case of the treatment by the Boers of the blacks in South Africa which has in it a whole volume of meaning. Such wanton cruelty, such habitual brutality, as are notoriously characteristic of the Boers' treatment of their native servants have no more place in India than the practices of the thugs or dakoits; and the humblest native in India knows that, in the case of whatever injustice he may experience from those above him, he has a court or civil magistrate where his

appeal will have a swift and impartial hearing—a court in part, at least, of persons of his own race, and an attorney, if he chooses, of his own speech and lineage.

Indeed, the system of civil jurisprudence as, with unexampled wisdom and equity, it has been built up in India, is one of the most marvelous features in all its modern history. Both the Hindu and Mohammedan governments, it must be remembered, were pure despotisms. An Indian ruler looked upon his kingdom as his private property, from which he was at liberty to exact what he could and spend it as he pleased. He could, personally, deprive his subjects of liberty, property, or life itself, as he saw fit. One illustration of this will suffice:

The Governor Ahmadabad, about the year 1646, invited the principal directors of the English and Dutch trading companies to an entertainment, of which, as usual, displays of dancing-girls were among the chief features. One party having danced themselves out, another was sent for, but for some reason they refused to come. They were then forcibly dragged into the presence of the governor. He listened to their excuse, laughed at it, and immediately commanded his guards to strike off their heads. They begged their lives, but in vain, and the executions were immediately proceeded with in the presence of the guests. Horrified by the spectacle, the strangers could not conceal their emotions, whereupon the governor burst out laughing, and asked them what it was that had disturbed them.¹

In contrast to this sort of despotism, the same writer tells us that to-day in India

the meanest coolie is entitled to all the solemn formalities of a judicial trial; and the punishment of death, by whomsoever administered and on whomsoever inflicted, without the express decree of the law, is a murder for which the highest officer of the government is as much accountable as a sweeper would be for the assassination of the governor-general in durbar.²

In other words, human life is to-day more secure in India than in Kentucky.

But when you have secured justice, you have not necessarily secured progress. Inertia may paralyze endeavor, and an exaggerated conservatism successfully resist the aspirations of national development. And here the problem in India was the more difficult because the racial traditions and tendencies of the people were all on one side. Therefore the quiet determination, the steady and undaunted perseverance, which

have overcome these racial characteristics, which have awakened a wholesome ambition, developed local enthusiasms, educated and wisely directed particular energies and activities, are something which challenges the warmest admiration. One of the most picturesque spots in India is Darjeeling, that superb elevation from which one gets the incomparable vision of the Himalayas, with the matchless peak of Everest in the far distance. But quite as wonderful in its way is the journey thither, over a railway that climbs a height of six thousand feet from the plains below, surmounting engineering difficulties, all the way, which are a wonder to the traveler and a perpetual study to the civil engineer. And as one traces these successive conquests, he sees in them no inapt symbol of what the ruling power in India has been doing all over the land: building its highways, widening and deepening its watercourses, fertilizing its deserts, draining its swamps; the builder everywhere of schools and colleges, hospitals and infirmaries; inspiring its agriculture, grading and replanting its forests, founding and developing manufactories; and over all shedding the light of a pure and undefiled religion in the midst of a people darkened and besotted by centuries of ignorance and superstition. In the cow-temple or the monkey-temple at Benares one may see what the religion of the Hindu can do to touch with the spell of a higher hope an immortal nature, and in the Church of England schools at Agra, as I saw them, one may see what Christianity *does* do.

And in all this organized effort and persistent endeavor the finest element is not the machinery, admirable as so often that is, but the man. My journeyings through the East brought me in many ways and in widely diverse places—in the Straits Settlements, in Benares, and in Arabia, as well as in India itself—in contact with the British official, than whom there is no finer specimen of public servant in all the world. It was my privilege, too, to make the personal acquaintance of a large number of such officials from the highest to the lowest; and from one extreme to the other, wherever I encountered them, they were distinguished by three invariable characteristics which are of foremost value, I venture to think, in making a competent public servant.

1. The first of these that impressed me was the sense of *responsibility*. The American traveler who has had any extended opportunities for observing public servants, in

¹ "The Indian Empire: A Handbook," etc., p. 38.

² *Ibid.*

whatever capacity and of whatever nationality other than his own, must, I think, have been sensible of this. Our own national note just here is too often that of flippancy, illustrating itself now by the levity, now by the audacity, with which a diplomatic representative will treat a duty or an occasion which certainly was worthy of something more than either. A fine specimen of American independence and contempt for effete rulers has been cited in the anecdote of the ambassador who is said to have replied to an Oriental potentate who sent for him to say that he understood that a newspaper in the United States had spoken disrespectfully of the Sultan: "A newspaper in the United States speak disrespectfully of your Majesty? Why, sir, there are twenty thousand newspapers in the United States that give your Majesty h—l every morning." But that such a style of diplomatic intercourse could be seriously regarded as anything else than insolent and vulgar, no intelligent person will care seriously to urge. It was, however, characteristic of its kind, and it was a dramatic illustration of an incapacity to appreciate the *representative* responsibility of a public servant. Of the absence of this incapacity, public service in India is an impressive example. Wherever one encountered that service it was marked by simple dignity, by a careful regard for the accuracy of an official statement, by a painstaking endeavor that the demand for official action or intervention should rest upon the sure basis of justice, equity, and right legal prescription, and, what was often best of all, by a scrupulous, considerate, and patient courtesy, which perpetually reminded one that the individual had learned to sink himself, his own swaggering self-consciousness, ease, sensitiveness, or preferences, in what was due from him as the servant of a great state and the representative of a great people. It was this one note that, wherever one came in contact with a government official of whatever rank or class, lent to what he did an explicit character of distinction.

2. And higher and finer even than this was what, for want of any other term to describe it, I may call the note of *sympathy*. The distance between an Eastern and a Western mind must be measured, somebody has said, not by miles, but by centuries. With all our best endeavors, I presume we shall never be quite able, with our nurture and ancestry, to attain the Asiatic's point of view. But to strive to get nearer to it, to be considerate and patient in view of our re-

moteness from it, and, best of all, forever to recognize the common humanity which underlies all racial distinctions, and in the brotherhood of which alone we can hope to build the kingdom of the future, this is the endeavor which India's great rulers, Hastings, Wellesley, Cornwallis, the Lawrences, Lord Dalhousie, and their greater and lesser compeers, have splendidly and consistently illustrated. Not long before I visited north-eastern India, its mountain region had been desolated by unparalleled storms which had caused not only enormous destruction, but, in some instances, appalling loss of life. In connection with one of these, there had been some remarkable exhibitions of heroism in the rescue of persons in peril; and the commissioner of a certain district decided that these deserved some formal and official recognition, and arranged for the presentation of gold medals to certain civil and military officers, policemen and others, who had so distinguished themselves. Among these the case of two natives, coolies, was brought to his notice, who had at the repeated risk of their own lives and with rare gallantry saved the lives of some English women and children. The commissioner, after due investigation, decided that these two men were eminently deserving of the gold medal of honor, and that it should be conferred upon them. But the presentations were to be made by a high official of the general government in a public hall, in a town near to the scenes of disaster, and before a great throng of the foremost people of the province, and beyond the breech-cloth the coolies had no clothes. In this dilemma the commissioner himself, and at his own expense, had them suitably habited, and they appeared side by side with men of high rank, and received the decoration which they had so justly won. "And now they wear it," said a near kinswoman of the commissioner, "and wear usually almost nothing else. They are desperately poor, and rarely earn more than four annas [eight cents] a day." "But they will not keep the gold medals long," I said; "their poverty will, I imagine, soon induce them to part with them." "Never," was the swift answer, given with flashing eye. "They will never forget how they won them and who gave them to them." And I believe her. The government of India and its official representative meant, henceforth, to these men that which had made the humblest and least dowered lives in all the land sharers in glory and honor and civic immortality with the highest. How wise the tact, how sure

the insight, how resistless the spell of that human sympathy that could here first discern its opportunity and then use it with such rare felicity!

3. But public servants may have the sense of official responsibility and the grace of personal sympathy, and yet be without that chief qualification for the public service which consists in *trained capacity*. And here has been the preëminent quality of Indian public service of whatever kind. The history of the Honorable East India Company's service was of another kind. Then a "pull" was the chief requisite to admission. But the time came when England learned—what every other country that has undertaken to administer foreign dependencies will have to learn—that without a competent and competently trained civil service colonial possessions are simply a school for every dishonesty and a screen for every injustice. No man is appointed to any place whatever in India without a certain preliminary training, and, when that is concluded, the application of certain definite and searching tests to verify the results which such training is supposed to produce. The only objection to which this system is open, if I have read aright the arguments in our own country and especially upon the floor of Congress, is that it is liable to produce an official class or caste, which will hold the public offices as a sort of hereditary possession, passed on from one set of office-holders to another, to the exclusion of that rare and gifted body of men who are the tools of our congressmen and senators in primary meetings, political conventions, and State legislatures, and whose services can be properly rewarded only by their appointment, on the nomination of these political lights, to positions for which they have never been trained and for which, oftener than otherwise, they have not the remotest qualification. Well, it would be interesting if some one would take the trouble to compare even with the best specimens of our own public servants an Indian public servant of the second or even the third generation, men whose fathers, like Lord Roberts's, were public servants there themselves, and who, in grave emergencies and in the long-continued discharge of the gravest responsibilities, have illustrated characteristics that are so utterly remote in their high qualities of excellence from our own patent Congress-made article as to be to such a creature altogether unintelligible.

It would be unjust to conclude this paper

without recognizing dangers in the future of India, which are inseparable from the social situation in that part of the British empire, and which will need for their solution a large wisdom and, it may be, a still larger courage. One of these, it must be obvious, is likely to follow from that racial transfusion which almost literally to-day is coming to pass in India. Through licit or illicit unions of the ruling race with the natives there is now in India a considerable population of mixed blood, of which I observed little was said, but concerning which one would think there must needs be on the part of reflecting persons considerable thought. This element, which is described by the general term "Eurasian," represents a community which has parted company with Asiatic traditions, and which in manners, dress, and ambitions is apparently altogether identified with those foreigners whose racial inheritance in part it shares. From this class comes in large numbers that element which is represented in India in civil posts of minor responsibility, in the preservation of the public peace, in the administration of railways, etc. They are usually found to be fairly efficient and trustworthy, and they are not unnaturally ambitious of official place and social position so far as either of these is within their reach. Naturally, their only hope or expectation in these directions is from their European connections, as, obviously, their intermarriages or more irregular domestic relations with Europeans have inevitably cut them off from the native races and castes of whatever designation.

At present this element in India is a distinctly subordinate and inconsiderable one; but the causes which have already made it so evident a factor in the problem of the future seem likely to make it increasingly so. If I were a statesman concerned with the future of India, I should watch it closely and not without considerable apprehension. As it exists at present it does not impress one as greatly efficient or formidable in any direction. But it is not difficult to conceive that a time may come when native races in India, awakening from their lethargy, may address themselves to the acquisition of a modern civilization, and agencies and instruments of revolt or aggression which they now despise; and when aware, as they already are, that there is no real fellowship between the Eurasian and European elements in India, they may make such terms with the former as, appealing to their cupidity or their ambition, may make them formidable allies in

some large and united effort for ridding the land of its foreign rulers. History furnishes just here parallels which I need not recall; and in the matter, preëminently, of revolutions which are both social and political, history repeats itself. To-day the Eurasian in India believes that his interests are identical with those of its rulers. But the time may easily come when, weary of waiting for a recognition which as yet has never come, and which is likely to continue to hold him at arm's-length, and itself aloof from him, the man of mixed blood may turn to the people of that other blood which he has not been allowed to forget still flows in his veins, and confederated with which he may one day prove himself a potential factor in the empire-building of the future.

There is still one other element in the problem of India which one cannot overlook if he would—I mean the religious element. The traveler who has followed his guide into the temples of Burma, India, and Ceylon must surely have brought away with him impressions which time can never efface. Some of them are pathetic, others, as at the Burning Ghats at Benares, are profoundly tragic, but all of them, to any sensitive mind, are intensely repulsive. It seems inconceivable, at first, that any sane human being can find in rites that are so puerile, so tawdry, and so inane, anything that expresses in any worthy way any religious idea. It is in vain that one is reminded that in many of these heathen temples there is much that recalls similar rites and instrumentalities in forms of Christianity that affect a very venerable authority for what they do. One can only say, so much the worse for such forms. But the thing that is of chief consequence in the whole dreary business is its profound hold upon the faith and affections of millions of people, and the meager impression which as yet a higher civilization, which is itself the product of a purer form of faith, has made upon it.

It is at this point that our popular im-

pression of the influence, e.g., of Christian institutions and especially of Christian missions is, I am disposed to think, erroneous. Said a member of the Oxford Mission in Calcutta, with a fine courage for which one could not sufficiently honor him, "We had been here three years before we made one convert"; but he added, "When one remembers what his departure from his old fellowships cost him, one need not wonder." Nor, indeed, can any one who understands what an absolute expulsion from all earlier ties, fellowships, and recognitions on the part of kindred or friends such a step involves. But, on the other hand, one who understands what has been going on all the time since England entered India will recognize that slowly but surely old traditions have been weakened and old lines of separation disappearing, so that, step by step, the dawn of a better and a brighter day is drawing near. I should be violating personal confidences if I should furnish the evidence of this which came to me in private conversation with Brahmans of high rank and official station; but I violate no confidence in saying that, among the most thoughtful and clear-sighted of these, it is coming to be more and more clearly perceived that the task is a hopeless one which claims to be able to hold the minds and faith of a people who read and think to the outworn shibboleths of a corrupt and sensuous paganism. And meanwhile the work which Christian missionaries of many names but of one noble aim are doing in all these lands, in schools, in homes, in hospitals, in nurseries, in colleges, and in the hearts and lives of shame-bowed and sorrow-burdened men and women, is above all praise, as it is above all price. Much of the best of this work is our own. And herein and hereby is the divinest transfusion of all—the transfusion of the divinest Life of all into theirs who still walk in darkness and the shadow of death. May God, who has inspired it, crown it with complete success!



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Wanted: Heroes and Martyrs of Law and Order.

ALTHOUGH the lynching habit has ceased to be a strictly sectional phenomenon, it is interesting to find in a Southern paper, the *Macon (Georgia) "Telegraph,"* the best summary we have seen of the frightening progress of this social disease. The "*Telegraph*" shows, by cited examples, the growing boldness of the lynchers. These affairs used to be, conventionally at least, somewhat secret. Now, what do we find but that, first, as in Colorado, women are present as spectators; second, as in Leavenworth, Kansas, not only women, but school-children, and in the latter case the barbarity proceeds, without interruption, within the limits of a large city; third, as in Terre Haute, Indiana, a photograph is taken of the pleasing scene, and reproduced in the newspapers: these particular burners of living men, instead of trying to hide their identity, "stand boldly out," and one of them, perceiving the photographer, "even removed his hat, as if anxious for notoriety"; fourth, as in Corsicana, Texas, it is a "county event in which every resident who could took part,"—verbal invitations were sent out in all directions,—“store and farm work was stopped, and people poured into town by hundreds. They came in all sorts of vehicles, from an ox-cart to the special train of seven cars, all crowded, that was run from Ennis.” The *Macon "Telegraph"* observes that "from all this it is but a step to a legitimate public spectacle in a great amphitheater, with handsome private boxes for the wealthy, and tickets advertised a week in advance." But how long ago was it that Americans were advancing, as a justification of our procedure in relieving Cuba of Spanish rule, the demoralization of the Spanish people as proved by their fondness for bull-fights? What, then, is indicated in American character by this new and popular American pastime—roasting alive of human beings, with the accompanying scramble for "relics"?

One of the most surprising and discouraging features of the lynchings has been the absence from the newspaper records, until lately, of unflinching opposition to lawlessness on the part of those sworn officers of the law immediately responsible for the safe-keeping of criminals; nor have we heard of effectively heroic interference on the part of humane and law-abiding spectators—men or women determined that horrible and demoralizing violence shall not be done, and that their community and country shall not be disgraced in the eyes of the civilized world.

It had occurred to us, indeed, that perhaps it was time for the press to get out specific advertisements for heroes and martyrs on the line of

opposition to the scandalous epidemic of American lynchings, when, lo! without the advertisements, the heroes began to make their appearance. Doubtless the heroes will increase in numbers, and perhaps there may yet be martyrs, likewise, though, as a fact, we ought to be able to get along without the martyrs, as they would be a new advertisement of our degradation.

Early in June at least two cases were announced where lynchings were averted by the heroic courage of officials. The name of Joseph Merrill, sheriff of Carroll County, Georgia, and that of Sheriff Beloit of Princeton, Indiana, are to be written large on the roll of civic fame. Their deeds shine brightly in a dark moment in the history of American civilization. Their conduct is sure to be imitated. The power of one fearless man over a crowd is unlimited. There is a scene in "*Huckleberry Finn*" which shows this vividly, and Mark Twain, in telling how Colonel Sherburn stopped a lynching,—the lynching of the colonel himself, by the way,—was not inventing, but describing an occurrence in his own town and time.

If any warning were necessary as to the brutalizing effect of brutal and bloody scenes, it may be found in the article on the Commune in this number of *THE CENTURY*. There is a lesson for our day and country in that melancholy story.

Concerning Fads and Fakirs.

WE wrote, not long ago, on the prevalence of superstition. Since that editorial was printed any number of examples of the prevalence of superstition have been brought to our notice, instances of superstition not among what might be called the "superstitious classes," but among the supposedly enlightened classes. For instance, the era of sky-scrapers has given new examples of the "No. 13" superstition, one of the silliest, surely, known to man! In some buildings where offices are rented separately, strangely enough there appear to be no "thirteenth floors"! But we are not now writing of superstition, but of plain, ordinary foolishness.

It has been said that a democracy seems to be less fecund in peculiar individualities than other political systems, and that there are, therefore, fewer picturesque cranks in the United States, in proportion to the population, than in many of the older communities. We have no theories on this subject; nor have we any great antipathy to cranks, as such. They certainly help to relieve life of its monotony; and a genius or an honest crank may be far from a repellent person, may, indeed, have elements of attractiveness and utility. The self-conscious, posing, semi-sentimental fakir

crank, the meddlesome-mixing crank, the deadly conceited, vulgar, thrifty, and money-absorbing crank, and the crank who covers his own commonplace lapses from the path of virtue and honor with the shield of a religious propaganda—these are some of the “peculiar persons” that make one weary indeed.

There is this consolation about some of the religious and other fads of the day, that they help to segregate the cranks, pernicious or otherwise, from the mass of the population. These fads act upon the minds of the weak-minded as magnets act upon iron-filings. The cranks think they are exercising volition in taking up with the fads; but they are not doing so; they are simply being sorted out by the moving finger of fate. Again, certain cranks, especially of the fakir variety, inevitably attract others. Their names group together in the newspapers, about one another, in a way that suggests the inevitable. A newly conspicuous fakir will draw after him all the old fakirs and intellectual frauds; and thus are the foolish and the pernicious advertised, day by day, to the sane and wise.

In the world of foolishness there are not, however, as clear-cut as might be desired. For there are good, and in many ways wise, men and women who have streaks of foolishness; they are “but mad north-northwest.” There are certain subjects on which they are somewhat lacking in sense; there are certain unbalanced persons toward whom they have amiable leanings. There are times, moreover, when wise men find pleasure in the company of fools. Let not the public be deceived—nor the fools, either.

Again, it is the privilege of youth to be temporarily and experimentally absurd. There is a great difference between the congenitally foolish and the adventurously foolish. And—still more fundamental this!—it is the fate of wisdom sometimes to appear foolish. He who mistakes profundity for idiocy has made an injurious error in the estimation of mental values.

In a world where even the foolish admit that there is too much foolishness, those who wish to preserve their sanity and good sense should, as a corrective, read history, and a great deal of it. There they will find, under other names, the most painfully, not to say scandalously, exact descriptions of the very fads, faddists, frauds, fakirs, and fools who do now afflict us. There they will learn that there is less novelty in the new than might otherwise appear; there they will gather material for calm comparison, see the results of experiments that need not be repeated, and gain valuable lessons in the genial toleration of the frailties and foolishnesses which are a part of this exceedingly amusing and virtually unchanging human nature of ours.

Bribery as a Foible.

THE test of political morality is the attitude of the people toward a crime before the perpetrators have been brought to book. Judged by this test, there is an alarming tolerance in the use of money

to procure offices, legislation, or franchises, and this tolerance grows with the growth of the custom. In his article on “The Price of Peace” in *THE CENTURY* for September, 1894, Mr. J. B. Bishop pointedly set forth the weakness and culpability of large corporations in submitting to be blackmailed in order to procure favorable (not necessarily improper) legislation or to defend themselves against legislative “strikes” of plausible character. This custom, increasing from year to year, has grown into a malady which is as sure to come to the surface in evil results as any other deep-seated contagion.

When one comes to examine into the philosophy of bribery it is usually found to be associated in some way with the idea of war. In his ordinary business, unsubjected to any ruinous competition, the man of decent instincts would scorn to employ or countenance the unlawful use of money. All that seems necessary to debauch his conscience is to convince him of the existence of a state of political or commercial warfare. This is the object of the manager of every political party—to demonstrate an “impending crisis,” so that, in order to save the country (and what can be nobler or more important than to save one's country?), honest men shall be willing to pour out a corruption fund of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Sometimes the danger is real, as in 1864, when Indiana was carried for Lincoln's reelection by unblushing bribery, fraud, and intimidation as a war measure, or later, when certain Southern States threw off the carpet-bag tyranny by similar means. But if government is to proceed from one fear of revolution to another at such fearful moral cost, then we may well cry, “Alarum, for we are betrayed.” The orderly, lawful, quiet procedure of reasonable beings must give way to the tyranny of the longest purse.

If this peril is to be arrested, the more or less uncomfortable pessimism of the citizen who contemplates the growth of commercialism in politics must be touched to a finer issue. If honest men would insist upon the same standard of political and commercial morality, if they would refuse their consent to the vicious use of money by corporations in which they are interested, if, moreover, they would combine with other corporations to resist the blackmailers, and if in general they would bring their influence to bear to pillory the bribers and blackmailers whom they secretly execrate, the way of these transgressors would become hard. The phenomenal increase of great fortunes has precipitated into society a large number of vulgar rich, whose dazzling display of luxury is corrupting the young and giving them false ideas of success. One way to oppose this is by individual plain-speaking in the home. If the coming generation is to be honorable and decent, the offense of bribery must be held up to it, not as a triumph of smartness to be laughed at, and not as a foible, or, at most, a venial peccadillo, but as a cold-blooded attempt upon the life of the republic, beside which an ordinary offense of murder is, in the large view, of small significance.

OPEN LETTERS

The American in America.

NOT since the days of the Pharaohs, when the chosen people swarmed into Egypt like locusts from the desert, has a country been inundated by such a huge, varied, and continuous stream of immigration as that which has poured into the United States in the last century and a half. When the Goths migrated to Italy, the Saracens to Spain, and the Angles and Saxons to England, the life and character of the country were in every instance strongly colored by the new element. With immigrant settlers coming to America from the four quarters of the globe, what manner of nation is the result? The foreign observer, with one eye on the statistics of American immigration and the other eye on the history of Old-World civilizations, replies that America is a vast potpourri of foreign elements—a nation great perhaps in a material sense, but yet without national character, spirit, or unity. M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the distinguished French critic, in an article giving his impressions of the United States, says of New York that it is “a medley in which one would be troubled to find anything very American,” and of Baltimore, that he was “puzzled to meet an American, born in America, of American parents.” On these observations he bases generalizations as to the population of the whole country.

Statistics of the census would alone correct such erroneous deductions; and if observers would study more deeply and understandingly the history of America, they would find that what the American nation was in spirit, institutions, and laws at its foundation, it is to-day. In discovering this they would find indisputable proof of the existence of the true, native-born American, and of the tremendous strength and influence of that class. To mold into a homogeneous citizenship the cosmopolitan hodge-podge that immigration has brought to America requires that there be some powerful center of influence—an influence that has continued from the foundation of the country down to the present day. This center of influence is the native-born American. It is he who has shaped the country's policy, has preserved the integrity of its institutions, and has furnished its leaders in thought and action.

Away back in the early days of this country, the immigrant colonists were the toilers—the farmers, the mechanics, and the small tradesmen. Few of them succeeded in reaching positions of authority. Those who directed and governed the affairs of the colonies were officials belonging to the nobility, who came from the mother-country to hold office, and who returned home when their term of service expired. But the children of these

immigrants were born in far different surroundings from those in which their fathers had been reared and trained. There was no liege lord to whom they owed vassalage. The land was there, free to whomsoever would reclaim it, to whomsoever could protect it against the red man. The isolated settler was all things unto himself; he was his own farmer, miller, weaver, smith, cobbler, road-maker, and militia company. It was a rough, free, vigorous life—a life that bred independence and a capacity for taking care of one's self, the fortitude to meet obstacles, and the inventive genius to overcome them; in short, the characteristics that stamp the American of to-day. When the little settlements of the new country grew into colonies that were rich enough to be overtaxed by the mother-country, it was but natural that these sturdy freemen should rebel against her burdensome rule; and that great charter of freedom and equality which they drew up—the Constitution of the United States—was the natural product of the lives they had lived.

To get at the truth as to the relative merits of the native-born and the foreign-born citizens, I made a census, using one of the most recent biographical cyclopedias,¹ which includes certainly all the men and women of the first and second order of distinction in various activities of American life, and a representative selection of others, beginning with the first settlement of the country and coming down to the present day. The result is surprising. Out of 2605 who are named as having gained distinction in this country's affairs, only 283 were foreign-born—a ratio of one to nine. Here is food for thought for those persons who are forever extolling the immigrant at the cost of the native-born citizen. Out of the vast horde of people who have come to this country since it was first opened for settlement, only about 283 have contributed enough to its advancement to make their adopted countrymen remember them. And of this small number 57 were early colonists, many of whom have no greater claim to distinction than the fact that they were the first to settle or to preach the gospel in such and such a place, as John Alden, for instance, who is remembered because he was the first of the Pilgrims to step ashore on Plymouth Rock, and perhaps more particularly because he was afterward told by a pretty fellow-colonist to “speak for himself.”

The table on the following page shows from what countries these 283 immigrants came, and in what direction they achieved their success.

Now let us take a glance at the most prominent of these 283 foreign-born citizens, and see to what extent they have aided in the upbuilding of their

¹ The Century Cyclopedia of Names.

| | England. | Ireland. | Germany. | Scotland. | France. | Switzerland. | Netherlands. | Italy. | Sweden. | Hungary. | Denmark. | Poland. | Spain. | Norway. | Russia. | Greece. | Servia. | Austrian Tyrol. | Total. |
|-------------------------------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|---------|--------------|--------------|--------|---------|----------|----------|---------|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|-----------------|--------|
| Colonials | 47 | 3 | 1 | 1 | .. | .. | 5 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 57 |
| Statesmen | 6 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 16 |
| Jurists | 1 | 1 | .. | 2 | 1 | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 |
| Inventors | .. | .. | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 5 |
| Engineers | 2 | .. | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 |
| Capitalists and Man'frs. | 1 | 2 | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 6 |
| Scientists | 6 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 6 | .. | 1 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 23 |
| Scholars | .. | 2 | 5 | 2 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | 11 |
| Army | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 24 |
| Navy | .. | 3 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 |
| Physicians | 1 | .. | 3 | 1 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 6 |
| Theologians | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15 |
| Reformers | 3 | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 |
| Philanthropists | 1 | .. | .. | .. | 3 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 4 |
| Writers | 8 | 10 | 2 | 4 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | .. | 1 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| Actors | 14 | 6 | 1 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 2 |
| Artists | 10 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 1 | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | 5 |
| Musicians | 3 | 1 | 5 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20 |
| Publishers | 3 | 2 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 16 |
| Explorers | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 1 | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 23 |
| Socialists | .. | .. | 3 | .. | 1 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 24 |
| Totals | 112 | 48 | 40 | 34 | 19 | 8 | 5 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 283 |

adopted country. We will take them by nationalities.

From England came Thomas Paine, the free-thinker and political pamphleteer, whose tract "Common Sense" roused and consolidated public opinion in the colonies in favor of independence of Britain; Robert Morris, the financier and statesman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and founder of the Bank of North America; Charles F. Crisp, the Democratic politician and ex-Confederate soldier, Speaker in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses; Charles Lee and Horatio Gates, generals in the Revolution; Matthew Vassar, the philanthropist, founder of Vassar College; John B. Gough, the orator; Timothy Cole, the wood-engraver, leader of the new school of wood-engraving; Calvert Vaux, the landscape-architect, designer of Central Park, Prospect Park, and the Niagara Reservation; Junius Brutus Booth, the actor; Fanny Kemble, the actress; and Amelia E. Barr and Frances H. [Burnett] Townsend, contemporary novelists.

From Ireland came General Richard Montgomery, killed in the Revolution while leading an attack on Quebec; General Thomas F. Meagher, organizer and commander of the Irish Brigade in the Civil War; John Barry, commodore, in command of the *Lexington* in the War of 1812; Stephen C. Rowan, naval officer, who served through the Seminole, Mexican, and Civil wars, and was retired in 1889 with the rank of vice-admiral; John E. McCullough, the tragedian, and companion of Forrest; Dion Boucicault, the dramatist, manager, and actor; Ada Rehan, the actress; Robert Bonner, founder of the "New York Ledger," and owner of fast trotting-horses; John B. O'Reilly, poet, and editor of the "Boston

Pilot"; A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, whose fortune at his death was estimated at forty million dollars; Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor; and Patrick S. Gilmore, band-master, and composer of military and dance music.

Germany has made a many-sided contribution, including John Jacob Astor, millionaire and progenitor of a family of millionaires; August Belmont, banker; Philip Schaff, theologian, president of the American committee for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible; Friedrich von Steuben, major-general in the Revolution; John A. Roebling, civil engineer, designer of the suspension bridges over the Niagara, over the Ohio at Cincinnati, and between Brooklyn and New York; Francis Lieber, the publicist; Adolph H. J. Sutro, mining engineer, planner of the famous Sutro Tunnel, running underground over twenty thousand feet to the mines of the Comstock Lode at Virginia City; Hermann E. von Holst, the historian; Abraham Jacobi, physician, and author of several standard medical works; Richard Mansfield, tragedian and comedian; Thomas Nast, caricaturist, famous for his cartoons exposing the "Tweed Ring"; Emanuel Leutze, artist, painter of "Washington Crossing the Delaware"; Carl Schurz, general in the Civil War, and United States senator and Secretary of the Interior; and Theodore Thomas and the two Damroschs, musical directors.

In Alexander Hamilton, Scotland has given America by all odds the greatest of its foreign-born citizens. This statesman, the ablest in the constitutional era of the United States, was born in the West Indies, of a Scotch father and of a mother of Huguenot extraction. Other leading Scottish-born Americans are James Gordon Ben-

nett, the elder, founder of the "New York Herald" and organizer of the Stanley expedition to Africa; Andrew Carnegie, capitalist and philanthropist; Hugh Mercer, Revolutionary general, mortally wounded in the battle of Princeton; Paul Jones, the famous naval officer; Alexander G. Bell, physicist, inventor of the telephone as it is used to-day; Alexander Wilson, ornithologist, author of "Birds of America"; and James McCosh, the philosopher and educator.

France makes rather a meager showing alongside the other great Continental nations. Her contribution includes Stephen Girard, merchant and banker, founder of Girard College in Philadelphia; Paul B. Du Chaillu, African explorer, discoverer of the gorilla and the Obongo dwarfs; and Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, who fought in the Mexican and Civil wars, and who explored the Rocky Mountains, his diary being amplified by Washington Irving in the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A."

From Switzerland, America got Jean L. R. Agassiz, the naturalist and traveler, and Albert Gallatin, the financier and statesman, Secretary of the Treasury, and originator of the Ways and Means Committee. Sweden sent us John Ericsson, the inventor and engineer, who applied the screw to steam-navigation, planned the torpedo-boat *Destroyer*, and designed the turreted ironclad *Monitor*. From Italy came John Bouvier, the jurist, and author of several standard law books; from Hungary, Alexander S. Asboth, who served in the Civil War, attaining the rank of major-general; from Denmark, Jacob A. Riis, reporter, and writer on social topics, author of "How the Other Half Lives" and "Children of the Poor"; from Norway, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, novelist, poet, and litterateur; from the Austrian Tyrol, Francis M. Drexel, the banker, founder of the banking house of Drexel & Co.; from Poland, Casimir Pulaski, officer in the Revolution, mortally wounded at Savannah, and Edmund L. G. Zalinski, soldier in the Civil War, and afterward commissioned in the regular army, especially noted for the development of the dynamite gun; and from Servia, Nikola Tesla, electrical inventor.

On the New York University Heights there is now being built an edifice wherein shall be gathered the memories of the greatest of America's great. The names of these elect are to be immortalized by inscription on stone tablets sunken in the walls. To make this Hall of Fame thoroughly national, it has been determined that none but native-born Americans shall be eligible can-

didates for tablets. The rule seems unnecessary, for History herself has already enacted this law of limitation. Those in authority, however, have decided to erect what might be known as a Supplementary Hall of Fame for the accommodation of those whose foreign birth excluded them from the main hall. But if they measure the greatness of the foreign-born by the same standards that were used to judge the native-born, whom shall they find? Beyond question Hamilton and Ericsson are each worthy of a tablet among the immortals; but how many more of those who are dead? And this hall that is intended by its builders to be a monument to the achievements of America's foreign-born will by the very meagerness of the inscribed tablets be transformed into only another monument to the glory of the native American stock.

George MacAdam.

Mrs. Adelaide Cole Chase.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. VI.

MRS. ADELAIDE COLE CHASE was born in Boston, and is a young woman. She is the daughter of the late J. Foxcroft Cole, the American landscape-painter, and of Irma de Pelgrom, a Belgian pianist, and the wife of William Chester Chase, an architect of Boston. Her first instruction in drawing and painting was, naturally, from her father. As a girl she had the advantage of the instruction of Mr. Frederick P. Vinton. In later years she studied with Jean Paul Laurens and Carolus Duran in Paris, and with Edmund C. Tarbell at the Boston Art Museum. Professionally, she has had an almost exclusive interest in the painting of portraits. Twenty-five examples of her portrait work were exhibited in the spring of 1901 at Doll & Richards's in Boston, and these gave the impression of accomplished technical work and a refined and distinguished style. Mrs. Chase has also exhibited at the Society of American Artists. Among those whose portraits she has painted are Miss Helen F. Smith, Dean of Wells College, and Madam Chase (a charming portrait of old age); and she seems to be equally successful with portraits of children, young people, and those of older years, and with sitters of either sex. Her manner is firm and direct, and her portraits have the artistic value of being interesting apart from the personality of the subject. The portrait reproduced as the frontispiece of this number was exhibited at the spring exhibition of the Society of American Artists of the present year.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Domestic Animals I Have Known.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MISS CAROLYN WELLS.)

With Drawings by Fanny Y. Cory.

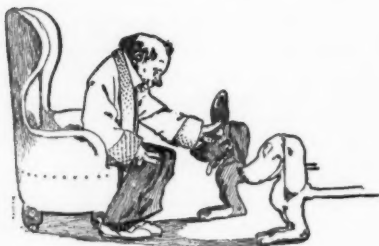
THE CLOTHES-HORSE.

THIS angular and ribby steed
Is famed for neither grace nor speed.
And yet its worth is recognized
When once a week 't is exercised,
For maidens then upon it place
The trappings of the human race.



THE FIRE-DOGS.

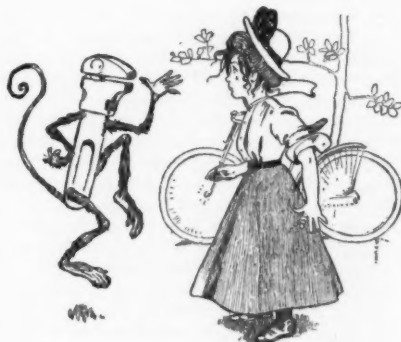
UPON the hearth these faithful Dogs
Guard zealously the blazing logs.
They boast a lengthy pedigree
Of ancient English ancestry.
Their breed is growing very rare:
I am in luck to own a pair.



THE MONKEY-WRENCH.

THOU art, to womankind at least,
A wily and unfriendly beast,
Elusive, slippery, and wild,
Although with man thou 'rt tame and mild.

Since thou to him art such a friend,
Perhaps from Monkeys *men* descend.



THE SEWING-BEE.

THIS is, in truth, a busy Bee!
It hums about the family tree.
To sting it oftentimes contrives,
And on a dish of gossip thrives.
Whene'er its baleful buzz I hear,
If possible I disappear.



THE AUNT.

THE creature in whose praise I chant
The loudest is the household Aunt.
When swarming nephews cling and creep,
And infant nieces loudly weep,
'T is then her sterling virtues shine
With brightest gleam for me and mine.



THE WELSH RABBIT.

BENEATH the blazer's burnished lid
This toothsome bunny oft is hid.
Though smooth and sleek its mien, 't is said
To be a tricky quadruped;
And he who sups had best beware
This foreign species of the hare.



THE BOOK-WORM.

I KNOW the hungry Book-worm well.
In libraries it loves to dwell,
And chooses for its meat and drink
Dry leaves and nice black printers' ink.
The crop of these is always good—
The Book-worm never lacks for food.

THE NIGHTMARE.

WHO late and foolishly doth feast
May meet this fierce nocturnal beast;
And he shall feel its demon spell
Who dines unwisely and too well.
I dread to hear upon the roof
The thunder of the Nightmare's hoof.



Jennie Betts Hartwick.

Policeman Flynn's Adventures.

IX. HE STOPS A RUNAWAY.

THEY had been discussing the various duties of a policeman at the station, and the subject of runaways had come up.

"The way to stop a runaway," the captain had said, "is to catch the horse by the bit. Never yell at him, for that only frightens him the more, and of course the worst thing a man can do is to get out in the street and jump around and wave his arms. Just keep your head, take things cool and easy, and catch him by the bit. You might as well try to stop a locomotive by catching hold of the tender as to stop a horse by grabbing any of the harness back of the bridle."

"Is thim to be ta-aken as orders?" Patrolman Barney Flynn had asked at this point.

"Certainly," the captain had replied.

"Thin 't is me that hopes they 'll put cur-rb-bits with handles to thim on ivery hor-rse in me disthric't," had been Patrolman Flynn's comment.



"AS HE FINALLY GOT SETTLED ON THE HORSE'S HEAD."

Nevertheless, these instructions, given half jokingly in a general conversation some time previous to the events here to be recorded, became firmly impressed on the policeman's mind. He referred to them repeatedly in his conversations with his wife, and on one occasion, when she was endeavoring to lay her hands on their elusive boy Terry, he suddenly called to her, "Ca-at'ch him be th' bit!" The subject seemed to worry him not a little.

"I wondher," he remarked on another occasion, "if 't was in his mind I 'd thry f'r to ca-at'ch him be th' leg."

"F'r'aps," suggested Mrs. Flynn, "he had th' idee ye 'd ca-at'ch him be th' tail or that ye 'd grab th' ba-ack iv th' wagon an' pull."

"Oho! 't is likely so," returned Patrolman Flynn. "But it loks to me like a matther that day-pinds on circimshtances. Ye ray-mimber Tim Dolan, Mary, him that weighed two hunderd an' ninety-siven pounds in his shtockin'-feet—"

"Ye 're thinkin' iv how tall he was," interrupted Mrs. Flynn.

"I am not," retorted the policeman. "I 'm thinkin' iv th' size iv his fut an' th' consiquint weight iv his boots. Now will ye hold ye-er clapper shtill an' let me ma-ake me p'int on th' shtoppin' iv runaways? 'T was pure ray-soorcefulness with him. Th' ca-art was comin' down th' shtreet with a little gir-rl in it, an' th' dog was r-runnin' away."

"Th' dog?" cried Mrs. Flynn, in astonishment.

"F'r sure," replied Patrolman Flynn. "'T was a dog-ca-art made out iv a soap-box, an' th' dog all iv a sudden wint afther a cat. Ivery ma-an an' bye in th' block thried f'r to shtop it, an' not a wan c'u'd do it, an' thin it come to Dolan. If he 'd hear-rd th' capt'in's talk 't is like as not he 'd thried to ca-at'ch him be th' bit, but not bein' poshted, he used his br-rain, an' whin th' dog was passin' he fell on him. 'T was th' only thing f'r a ma-an like him to do, an' th' p'int I make is that ye must use a bit iv judgmint now an' thin an' not do iverything be rule."

"What happened to th' gir-rl?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"A felly in th' nex' block caught her in his ar-rms before she shtruck th' gr-round."

"Barney Flynn, ye 're lyin' to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn, and she was so indignant that she refused to continue the conversation. But Patrolman Flynn brought the subject up again and again, always holding that the course to be pursued ought to depend entirely on the circumstances, but that it was nevertheless the duty of a policeman to obey his superior's orders.

It was a month or so later that his trial came. Shouts and cries attracted his attention one day, and before he fully realized what was happening, a runaway horse attached to a light wagon was almost upon him. "Ca-at'ch him be th' bit," he muttered to himself, but he could n't get into the street in time even to try that. Patrolman Flynn, however, is a man of nerve and daring, as has been demonstrated on many occasions. He believes in doing things the right way, which is the way provided for in verbal or written police instructions; but when that is impossible, any way is good enough for him.

"'T is wr-rong," he thought, as he caught the tail-board of the wagon as it went past, "but 't is betther than not thryin' at all."

It required both strength and activity, but Patrolman Flynn succeeded in swinging himself over the tail-board, and worked his way along

the wagon-box to the seat. Here he found that the reins had fallen over the dash-board, and he had to climb over the seat to get them. He was just reaching for them, and the watching pedestrians were starting a cheer for his pluck, when the horse stumbled and fell.

"An' d' ye know," he said in telling about it afterward, "th' very fir-rst thing I knew I was sittin' ashtide th' hor-rse's neck, an' I had th' dash-board with me—I had that same."

At the time, however, he had no leisure to think of that feature of his trip. He merely knew that he was astride the neck of a struggling horse, and that a lot of men were giving him advice from a safe distance.

"Sit on his head!" roared two or three.

"Why, ye divvles," sputtered Patrolman Flynn, in the midst of his wrestling-match, "d' ye think I wa-ant fr to sit on his hoofs?"

"Hold him down!" was another cry from the crowd.

"Don't let him get up!" advised some others.

"He 'll get away!" shouted the doubtful ones.

"If ye think so, why don't some of ye sma-art lads put salt on his tail?" demanded Patrolman Flynn, as he finally got settled on the horse's head, and thus was able to hold him comparatively quiet. "Ye're a bra-ave cr-rowd, ye are, fr sure," he went on sarcastically, "shtandin' there, afraid to give me a ha-and whin I have him down. If anny iv ye ha-ave hor-rses iv ye-er own ye 'd better sell thim an' buy sheep fr to dhrive."

Just at this moment the captain pushed his way through the crowd, and a few minutes later they had the horse on his feet, still nervous, but reasonably quiet.

As a result of his experience Patrolman Flynn was a sight to see, especially as he had n't even had time to brush off his uniform. The captain looked him over and laughed.

"What were you doing out there on his neck, Barney?" he asked.

The glance that Patrolman Flynn gave his superior was reproachful, but the tone of his answer, at least, was respectful.

"I was in th' wagon fir-rst," he said, "but I ray-minbered ye-er wor-rds, an' I come out here fr to ca-atch him be th' bit."

Elliott Flower.

The Princess and the Dragon.

A GRIMM TALE MADE GAY.

THOUGH Philip the Second of France was reckoned

No coward, his breath came short
When they told him a dragon as big as a wagon
Was waiting below in the court;
A dragon so long, and so high, and so fat,
That he could n't come into the hall to chat;

The king could n't leave him outside and grieve him,

He had to receive him upon the mat.

The dragon bowed nicely, and very concisely

He stated the reason he called;

He made his disclosure with frigid composure:

King Philip was simply appalled.

He demanded for eating, a fortnight apart,
The monarch's ten daughters, all dear to his heart;

"And now pray produce," he concluded, "the juicy

And succulent Lucie, by way of start!"

King Philip was pliant and far from defiant,—

"And servile!" no doubt you retort,—

But if *you* struck a snag on a bottle-green dragon

Who filled up two thirds of the court,

And made the piazza groan under his hoof,

And curled up his tail on the new tin roof,

Would you threaten and thunder, or just
knuckle under

Completely, I wonder, if put to proof?

By way of a truce, he replied: "Little Lucie

Is yours, but she's poorly to-day,

And all of the others are out with their brothers."

Thus gaining a little delay,

He promised through heralds, sent west and east,

His crown, and his kingdom, and, last, not least,

His daughter so sightly to any one knightly

Who 'd come and politely wipe out that beast.

For love of the charmer, arrayed in his armor,

Each suitor for glory who yearned

Would gallantly hasten the dragon to chasten,

But none of them ever returned!

When the dragon had eaten some sixteen score,

He hung up this sign on his cavern door,

Whereat he lay prone, in majesty lonely:

THERE'S STANDING-ROOM ONLY FOR THREE
KNIGHTS MORE!

A slim adolescent, his beard only crescent,

Rode up at this stage of the game

To where the old sinner lay gorged with his dinner

And breathing out torrents of flame.

He gathered a tip from the flaunting sign,

And took his position the fourth in line,

Until, as foreboded, by food incommoded,

The dragon exploded at half-past nine.

The king was delighted at first, when he sighted

The victor, but then in dismay

Regretted his promise. The stripling was Thomas,

His Majesty's *valet de pied*!

He asked him at once: "Will you compromise?"

But Thomas looked straight in his master's eyes,

And answered severely: "I see your game
clearly,

And scorn it sincerely. Hand out the prize!"

Not long did he linger before on the finger

Of Lucie he fitted a ring;

A month or so later they made him dictator

In place of the elderly king.

He was lauded by pulpit and boomed by press,

And no one had ever a chance to guess,

While seeing this hero who ruled like a Nero,

His valor was zero, or something less.

THE MORAL: And still, from Nice to Calais,

Discretion's the better part of valets!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Mixed Morals.

THE TWO NEW HOUSES.

ONCE on a Time there were Two Men, each of whom decided to build for himself a Fine, New House.

One Man, being of an Arrogant and Conceited Nature, took counsel of Nobody, but declared that he would build his House to suit himself.

"For," said he, "since it is My House and I am to Live in It, why should I ask the Advice of my Neighbors as to its Construction?"

While the House was Building, the Neighbors came often and Looked at it, and went away, Whispering and Wagging their Heads in Derision.

But the Man paid no Heed, and continued to build his House as he Would.

The Result was that, when completed, his House was lacking in Symmetry and Utility, and in a Hundred Ways it was Unsatisfactory, and for each Defect there was a Neighbor who said, "Had you asked Me, I would have Warned you against that Error."

The Other Man, who was of a Humble and Docile Mind, went to Each of his Neighbors in Turn, and asked Advice about the Building of his House.

His Friends willingly and at Great Length gave him the Benefit of their Experiences and Opinions, and the Grateful Man undertook to Follow Out all their Directions.

The Result was that his House, when finished, was a Hodge-Podge of Varying Styles and Contradictory Effects, and Exceedingly Uncomfortable and Inconvenient to Live In.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that In a Multitude of Counselors there is Safety, and that Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth.

THE TWO SUITORS.

ONCE on a Time there was a Charming Young Maiden who had Two Suitors.

One of These, who was of a Persistent and Persevering Nature, managed to be Continually in the Young Lady's Company.

He would pay her a visit in the Morning, Drop In to Tea in the Afternoon, and Call on her Again in the Evening.

He took her Driving, and he Escorted her to the Theater. He would take her to a Party, and then he would Dance, or Sit on the Stairs, or Flit into the Conservatory with her.

The Young Lady admired this man, but she Wearied of his never-ceasing Presence, and she Said to Herself, "If he were not Always at my Elbow I should Better Appreciate his Good Qualities."

The Other Suitor, who considered himself a Man of Deep and Penetrating Cleverness, said to himself, "I will Go Away for a Time, and then my Fair One will Realize my Worth and Call Me Back to Her."

With a Sad Visage he made his Adieus, and he Exacted her Pledge to Write to him Occasionally. But after he had Gone she Forgot her Promise, and Soon she Forgot his Very Existence.

MORALS:

This Fable teaches that Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder, and that Out of Sight is Out of Mind.

Carolyn Wells.

Embarked for Romance Lands.

STARTING under sunny skies

On a foreign trip:

Friends with flowers and gay good-bys—

"What a pleasant ship!"

Seated at the captain's right,

Laughter, jest, and quip

Make the dinner-table bright

On the outward trip.

State-room walls begin to sway;

How the boat does dip!

Through the port-hole comes the spray—

"What a rolling ship!"

Soon the stewardess appears.

"Coffee?" "Not a sip."

Seven days seem seven years—

"Such an *endless* trip!"

Rollled up in a steamer-chair,

Wan and pale of lip;

Still, 't is better in the air.

"See! we've passed a ship!"

"Won't you use these glasses?" "Pray

Who's your book by? Gyp?"

"No, indeed; François Coppée."

"Crossed before?" "Tenth trip.

"Won't you walk a bit? Do try."

Time begins to slip

Rather more serenely by.

"I quite like this ship."

"In to-morrow." "What, so soon!"

Captain's dinner. "Hip,

Hip, hurrah!"—a toast—a tune—

"What a jolly trip!"

Plans to meet again—good-bys—

Clasp of finger-tip;

Wise old stars wink smiling eyes—

"All 's well" on the ship.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Acquainted.

I KNOW that Billy Wilkinson,

What lives around your way?

Oh, yes, I know him well: my dog

Fought him yesterday!

Catharine Young Glen.

